Dec. 12, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

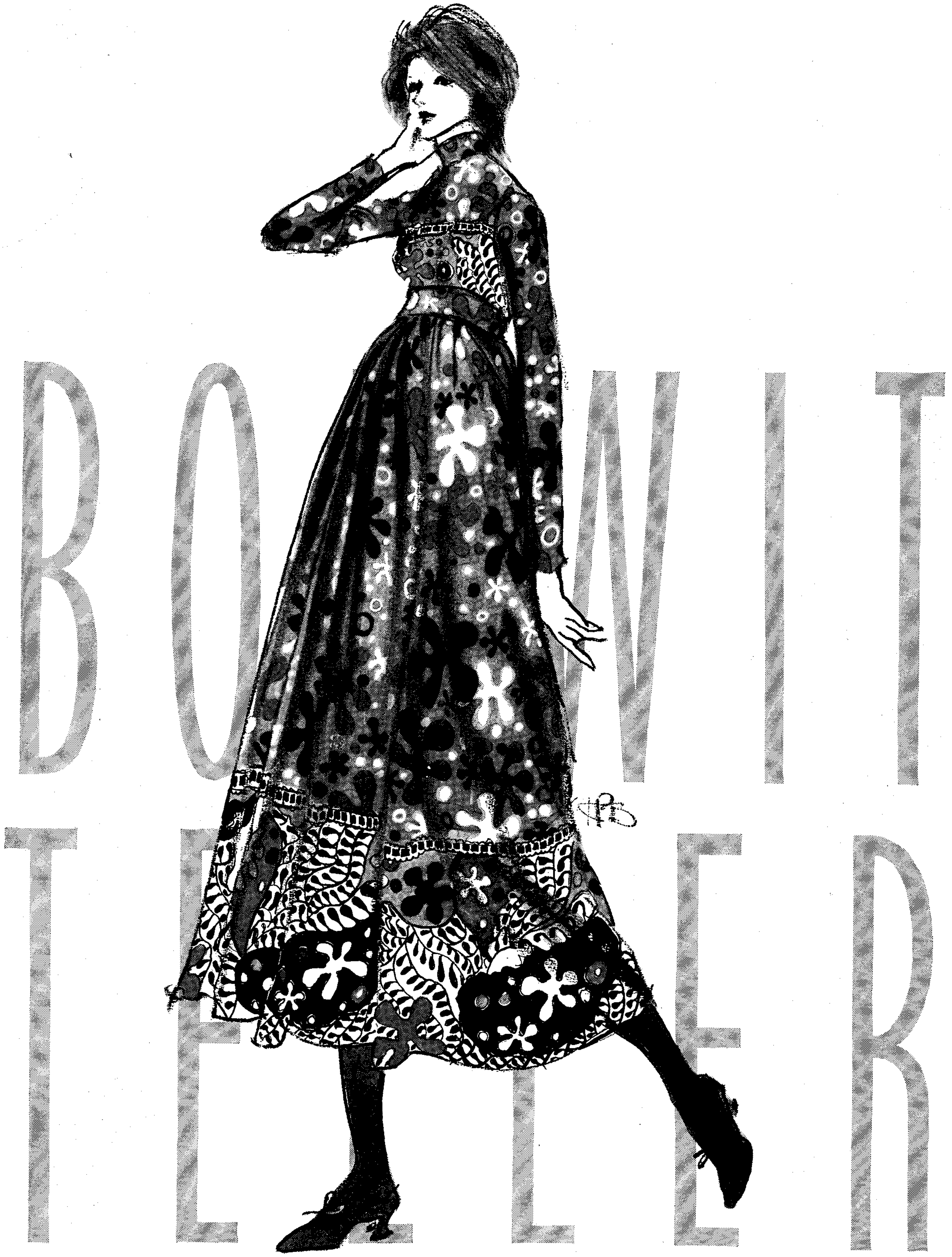
PEABODY INSTITUTE LIBRARY
PEABODY, MASS.

Does an Italian wine go with gourmet food?
THIS SIDE UP
ITALIAN WINE CELLAR
BOLLA
WINE CELLAR
Bolla makes an eloquent case.
Bolla
Italian Wine Cellar*

12 bottles of beautiful Bolla wine imported from Italy. In its own wine rack for just the cost of the wine—about $35. The Italian Wine Cellar. It's got something delicious to drink with anything delicious to eat. But don't just take our word for it. You'll enjoy judging this case for yourself.

*3 bottles each of Soave, Bardolino, Valpolicella and Rosé

© 1970 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.



CREATE AN IMPRESSION THIS RESORT SEASON IN BONWIT'S MATISSE-INSPIRED PRINT!
Award-winner Kasper's tour-de-force for Joan Leslie. Red, green, blue and white polyester jersey framed with ribbon, 4 to 14 sizes, 110.00 Collection Clothes, N. Y. and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, members of Off Broadway Actors Equity are on strike, which, *needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules* and openings drastically. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Les Blancs—James Earl Jones is magnificent in Lorraine Hansberry's doctrinaire play about *white colonials and black revolutionaries* somewhere in Africa. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Carpenters—A play by Steven Tesich, with Vincent Gardenia and Alice Drummond. Opens Thursday, Dec. 10, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 16. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. *247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through* Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A melodrama falling somewhere between Kipling and Agatha Christie, set in nineteenth-century India and superbly acted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. *254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at* 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, *wisecracking, funny, and very touching* heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gingerbread Lady—Maureen Stapleton in a new play by Neil Simon. Directed by Robert Moore. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 13. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Home—Four lonely people in a vast, decrepit English madhouse find life well worth getting on with. A brilliant play by David Storey, superbly enacted by Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mona Washbourne, and Dandy Nichols, under the direction of Lindsay Anderson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett—*This arrangement of excerpts from* Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN, made leaden where it ought to have been light. Starring Colleen Dewhurst. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Story Theatre—*In which talking animals and* talking peasants are shown to be funnier than

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 39
"THE RISE OF CAPITALISM" . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 45
"THE TATTOOED DESERT" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Shelton* 46
"THE ENCLAVE" . . . . *M. F. K. Fisher* 48
"DOUBLE VISION" . . . . *Philip Hamburger* 51
ANNALS OF POLITICS (JUDGE CARSWELL AND THE SENATE—II) . . . . *Richard Harris* 53
"HOMAGE TO THE NORTH" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Eberhart* 54
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 132
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 134
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS) 137
THE SPORTING SCENE (ALVIN RAY ROZELLE) . . . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 154
U.S. JOURNAL: HOUSTON . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 164
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 172
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 178
ROCK, ETC. . . . . *Ellen Willis* 181
BOOKS . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 188
BRIEFLY NOTED 195

COVER: *Abe Birnbaum*

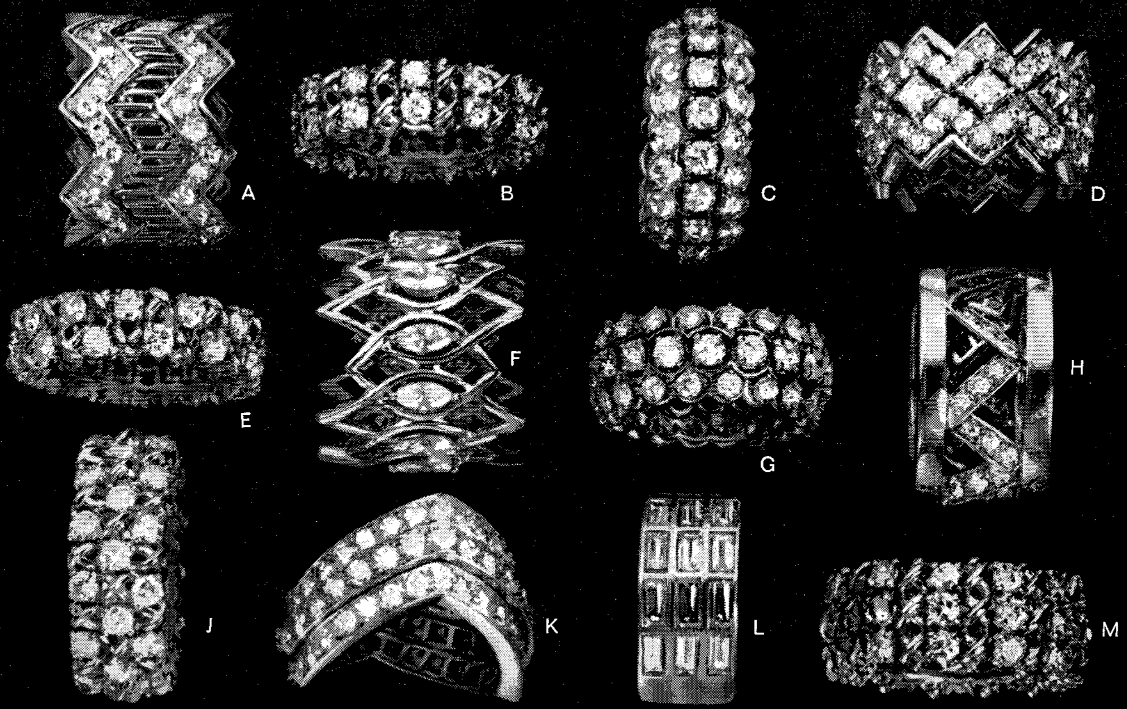
DRAWINGS: *Barney Tobey, Lee Lorenz, William O'Brian, Al Ross, Charles Barsotti, George Price, Charles Saxon, Donald Reilly, Henry Martin, Stan Hunt, Warren Miller, Ton Smits, Charles E. Martin, George Booth, Frank Modell, William Hamilton, Mischa Richter*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 43, December 12, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



The Band Ring ... from our new collection by Tiffany designer, Donald Claflin. Jeweled bands for weddings or anniversary and birthday presents. Diamonds and eighteen karat gold. A. *$1,675.* B. and E. *$1,375.* C. *$1,975.* D. *$2,975.* F. and G. *$2,475.* H. and L. *$1,200.* J. and M. *$1,775.* K. *$2,375.*

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.

ATLANTA PHIPPS PLAZA · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** THE HOUSTON GALLERIA · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

Rings shown enlarged · Designs Copyrighted 1970, Tiffany & Co.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

most of us suppose. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **CHILD'S PLAY:** Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, and Patrick Shea. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. Reopens Friday, Dec. 18. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Ododo—A fierce, though ultimately ineffective, attempt to record the history of the American Negro in words by Joseph A. Walker and music by Dorothy A. Dinroe. The brand-new Negro Ensemble Company seems very promising indeed. "Ododo" is the Yoruba word for "truth." (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)

The President's Daughter—Another Yiddish musical, with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Moves on Tuesday, Dec. 15, to the Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

GIFT WRAPPING

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tarot—An entertainment, with a folk-rock score by Tom Constanten. Previews through Thursday, Dec. 10. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 11, at 7:30. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Do you understand what he says? Stephen asked her. —Is it French you are talking, sir? the old woman said to Haines. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Haines spoke to her again, a longer speech confidently. —Irish, Buck Mulligan said. Is there Gaelic on you? (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Moves Wednesday matinée, Dec. 16, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays, except Dec. 15, through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —I thought it was Irish, she said, by the sound of it. Are you from west, sir? —I am an Englishman, Haines answered. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 27.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Gideon Singer plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Tony Roberts and Jenny O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 10. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 11, at 6:15; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 13, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 15-18, at 6:15; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Batsheva Dance Company of Israel—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2: "Baroque Concerto No. 5," "Errand into the Maze," "The Mythical Hunters," "Sin Lieth at the Door," and "Rehearsal!"... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "The Exiles," "Ein Dor," and "Percussion Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2 and 8: "Cave of the Heart," "The Exiles," "Ein Dor," and "Percussion Concerto."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 8; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 8: "Moves," "Embattled Garden," "Curtains," and "Rehearsal!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 4. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Ext. 287, Wednesday through Friday between 9 and 4. Tickets also at the door on the day of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus on Ice—This one-ring refrigerated circus has fifty-seven performers, including a troupe of monocyclists and eleven skating bears who play musical instruments and even hockey. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A team known as Baldwin and Leps sing through Monday, Dec. 14. Then on Wednes-

Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

*Finding an **original** gift for a man need take you no further than Countess Mara cravats. Originality is at the core of the Countess' world-wide reputation. Each cravat—those priced from $9 to $100, as well as the rare gem-studded masterworks at $250—is an exclusive design in the finest of taste. The CM coronet on each cravat further identifies it as a gift for "one man in a million."*

Countess Mara, Inc. 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York.

Countess Mara®

‘Tis the season to be loyal

(If he gives me another pair of slippers, I’ll scream.)

(If she forgets my Ballantine’s, I may just keep this.)

Ballantine's
SCOTCH WHISKY
Ballantine's
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Holiday Thought: the more they know about Scotch, the more they’ll appreciate Ballantine’s.

Be a Ballantine’s Loyalist

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY “21” BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

day, Dec. 16, Jim Webb will come in to do some singing. He has a light and pleasant voice, and he has written a lot of songs besides "Up, Up and Away" and "By the Time I Get to Phoenix." A rock group called Aliotta Haynes will share the bill with him. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to the electrified music of pianist Cedar Walton, who performs with a bassist. The music runs from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one. On Mondays, author Frank Conroy—temporarily switching muses—turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Barney Josephson, who long ago made night-life history with Café Society Uptown and Downtown, is repeating it by seating Mary Lou Williams at a piano. With Michael Fleming on bass, she plays from eight to one, except Sundays, in a restaurant gaily ornamented by Refregier.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Jim Hall and Ron Carter: two names that should connote fine jazz to anyone within earshot. Hall's feathery guitar work and Carter's balanced bass counterpoint would have delighted Bach. They play through Sunday, Dec. 13. On Wednesday, Dec. 16, two more accomplished artists, guitarist Kenny Burrell and bassist Larry Ridley, will arrive. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Old-time blues the way they really were and are, sung by Jimmy Rushing Fridays through Sundays in this easygoing club. With him—and without him the other nights of the week—is the sturdy and dependable quartet of tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, with Ross Tompkins on piano, Mousey Alexander on drums, and Victor Sproles on bass. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson, a pianist from England, and Dr. Lyn Christie, a bass player from Australia, are working together in this dark bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. Mr. T.'s piano is Tatum-founded and Monk-influenced. The bass of Dr. C. is rhythmic and strong. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays (except Dec. 9, when Joel Shulman will substitute), and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. On Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band plays spiritedly. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your old plastic boater and chuckle, and maybe you'll believe it's not 1970 at all but some never-never time before social problems began and everything was hunky-dory, striped like a barber pole, and accompanied by two banjos and a piano. Peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Drums aplenty, played by the redoubtable Elvin Jones, who is on hand with a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 13. On Tuesday, Dec. 15, bassist Charles Mingus, who is in very good form these days, will bring in a quartet. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Bill Evans continues to play a jazz piano that is glittery, thoughtful, and technically adroit. He leads a trio, starting at about nine-thirty. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, a rock policy continues: Through Thursday, Dec. 10, Fantasy and Boffalongo; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, Fantasy and Utopia Parkway; Sunday, Dec. 13, Sun Ra and His Intergalactic Research Arkestra; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 15-17, the Larry Coryell trio (jazz and rock combined on the best of terms) and Ambergris; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, the Coryell trio and Molimo. Mondays are of a different fibre, with music provided by Latin bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Inward-looking vibraharp sounds from Roy Ayers, who leads his Ubiquity until Tuesday, Dec. 15, when trumpeter Freddie Hubbard moves in with his quintet. (Hear Hubbard on flugelhorn—he swings richly.) On Sunday, Dec. 13, from five to nine, a band called Suicide will play before the regular session. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed place whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and danceable. The entertainers here are often pallid, but the six people known as the Glass Bottle do some lively rock, three times a night. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—The idea behind this new establishment is to provide round-the-clock enjoyment. So far, this Las Vegas principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tape recordings. A fairly full menu. Fancy lamps and artificial plants.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Rick Martin's Backyard Society is on the bandstand. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Royal Box comes to a temporary halt on Saturday, Dec. 12, the night Tony Sandler, our European friend, sings his last song, delivers his last banter, during dinner and supper. The Lee Evans orchestra goes on leave, too, at the same time.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, partly Spanish folklore, partly just plain folks, are carolling and trumpeting away night after night. On Thursday, Dec. 17, they'll be succeeded by José Greco, that vivifying ballet master, and his young troupe, so for the holiday season it will be Merry Charisma and a Happy New Year. The place is in operation every single night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), a small haven filled with divans and Latin lyrics in several tongues, all of them forked into the air by an efficient but not too effulgent sound system. Mostly listeners, a few dancers. Nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, bearded prophets of what may be the total future of American night music, are popping off at the moment, but on Thursday, Dec. 17, the Friends of Distinction, whose parenthood is R.C.A.-Victor, move in. Their music stops well this side of rock. The songfests take place twice a night in general, thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. No quiet nights here, either.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Diners can butt their heads against a solid wall of rock, erected by the sextet billed as Third Rail. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. Dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—A shift in the backfield of Burt Farber's orchestra has given it an even lighter outlook on life and the Persian Room more euphoria. Mark Monte's band fills in all the coffee breaks except when the soprano of the evening takes off. She is just-turned-seventeen

CONCEPT VII

EASE AND ELEGANCE—a new concept in late-day dressing from now through spring. Crepe and sweater rib knitted of Trevira. Sizes 6-14. About 80.00. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, J. W. Robinson.

FABRIC KNITTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR CONCEPT VII AT YOUNG VIEWPOINT — TANNEL KNITTING MILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Karen Wyman, who sings only at ten-fifteen on Wednesday, Dec. 9, her first night, but during dinner and supper thereafter. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—Don't stop them if you think you've heard it before, because the frolicsome cast of "Dames at Sea" are parodying, and perfectly, the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the creators of this laudable feat of total recall; Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the efficacious players; Baldwin Bergersen, who has written some memorable songs himself, is at the entr'acte piano. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; at four and seven-thirty Sundays. A reasonable amount of dining, but absolutely no dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the grand old Edwardian Room, the traditional violin weaves its way from seven until ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Peter Nero, who has built himself up to light-cavalry piano recitals on a solid jazz basis, does his closing pair of dinner and supper deals on Saturday, Dec. 12. On Monday, Dec. 14, in comes Eloise Laws, singer on some television show or other, along with the Dick Cavett Show Orchestra, from the same television show or other. Dancing. Sundays are dark.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—No permissiveness in the grand band Sy Oliver has assembled; the music is all made up of his taut, tingling arrangements. Leonard Gaskin and Benny Morton are prominent in the proceedings, and so are Buddy Smith and Candy Ross, with whom Mr. O. doubles on a neat set of vocal cords. They're around from six until two Mondays through Saturdays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero's Latinos have returned to the podium of the Maisonette, where they belong, and life for the guests who know how to move to their music is thereby enriched. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the neighboring Boite, life is sedentary, and sort of Viennese when Jules Kuti's piano and Ernest Schoen's violin start conspiring. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of the small wonder called Bobby Short, nine-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. Ron Eliran, who sings there Wednesdays through Sundays, makes Israeli pop sound every bit as good as our pop. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. No Sunday activity. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and claphands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small world from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren's dance band stakes out its claim on the floor of the restaurant, where it sets to at seven most nights, at eight Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all Sundays and Mondays. Taps generally at midnight, but a bit later on the weekends. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **HOTEL PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix,* and distinctly not *prix-fixe,* are the night and the nourishment in the double deal afforded by the **CAFÉ** and **LA FORÊT.** Dance music Sunday and Monday evenings in the **CAFÉ,** and for the rest of the week there are Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube; five-thirty until eleven is the working night. In one part or another of the forest, there is dance music, from seven-thirty until two-thirty—by Phil Wayne's orchestra until eleven, and then by rock and by roll; Tuesday through Saturday is the work week. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley has moved his piano into this town house, and—along with dinner and supper—he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Just about the perfect host and just about enough grandeur. The enterprise is presided over by George Feyer, whose piano recalls both the Austrian and the Hungarian aspects of Empire. He operates from eight-thirty until one-thirty, and he is invisible on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Theo

by
NORELL

The first great perfume born in America.

Perfume. Spray Perfume. Cologne. Spray Cologne.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Polka refrain. Starting high, dotting around the raised waistline, then repeating at the wrists. Right in tune for now through spring, it's navy polyester crepe with baby-pouffed shoulders, blowy sleeves and skirt. For 4 to 12 sizes, $75. Park Avenue Room. Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

Fanidi often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): A duplex specializing entirely in New York supper-club life as it used to be—a spot wherein people gather to hear someone they know and claim as their own. This time, it is Mary McCarty, who used to say and sing a lot of funny things in revues and *boîtes*. Her reprises are done, never before ten-thirty, for that sort of loyal audience. Dining, too, and Marty Napoleon on piano at the head of a duo, and dancing. No Mondays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated. He is in session from six until midnight, though not on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach house, with fully equipped kitchen, quiet neighborhood. May be seen every evening but Monday. Buddy Barnes, who checks in around eight, keeps reminding his piano of everything worth recalling, back to Kern and Porter and Duke. Saturdays and Sundays, supported by a bass player, he gets closer to dance tempo. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes (on the saloon deck) a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef, as well as (on the boat deck) community piano, this every evening but Sunday. Never a dark night for downstairs.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. . . . ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of works in various mediums.)

GALLERIES

ALICE ADAMS—Three sculptures of wood and rubberized sheets; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays, Fridays, and Sundays, 3 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DARREL AUSTIN—Animals and landscapes with symbolic overtones; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

RUDOLF BAUER (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BELKIN—Paintings of figures in series; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ (1896-1969)—Thirty-six landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, and figures in interiors by a prominent realist; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTOINE BOURDELLE (1861-1929)—Bronzes, many of them portrait busts, by a French sculptor; through Dec. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL BURLIN (1886-1969)—Paintings done during half a century by this New York artist whose last works are being shown at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN BUTTON—Scenes of America and abroad in gouache; through Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY CALCAGNO—Sectional abstractions based on nature; through Dec. 31. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by this turn-of-the-century artist whose reputation has been growing; through Jan. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALAN COTE—Large geometrical paintings with illusory effects; through Jan. 5. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT CRONBACH—Abstract sculptures in copper; through Jan. 2. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

MAX ERNST—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this Surrealist; through Dec. 23. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRED EVERSLEY—His first one-man show in New York of Lucite sculptures in simple forms; through Saturday Dec. 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

DAN FLAVIN—Several new compositions in neon dedicated to Barnett Newman; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

PETER GEE—Experiments in color by a Briton; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (ApoGEE, 504 LaGuardia Pl.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Figurative oils, watercolors, and drawings suggesting emotional situations; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Semi-abstract figure paintings by a New Yorker; through Friday, Dec. 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ALFRED KUBIN (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; through Jan. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN—Abstract landscapes with psychological overtones, also prints; through Dec. 31. (Greenfield, 336 E. 71st St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

WIFREDO LAM—Twenty recent paintings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Jan. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAVID LEVINE—Caricatures by an artist known for his magazine illustrations; starting Saturday, Dec. 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOREN MACIVER—Landscapes by a veteran New York painter; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK NELSON—Sculptural constructions made of canvas, wood, and plastic; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

DOUG OHLSON—Three huge Abstract paintings; through Thursday, Dec. 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; starting Monday, Dec. 14. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

V. V. RANKINE AND DOROTHY STURM—Boxlike constructions in clear, bronze, and smoky Plexiglas by the first, and drawings and square-shaped enamels with Abstract designs by the second; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Twenty new drawings in color, and collages; through Wednesday, Dec. 16. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

MAN RAY—A retrospective of photographs and "Rayographs" commemorating the artist's eightieth birthday; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS—Oil paintings, constructions, multiples, and graphics done since 1965; starting Friday, Dec. 11. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAY ROSENBLUM—Color paintings; through Dec. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGES SCHREIBER—Recent watercolors; through Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN SHIELDS—Paintings by an artist who experiments in various mediums; through Wednesday, Dec. 16. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

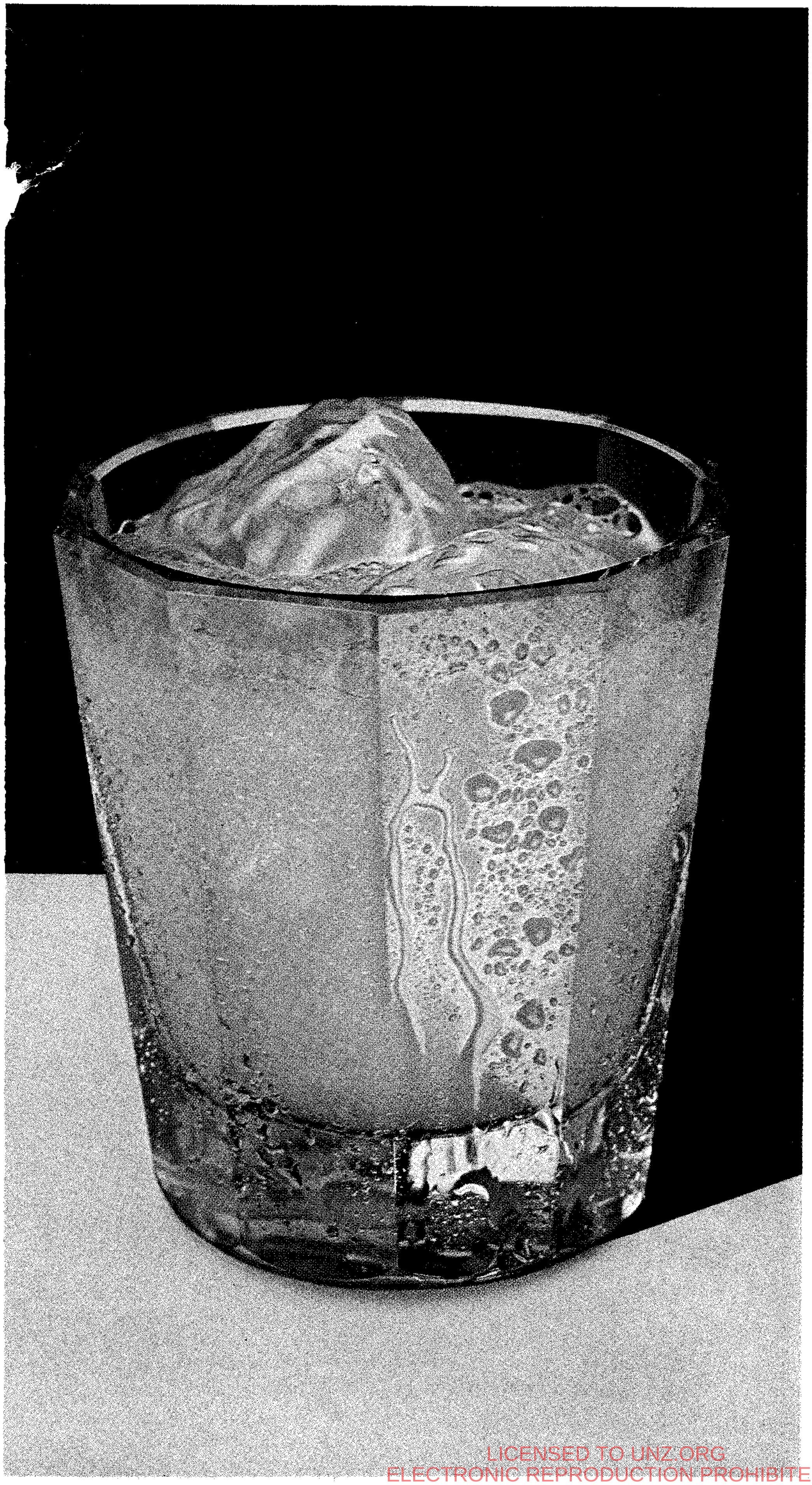
LEON POLK SMITH—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Dec. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGOT STEWART—Paintings of oversized flowers; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the twenties and thirties; through Dec. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

TURKU TRAJAN (1887-1959)—Painted sculptures of the figure, also paintings and drawings;

HOW TO MAKE OR BREAK A DAIQUIRI.



The Daiquiri.

Such a treat for the tongue when it is well made. Such a syrupy flop when it isn't. Because it takes more than good intentions to make a good Daiquiri.

Some rums, you see, are much too heavy and syrupy for the Daiquiri.

Puerto Rican Rums, on the other hand, are light and clear and dry. And, because they are aged and charcoal filtered for smoothness, they impart a mellow flavor to the Daiquiri.

Yet even these fine rums must be mixed in the correct proportions to make a perfect Daiquiri: to 1½ oz. of White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum, add ½ oz. lime juice and 1 scant teaspoon of sugar (or ½ oz. of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix). Shake with ice. Or serve on the rocks with a little extra rum. (Which is the way most men like their Daiquiris.)

Remember, though. All Daiquiris are created equal in proportion.

But when it comes to the rum you put in them, some Daiquiris are more equal than others.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

BACARDI light rum. Its subtle flavor makes it perfect for daiquiris, the Bacardi Cocktail, martinis, or with fruit juices, soda or tonic. Use Bacardi *light* rather than gin or vodka. *Daiquiri Recipe:* Squeeze ½ lime or lemon. Add ½ tsp. sugar, jigger of Bacardi, ice. Shake. (Or use daiquiri mix.) For the Bacardi Cocktail, add tsp. of grenadine.

BACARDI dark rum. Slightly more pronounced in flavor, yet smooth and mellow. Best for highballs, sours, rum & colas, Manhattans, eggnog, hot rum drinks, on-the-rocks, with water or your favorite mixer. Use Bacardi dark rather than whiskey.

BACARDI 151. A very high proof rum. Enjoy it in exotic drinks like the Mai-Tai, in hot rum drinks, gourmet cooking and flaming dishes.

AÑEJO.™ The world's smoothest liquor? Quite possibly. Añejo is the ultimate rum. It's been delicately aged. So it is very dry and mellow. Many connoisseurs prefer it to brandy. Sip it from a snifter, in a highball or on-the-rocks. Magnifico.

Which Bacardi for what?

LIGHT-DRY
SILVER LABEL
Ron BACARDI Superior
BACARDI CORP. SAN JUAN, P.R.
DARK-DRY
AMBER LABEL
Ron BACARDI
PROOF 151 PROOF
PROOF 151 PROOF
Ron BACARDI Superior
BACARDI CORP. SAN JUAN, P.R.
EXTRA SPECIAL
Ron BACARDI AÑEJO
Coca-Cola
Pepsi
7up

BACARDI® rum·the mixable one

SEND FOR YOUR FREE BACARDI PARTY KIT. © 1970 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BUILDING, MIAMI, FLA. 33137. RUM 80 & 151 PROOF.
"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.

through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DIANNE NELSON TULLIS—Collages representing still-lifes and Western highway landscapes by an Arizona artist having her first one-man show in New York; through Jan. 9. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGERS TURNER—Paintings by an artist who aspires to the realism of eighteenth-century still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Wickersham, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ROGER VAN DAMME—Oil paintings of arrangements of enamelled cups; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT VICKREY—Realistic figure paintings, also landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

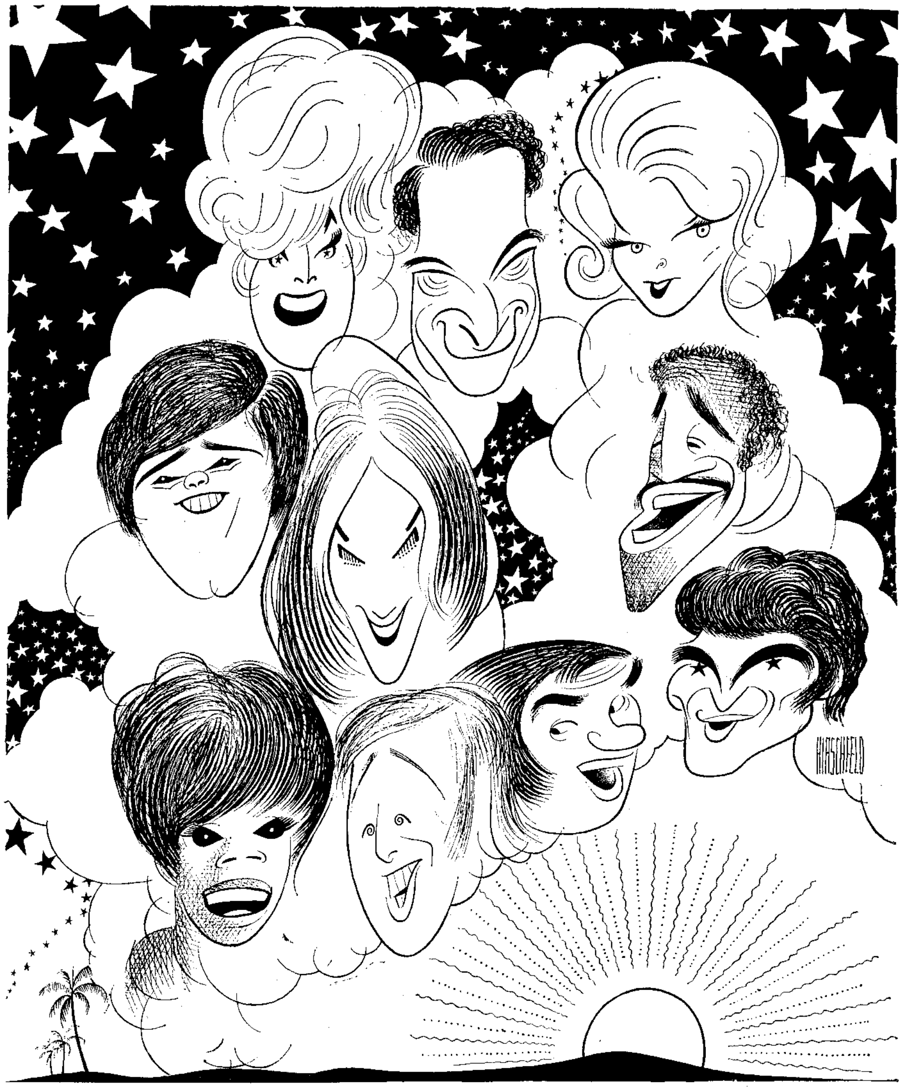
MAX WEBER (1881-1961) **AND ROBERT CROWL**—Monotypes painted over in oils by the former and figure studies in pencil by the latter; through Jan. 9. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1887-1966)—Figures in bronze and marble by one of America's leading twentieth-century sculptors; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by well-known twentieth-century Americans; through Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists—they include Andre, Arakawa, De Maria, Flavin, Heizer, LeWitt, Smithson, and Snelson; through Dec. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper—acrylics, drawings, watercolors—by, among others, Avedesian, Agnes Martin, Norris Embry, and Robyn Denny; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian Mexican and Peruvian objects in gold, silver, wood, ceramic, and textiles; through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Morris Louis, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 31. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Selected works by gallery artists; through Saturday, Dec. 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists; through Dec. 31. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten of the gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Pol Bury, and Jorn; through Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists of the late nineteenth century inclined toward symbolism—Moreau, Redon, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Ryder, LaFarge, and a number of others; through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by fourteen contemporary Japanese in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through Jan. 9. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays;



At El San Juan Hotel, when the sun goes down the stars come out.

And the stars this season are brighter than ever before. Every one will be appearing at El San Juan Hotel's spectacular Club Tropicoro, the biggest, most sumptuous night club in all of Puerto Rico.

The super line-up includes **Shirley Bassey, Victor Borge, Vicki Carr, Sammy Davis, Ford & Hines, Sergio Franchi, Jack Jones, Jane Morgan, Sandler & Young, Kaye Stevens, Caterina Valenti and Bobby Vinton.**

And star gazing is just one of the many excitements at El San Juan. There's foolproof sun; golf at our nearby El Conquistador Hotel and Club; fabulous food; swingin' cocktail lounges; Olympic size pool; terrific tennis, and the finest beach in Puerto Rico.

el san juan hotel
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

For reservations at the starriest sun spot in the Caribbean, see your Travel Agent or write or call El San Juan Hotel, 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-8815
Lou Puro, Chairman of the Board • Sam Schweitzer, President • David C. Botbol, V.P./Managing Director
. . . Also visit our hillside of miracles, El Conquistador Hotel and Club, Las Croabas, Puerto Rico

waves of print from Vera. . .soft, free-moving Ban-Lon® doubleknit pant set of nylon to take along on your travels from the holidays to sunny shores. Black/brown. 8 to 16 sizes. $58.

Jacobson's
MICHIGAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8. A good complement to this exhibit is the Burlin show at the Borgenicht Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Approximately sixty photographs of Paris and New York and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; starting Thursday, Dec. 10. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Every Monday at 3:30 and Tuesday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development) of Joaquin Torres-Garcia (1874-1949), leading South American Abstractionist; starting Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibit is the show of contemporary Japanese artists at the Staempfli Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biannual survey of American sculpture; starting Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Louise Nevelson, including large walls, bronze reliefs, movable terra-cotta figures, Plexiglas sculptures, boxes, and early paintings; through Monday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Eleven panel paintings based on patterns of sound waves by Lee Lozano, a young New York artist; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five Japanese prints from the Edo period (seventeenth century through the nineteenth) by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-six paintings by such artists as Lee Krasner, Benny Andrews, and Ben Cunningham, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Sunday, Dec. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, a Uruguayan who works here; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Works by Julia Pearl—paintings, constructions, and drawings based on Hebrew letters and prayers; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, and printed music that tickles the eye—here Beethoven's frenetic hand, there Chopin's delicate, precise pen; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—This year's special Christmas exhibit, "Visions of Sugar Plums," presents toys and decorations from private collections, including costumed dolls and a doll's Christmas tree with ornaments dating back to 1870; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Serigraphs in modernist modes by seven Muscovite artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

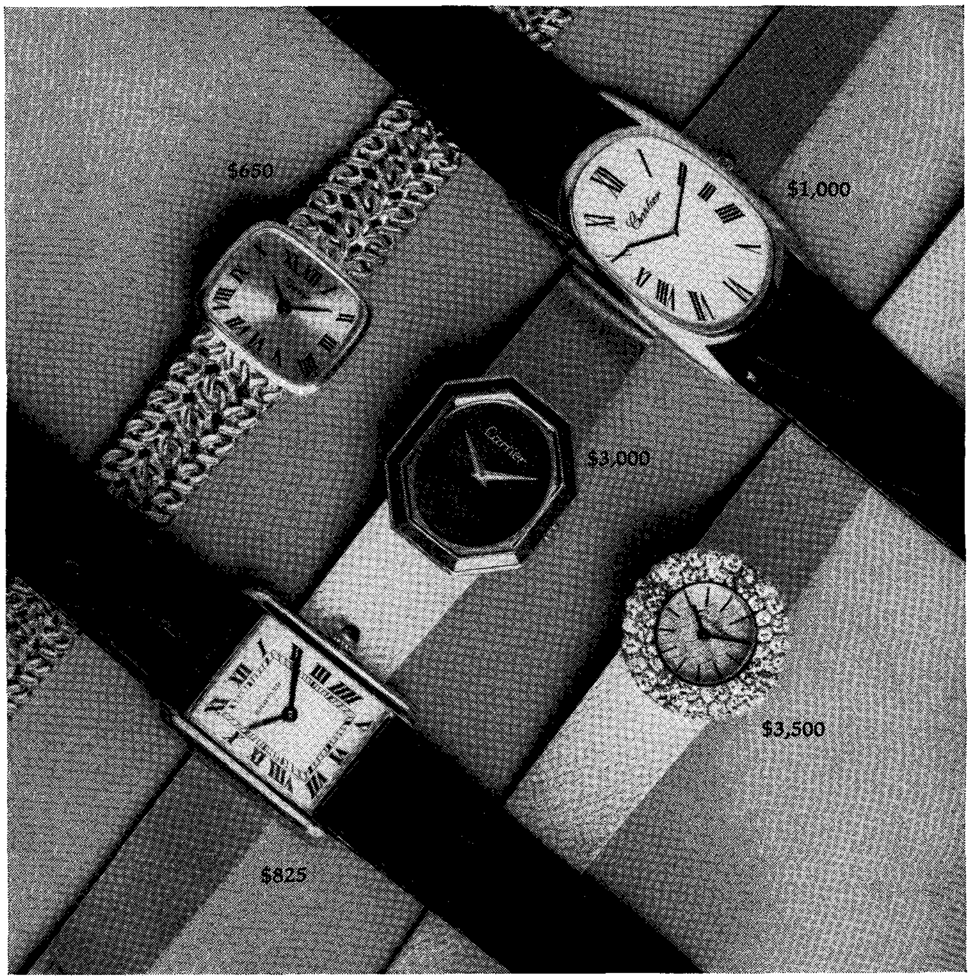
Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Placido Domingo, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2: "Tosca," with Elinor Ross, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8: A new production of Beethoven's "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Lucine Amara, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Ruza Baldani, Lilian Sukis, Roberta Peters, and Mary Ellen Pracht.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 11, at 2; and Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30 (with Leonard Pennario, piano). . . . ¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

National Symphony Orchestra—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Zara Nelsova, cello, and

FROM THE CARTIER WATCH COLLECTION: EXCLUSIVELY CARTIER.



Did you know there are now 500 watches in the Cartier collection? Each is exclusively Cartier's in name as well as elegance and quality.

They range in price from a modest $75 up to $16,000. Visit us soon to see them all.

Every Cartier watch or jewelry purchase from $1,000 to $50,000 will be insured for one year at no additional cost. Cartier

5th Ave. and 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10022/Palm Beach/Chicago

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

A LINK TO THE PAST

Introducing Pietre Dure, here in our exclusive gold plated cuff links. One of nature's wonders from the caves of Florence, Pietre Dure is cut and polished by Italian artisans using tools and techniques that originated in the mid-16th century. 25.00 the pair. Men's Store, Street Floor, New York and all stores.

3rd Avenue at 59th, N.Y. 10022 EL 5-5900

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Grant Johannesen, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra and Chorus—Carl Bamberger directing an all-Bach program, with vocal and instrumental soloists. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

American Symphony—Leopold Stokowski directing a performance of Berlioz's Christmas oratorio, "L'Enfance du Christ," with Meredith Rung, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Richard Stilwell, baritone; and Michael Devlin, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with John Browning, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing four performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Karen Altman, soprano; Carole Walters, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; William Metcalf, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 20, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, and Sunday, Dec. 20, both at 8.)

New York University Chorale Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing, with an orchestra. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—Edith Möller directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—David Effron directing, with Lili Chookasian, alto. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus—Harold Aks directing a performance of Benjamin Britten's "St. Nicholas Cantata." (Holy Trinity Church, 316 E. 88th St. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Columbus Boychoir—Donald Hanson and Thomas Conlin directing a program including a performance of Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Joan Summers, soprano, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in the last two in a series of concerts of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, and Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Masako Yanagita—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Los Indios Tabajáras—Guitar duo. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in a program of Bach cantatas, with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Marisa Galvany and Giuseppe Campora—Soprano and tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Guarneri Quartet; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 9.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello, in the last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

Lukas Foss—Directing five musicians in a new work of his played to a tape instead of a score. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Philidor Trio—A program of baroque music in the Italian style, with Israel Chorberg, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

Harpur College Chamber-Music Program—Jean Casadesus, piano; William Lewis, tenor; the Lenox Quartet; and the New York Woodwind Quintet, all artists-in-residence at the undergraduate school of the State University of New York at Binghamton. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Guillermo Fierens—Classical guitarist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:30.)

Festival Winds—With Albert Fuller, harpsichord, in a program of baroque music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8:40.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The second in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg, and Jan DeGaetani, soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 17, at 8:40.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.

Grand Funk Railroad—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8 (plus Bloodrock), and Friday, Dec. 18 at 8 (plus Humble Pie).

Canned Heat, Allman Brothers, and Dreams—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8:40.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case E. Y. Harburg) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Moody Blues—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 14, at 7 and 11.

Virgil Fox—A repeat performance of "Heavy Organ," an all-Bach concert given on Dec. 1. (Fillmore East. Monday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Savoy Brown, Poco, Gypsy, and Jo Mama—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30. Jo Mama will appear at the late shows only.

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:40.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

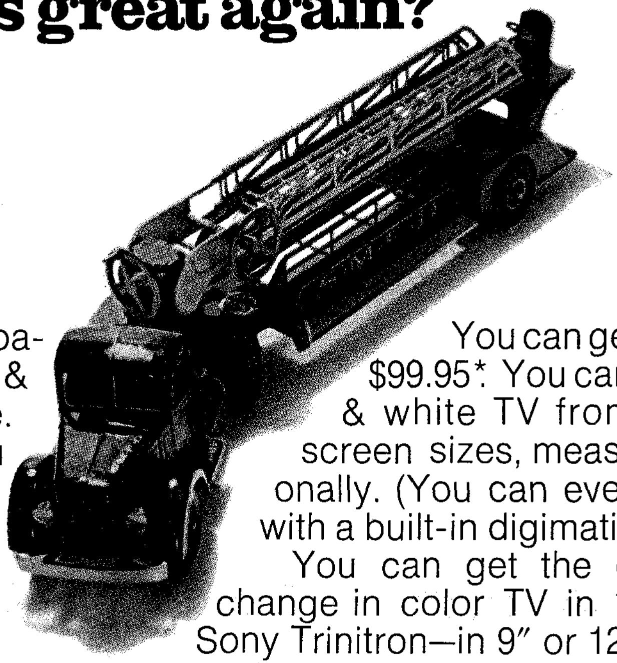
Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cleveland. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 19, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 19.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 13, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Buffalo.

Racing—At liberty bell, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Feb. 2. (Buses to the track leave from the Port Au-

Will you ever get a present this great again?



Now all you get are pajamas & ties & bathrobes & grey hair & stomach trouble.

What happened? You grew up, that's what happened.

Now people worry about what size you wear and if you can return it.

They've forgotten it's supposed to be fun.

If you can remember how it felt to get a really great present, look at these little Sony TV's.

Can you imagine opening up a box and finding a whole entire television set all your own?

Small enough to hug and to hog. To take where you want, to see what you want.

Feel the giddy wild freedom of flipping the dial at will.

Awesome power right at your fingertips. 3 movies in a row. 5 Bowl games in a weekend.

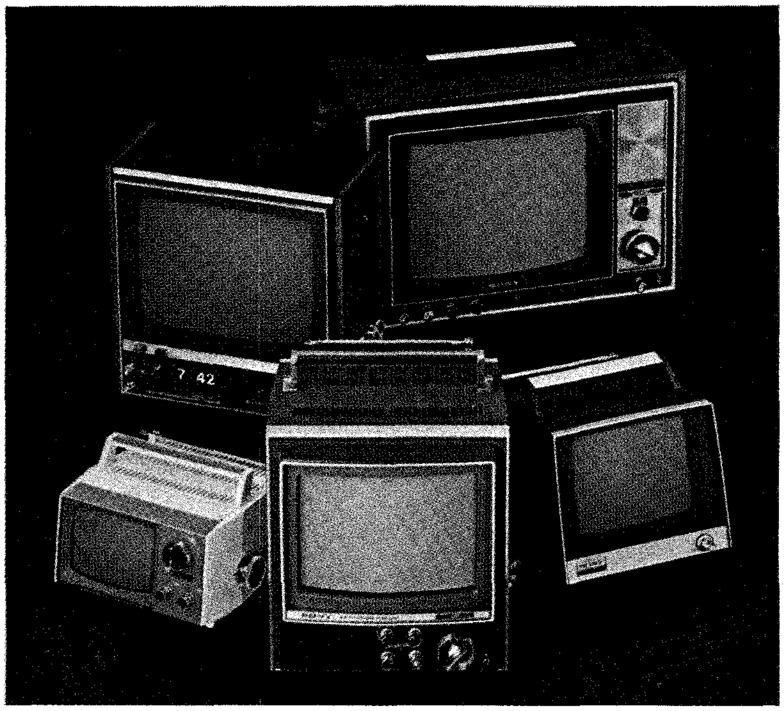
That's a gas. That's a present. That's how it feels to get a little Sony TV.

You can get one from $99.95.* You can get black & white TV from 5″ to 13″ screen sizes, measured diagonally. (You can even get one with a built-in digimatic clock.)

You can get the one basic change in color TV in 19 years—Sony Trinitron—in 9″ or 12″ sizes.

You can get the last great toy for grown-ups and get a kick out of opening presents again.

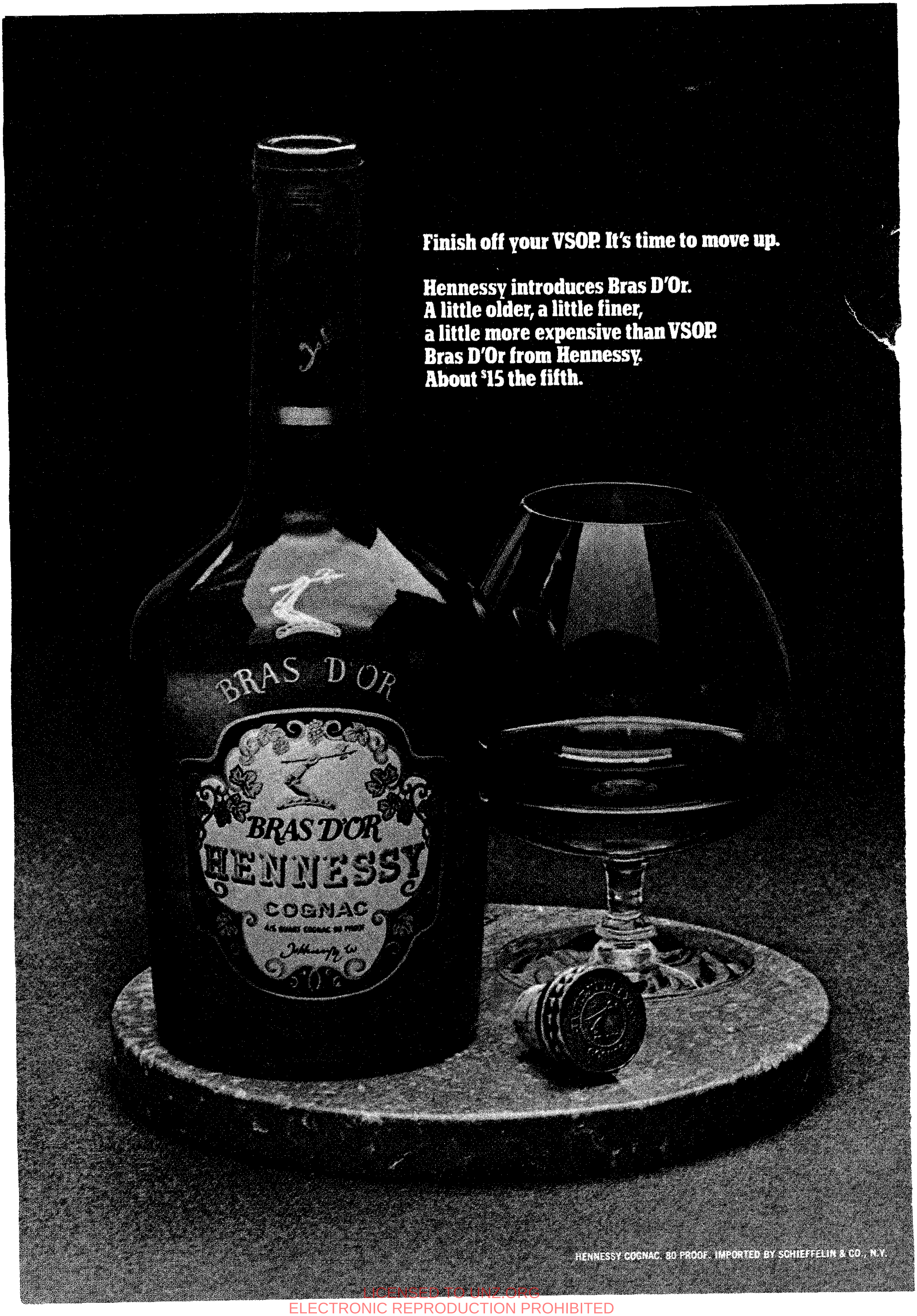
Better still, you can give it.



SONY.

If you're very good. Or very lucky.

©1970 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA. VISIT OUR SHOWROOM, 585 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK. *MFR.'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE.


BRAS D'OR
BRAS D'OR
HENNESSY
COGNAC

Finish off your VSOP. It's time to move up.

**Hennessy introduces Bras D'Or.
A little older, a little finer,
a little more expensive than VSOP.
Bras D'Or from Hennessy.
About $15 the fifth.**

HENNESSY COGNAC. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

thority Bus Terminal between 9:45 and 11.) . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 20. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30.) . . . BERGERFOLK: A program of traditional and contemporary folk music. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30. Admission is free.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Sunday, Dec. 13, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 1 and 3:30, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 17-18, at 7.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Dec. 13, and Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "The Blue Planet." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Dr., at W. 120th St. 749-7000. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 1 and 3.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 2:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 19, at 1 and 3.) . . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," Friday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ "Androcles and the Lion," Thursday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Friday, Dec. 18. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10:30.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Thief of Bagdad." (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Saturdays at 11 and 1, and Sundays at 1.) . . . PRINCE STREET PLAYERS: "Snow White Goes West." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

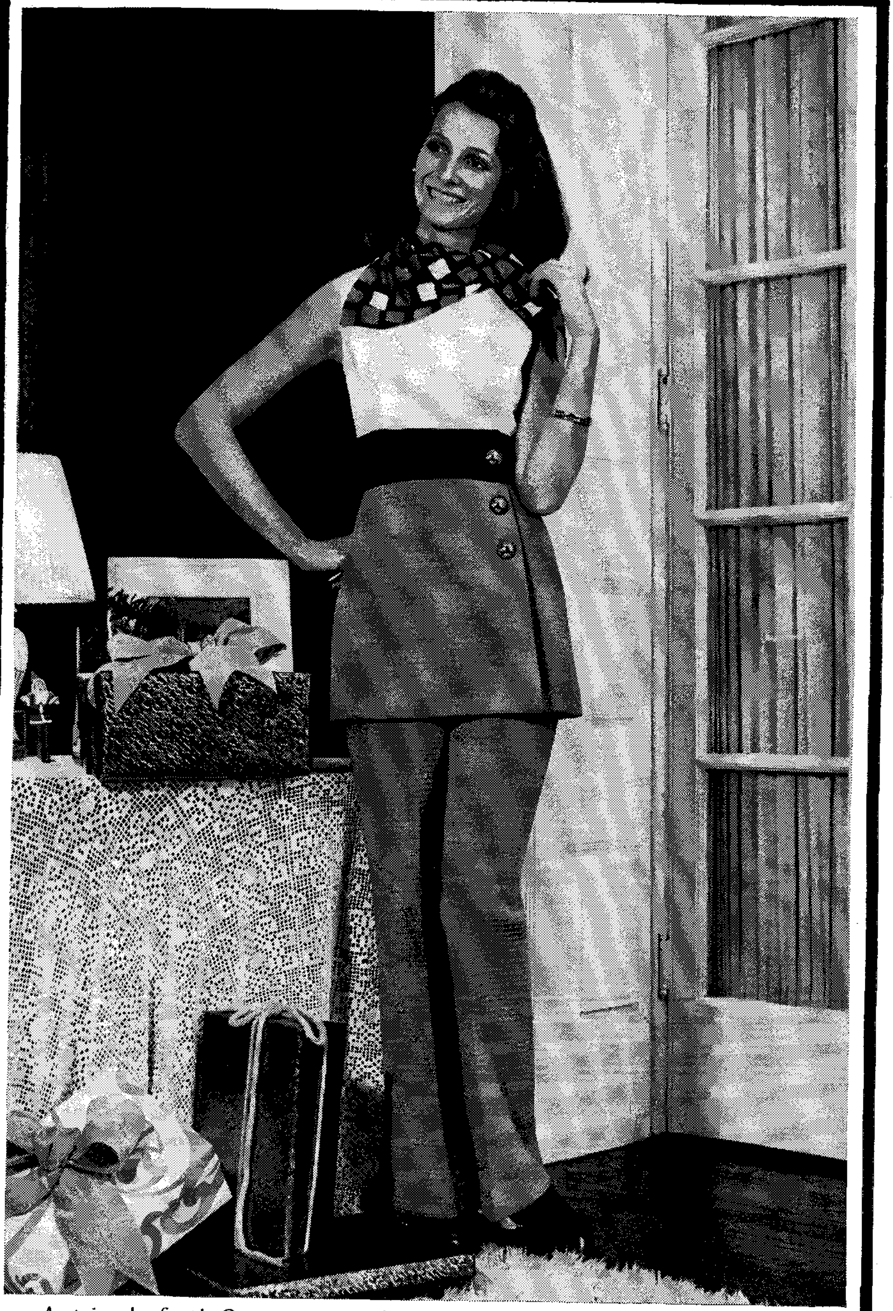
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn Tuesday, Dec. 15), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Howard Moss reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the day of the readings.)

DISCUSSIONS—"Misconceptions About the Grotowski Method," a series of question-and-

Looks like the holidays will be a little great this year, right?

Right!



A tri-colorfest! Our ottoman-ribbed pants set with bold contrasts of green, navy and white. As right for resort as for the holidays. The tunic with brass-y buttons and side pleat. The pants with straight legs and elastic waist. Of polyester knit. 8 to 16 sizes, 56.00*
*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Peck & Peck
Fifth Avenue and Branches.
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

©1970 LANVIN PARFUMS

The 100 Arpege Promises for Christmas

(Promise her anything but give her Arpege.)

This Christmas give her an Arpege Promise. Just pick a promise. Write it on a card. And wrap it up with a gift of Arpege.

Arpege and promises go together. They always have.

There are 34 Arpege gifts from $2.50 to $500.

Lovers to sweethearts

1. I promise not to be so jealous.
2. I promise I'll stop seeing ____, if you stop seeing ____.
3. I promise to stop grilling you about your past.
4. I promise you can have lunch with men who are just friends.
5. I promise to stop bragging about my former conquests.
6. I promise I love your psyche as well as your physique.
7. I promise to look into one of those machine-washable toupees.
8. I promise if you stop pointing out happily married couples, I'll stop pointing out unhappily married couples.
9. I promise to respect your moral code, even if it hurts.
10. I promise not to get mad over a silly little 45 minute wait.
11. I promise that even though I'm not the lucky guy, I'll never forget you.

Children to mothers

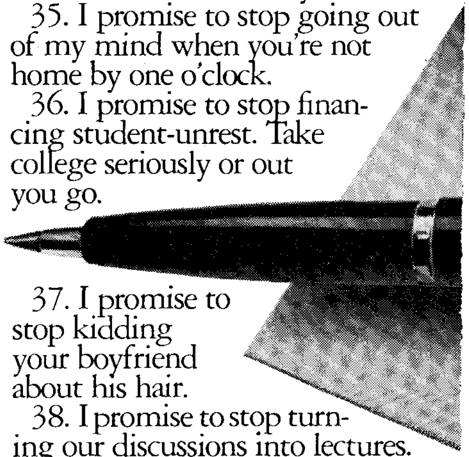
12. I promise to get a better report card.
13. I promise not to show off by using dirty words.
14. I promise never to take money from your pocketbook again.
15. I promise not to roll up my dirty pajamas in a ball and leave them under the covers.
16. I promise not to come into your bedroom at night without knocking.
17. I promise to stop asking father why he sold out.
18. I promise to stop calling your new abstract painting a self-portrait.
19. I promise to stop dressing like a freak.
20. I promise to show some respect.
21. I promise to stop seeing that boy with the earring.
22. I promise to (pick one) shovel the walk, take out the garbage, walk the dog.
23. I promise not to put daisy decals on your station wagon again.
24. I promise not to take my clothes off in the school production of "Hair."

Grown-ups to mothers

25. I promise not to waste time on men who aren't serious about marriage.
26. I promise not to switch jobs so much.
27. I promise to get a Castro Convertible so you can stay overnight.
28. I promise to get the children to church more.
29. I promise to take a day off and get a thorough physical exam.
30. I promise to move you out of that neighborhood and closer to us.
31. I promise to have a nice portrait of the children done.
32. I promise to bundle us all in the car and come to see you.

Fathers to daughters

33. I promise to stop showing your baby pictures to your boyfriends.
34. I promise to try and start living in the twentieth century.
35. I promise to stop going out of my mind when you're not home by one o'clock.
36. I promise to stop financing student-unrest. Take college seriously or out you go.



37. I promise to stop kidding your boyfriend about his hair.
38. I promise to stop turning our discussions into lectures.
39. I promise to stop hugging you "indecently"
40. I promise to give you a cost-of-living increase in your allowance.
41. I promise your room will always be ready in case things don't work out in the big city.

Brothers to sisters

42. I promise to teach you how to drive.
43. I promise to bring home more of my friends, especially cute ones.
44. I promise not to tell your boyfriend you wear contact lenses, and without them you're as blind as a bat.
45. I promise to stop kidding you about your pimples.
46. I promise to get up fifteen minutes earlier so that you can

have more time in the bathroom.

47. I promise to send mother fifty dollars a month if you do.

48. I promise you're not such a bad kid after all.

Bosses to secretaries

49. I promise not to sneer when you come back late from lunch.

50. I promise to be polite when your heart throb calls on my line.

51. I promise not to hide you when my wife comes to the office.

52. I promise when I mention your pad, I'll mean your steno pad.

53. I promise to know what I'm trying to say before I start dictating.

54. I promise to introduce you to all my eligible clients.

55. I promise I'm going places in this company, and you're coming with me.

56. I promise not to snap at you just because I've had an argument at home.

57. I promise no more improper advances after a three-martini lunch.

58. I promise to like your long skirts, even though they're covering the best legs in the company.

59. I promise to do my own Christmas shopping next year.

60. I promise that you're the best secretary I ever had.

Miscellaneous

To teachers 61-63, to maids 64-67, to clients 68-70, to mistresses 71-73, to ex-wives 74.

61. We promise not to whisper while you're writing on the blackboard.

62. We promise not to giggle during sex lectures.

63. We promise we'll miss you when and if we get promoted.

64. I promise to stop complaining about wax build-up and have the floors scraped.

65. I promise that without your help, my husband would leave me.

66. I promise never to run out of vacuum cleaner bags again.

67. I promise to always have your diet tuna in the refrigerator.

68. I promise that your investments are as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar.

69. I promise that a new ad campaign is in the works.

An Arpege Promise
Honey, I promise to spend more time with the kids. Love, Pat

Arpege Perfume (from $8.50) and Promise No. 96.

70. I promise to rework the living room sketches to include your husband's old chair.

71. I promise that when the time is right, I'll tell my wife about us.

72. I promise someday you won't have to turn your ring around when we check in someplace.

73. I promise that since I've met you, even my wife likes me better.

74. I promise to stop saying "Paying alimony is like putting gas in another man's car."

Girls to girlfriends

75. I promise to keep my paws off (boy's name)__________.

76. I promise to stop lecturing you about your promiscuity.

77. I promise not to pay attention to the gossip I've heard about you.

78. I promise that my husband's promotion won't affect our friendship.

79. I promise to teach you French.

80. I promise to break your neck if you don't stop looking younger every time I see you.

81. I promise that I could never have made it through this school without you.

82. I promise your secret is safe with me.

Husbands to wives

83. I promise to see a psychiatrist if you do.

84. I promise to take you on a business trip.

85. I promise to lose ten pounds.

86. I promise not to be disappointed if it's another girl.

87. I promise to cut down on my drinking.

88. I promise to stop telling you that our youngest is developing effeminate tendencies.

89. I promise we'll make more love and less war.

90. I promise to change completely.

91. I promise you can have a cleaning lady.

92. I promise we've picked up roots for the last time. I'm not accepting the job in (name of city).

93. I promise to stop stepping on your lines at parties. You do have amusing things to say.

94. I promise you look sexier to me today than you did 10 years ago.

95. I promise to stop smoking.

96. I promise to spend more time with the kids.

97. I promise to stop getting hooked up in wild schemes and start earning a steady living.

98. I promise to stop driving as if I were in the Indianapolis 500.

99. I promise that when I get the forty-year itch, you'll do the scratching.

100. I promise to love you always.

We promise to send you a gift of Arpege, if you send a promise we wish we'd thought of to Lanvin Parfums, 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

HENRY BROOKS & CO
CLOTHING

give him his choice of exclusive gifts with
A BROOKS BROTHERS GIFT CERTIFICATE
(write or phone our nearest store today)

Our Gift Certificate is the answer to many a Christmas problem...solving, as it does, all questions of sizes and personal tastes...and enabling you, also, to give items that usually require personal fittings. They may be made out in any amount, with the recipient's name and—if desired—the gift specified.

Our Distinctive Own Make Suits, from $180*
Our Famous Own Make Shirts, from $8.50
Our Own Make Neckwear, from $5.50
Our English Hats, from $17.50 · *Shoes, from* $29
Our Outstanding English Pajamas, from $18.50
Cashmere Sweaters from Scotland, from $28.50
Our Own Make Tweed Sport Jackets, from $130*
Handsome Silk Robes, from $75
And slippers, gloves, sport shirts, scarves, etc.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ATLANTA · BOSTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH · SAN FRANCISCO · SCARSDALE · WASHINGTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

answer discussions by Jerzy Grotowski of the Polish Laboratory Theatre. Mr. Grotowski will speak in Polish or French, with an English interpreter. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 12, at midnight.... ¶ New York University School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 13-14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2424.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Dec. 16, from 12:30 to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8: American paintings, among them works by Thomas Eakins and William Harnett; from many collectors. ... ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, belonging to Channing Hare. ... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 2: French and American paperweights, from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 2: Modern paintings by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Chagall, and others; from several collections. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 11.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 16, at 8: Modern drawings by such artists as Cassatt, Picasso, and Matisse; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 11.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 17, at 2: Snuff bottles, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Tristan Paul Knight. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 12.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Jezebel" (1938), with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda.... ¶ Dec. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938), with Edward G. Robinson.... ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "They Made Me a Criminal" (1939), with John Garfield and Ann Sheridan.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 11:30: "Jules and Jim" (1961), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau and Oskar Werner.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 3 and 5:30: "High Sierra" (1941), with Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "The Sea Hawk" (1940), with Errol Flynn and Flora Robson.... ¶ Dec. 14 at 1:30: "High Sierra" (1941).... ¶ Dec. 14 at 6 and Dec. 15 at 2: "The North Star" (1943), with Anne Baxter and Walter Huston.... ¶ Dec. 15 at 5:30: "Fidel" (1969), directed by Saul Landau.... ¶ Dec. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Juarez" (1939), with Bette Davis and Paul Muni.... ¶ Dec. 17 at 2 and 5:30: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart.... ¶ Dec. 17 at 8: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—"Michelangelo: The Last Giant" (1965), with Peter Ustinov, narrated by José Ferrer. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **NOTE:** "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled three times a day (6, 8, and 10), six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. All very serious.

WHAT TO DO WHILE WAITING—A festival of Christmas Carols will be held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 16, from 8 to 9, with fifteen different singing groups, each on a different corner of Park Avenue, from 70th Street to 86th Street.... ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue between 51st and 79th Streets is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall. Most shops and art galleries remain open during this period.... ¶ Sundays, from 2 to 5:30, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is also open as a pedestrian mall.

A taste of the past
makes the present beautiful.
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
ESTABLISHED 1749
By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen Wine Merchants Justerini & Brooks Ltd. of St. James's Street, London, England
ROYAL AGES
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND 4/5 QUART
WORLD'S FINEST SCOTCH
IMPORTED BY
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION

In a world that continually strives for the new, the changed, the expedient, we are pleased to present a Scotch made the way Scotch was made in another day and age. Royal Ages. Fifteen year old Scotch.

15 Years Old 86 Proof Blended Scotch Whiskey. Bottled in Scotland and Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Inc., NYC 10020.

You'll only buy one diamond watch in your life. Shouldn't the diamonds be real?

The most important woman in your life deserves to own not just a watch, but a diamond watch.

Not just a diamond-chip watch, but a real diamond watch.

(To be real, a diamond must have at least 17 facets, cut to unleash its deep fire and sparkle.)

At Bulova, *every* single diamond we put on our watches has at least 17 facets.

We search Antwerp, Tel Aviv, Amsterdam to find quality gems and expert stone cutters.

And of course we take the same care in making our watches as we do in picking our diamonds.

It takes us nine months to make a Bulova.

Which may not seem like a lot of time compared to the millions of years it takes for the formation of a diamond. But it's enough time to make a gem of a watch.

Diadem "XX": 30 diamonds (total 1 carat). 14k solid gold. $650. Other diamond watches from $50. At fine jewelry and department stores. Bulova Watch Co., Inc.

Bulova Diamond Watches **These days the right time isn't enough.**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fantasia."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Putney Swope" and "More."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 15: "Zabriskie Point" and "The Strawberry Statement."
From Dec. 16: "Borsalino" and "The Molly Maguires."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 15: "Gone with the Wind."
From Dec. 16: "Detective Belli."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Act of the Heart."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 14: "Catch-22."
From Dec. 14, at 8: "Little Big Man." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Pizza Triangle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Great White Hope."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Where's Poppa?"

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Adam at 6 A.M."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Dec. 16: "The Twelve Chairs."
From Dec. 17: "Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 17 (tentative): "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "West Side Story."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 14: "The Student Nurses" and "The Love Doctors."
From Dec. 15: "There's a Girl in My Soup."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 17: "Hornet's Nest."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Dec. 16: "Chappaqua."
From Dec. 17: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 15: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Women in Love."
From Dec. 16: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 17: "The Passion of Anna" and "Mississippi Mermaid."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 15: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "Tropic of Cancer."
From Dec. 16: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 17: "The Ritual" and "All These Women."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 15: "Lovers and Other Strangers."
From Dec. 16: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Scrooge."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bombay Talkie," "Shakespeare Wallah," and "The Householder."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 12: "Tristana."
From Dec. 13: Theatre closed.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Homer."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 14: "Catch-22."
From Dec. 15: "Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 15: "Ned Kelly" and "Underground."
From Dec. 16: "Elvis: That's the Way It Is."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 15: "Zabriskie Point" and "The Strawberry Statement."
From Dec. 16: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 13: "Something for Everyone" and "The Boys in the Band."
From Dec. 14: "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 9: "Compañeras and Compañeros" and "Simon of the Desert."
Dec. 10-16: "The End of Summer" and "Floating Weeds."
From Dec. 17: "Of Stars and Men," plus five shorts by John Hubley.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 15: "The Sterile Cuckoo" and "Goodbye, Columbus."
From Dec. 16: "Women in Love" and "John and Mary."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 10: "Anna Christie" and "Strange Interlude."
From Dec. 11: "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Gaslight."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 15: "Putney Swope" and "More."
From Dec. 16: "The Seducers" and another feature, to be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart—With Geneviève Bujold and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Paul Almond. (Murray Hill.)

Adam at 6 A.M.—Shaggy-haired, bemused Michael Douglas as a California professor of semantics who goes to visit distant relatives in Missouri and tries to find himself by working as a manual laborer. Robert Sheerer directed. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 17.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Thalia; through Dec. 10.)

Bombay Talkie—James Ivory's new film is about a bored English woman novelist (Jennifer Kendal) who destroys the life of a young Indian film star (Shashi Kapoor). Ivory's attempt to use the clichés of early Hollywood melodramas for an ironic effect doesn't work out, but the film is full of fine marginal details—a guru showing his followers color slides of his conquest of Los Angeles, the preparations for a musical film, with plump-bottomed Indian girls dancing on giant typewriter keys. (Little Carnegie.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a thriller set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but there is a nice scene about a bad fish. Directed by Jacques Deray. In French. (Charles; starting Dec. 16.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 13.)

Catch-22—Joseph Heller's novel has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is Captain Yossarian. (Sutton; through the afternoon of Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Dec. 14.)

Chappaqua (1967)—Drug addiction and cure. Conrad Rooks wrote, produced, and directed it, and Robert Frank photographed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 16.)

Compañeras and Compañeros—Young Cubans rap in this American-made political documentary, and are seen at work, school, and play. Didactic. (New Yorker; Dec. 9.)

The Confession—With Yves Montand and Simone Signoret. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman.)

Cromwell—The actors waddle around in their Puritan bloomers, then stand still to make speeches at each other. Richard Harris plays Cromwell as a sullen prig who hates power; the movie never explains how he got it. Ken Hughes wrote and directed, both academically. (Fine Arts.)

Detective Belli—Corrupt cop, drugs, murders, plus fashions and the rock scene. With Franco Nero and Florinda Bolkan. Directed by Romolo Guerrieri, spoken in English. (Kips Bay; starting Dec. 16.)

Elvis: That's the Way It Is—Elvis in Las Vegas. (Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 16.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Dec. 10-16.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17		

grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Waverly; through Dec. 15.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Floating Weeds (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Dec. 10-16.)

Gaslight (1944)—Enjoyable, expensively produced pseudo-Victorian thriller. Ingrid Bergman, who won the Academy Award for her performance, is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. The Patrick Hamilton stage success was toned up for this version, directed by George Cukor. The cast includes Joseph Cotten, the teen-aged Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty. (Thalia; starting Dec. 11.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Goin' Down the Road—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Kips Bay; through Dec. 15.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Symphony; through Dec. 15.)

The Great White Hope—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Baronet.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is such a good one that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Homer—A farm boy turns pacifist when his best friend is killed in Vietnam. Infantile. With Don Scardino and Tisa Farrow. Directed by John Trent. (Paris.)

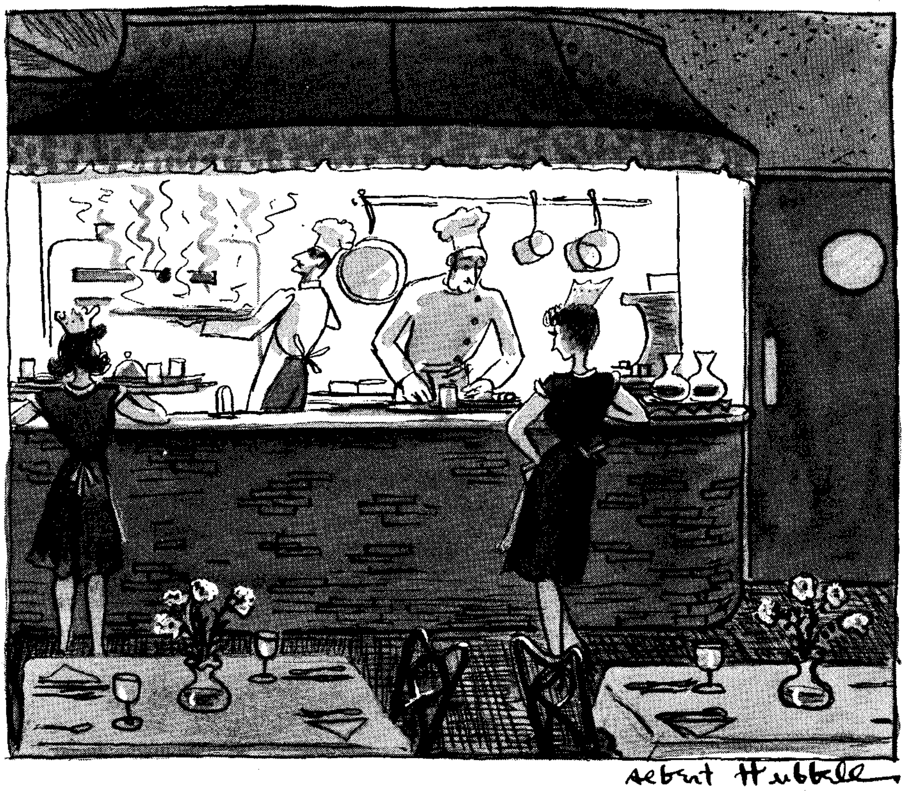
Hornet's Nest—A Second World War adventure story, with Rock Hudson as an American soldier who organizes a group of Italian children to blow up a Nazi-held dam. With Sylva Koscina. Phil Karlson directed. (86th St. East; through Dec. 17.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (Little Carnegie.)

Husbands—With Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk, and John Cassavetes. Directed and written by Cassavetes. (Cinema I.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Festival.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 17, tentative.)



Albert Hubbell

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu.)

John and Mary (1969)—Clever and dexterous, but a perfect little nothing of a romance. When Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are in bed together, you just naturally assume they're playing with Teddy bears. Directed by Peter Yates. (Symphony; starting Dec. 16.)

Little Big Man—With Dustin Hoffman. Directed by Arthur Penn. (Sutton; starting Dec. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Dec. 15.)

The Love Doctors—A porny picture set in a sex-experiences laboratory. (Orpheum; through Dec. 14.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Gramercy and Guild. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Dec. 15.)

Love Story—With Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal. Directed by Arthur Hiller, from that book. (Tower East; starting Dec. 17.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 17.)

The Molly Maguires—About a terrorist band of Irish immigrants in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the eighteen-seventies. Not too lively, but a handsomely designed production, and with good strong performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. Martin Ritt directed. (Charles; starting Dec. 16.)

More (1969)—Love and drugs and death in glamorous places. Directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Midtown; through Dec. 15.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Charles Laughton is Captain Bligh—corrupt and sadistic, but a great sailor; Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Franchot Tone is the pivotal character—the officer who goes back to England to stand trial. Some of the thirties bits-of-business of the minor characters are tediously simple-minded, but it's a stirring sea adventure in the big Metro manner. Frank Lloyd directed. (Thalia; starting Dec. 11.)

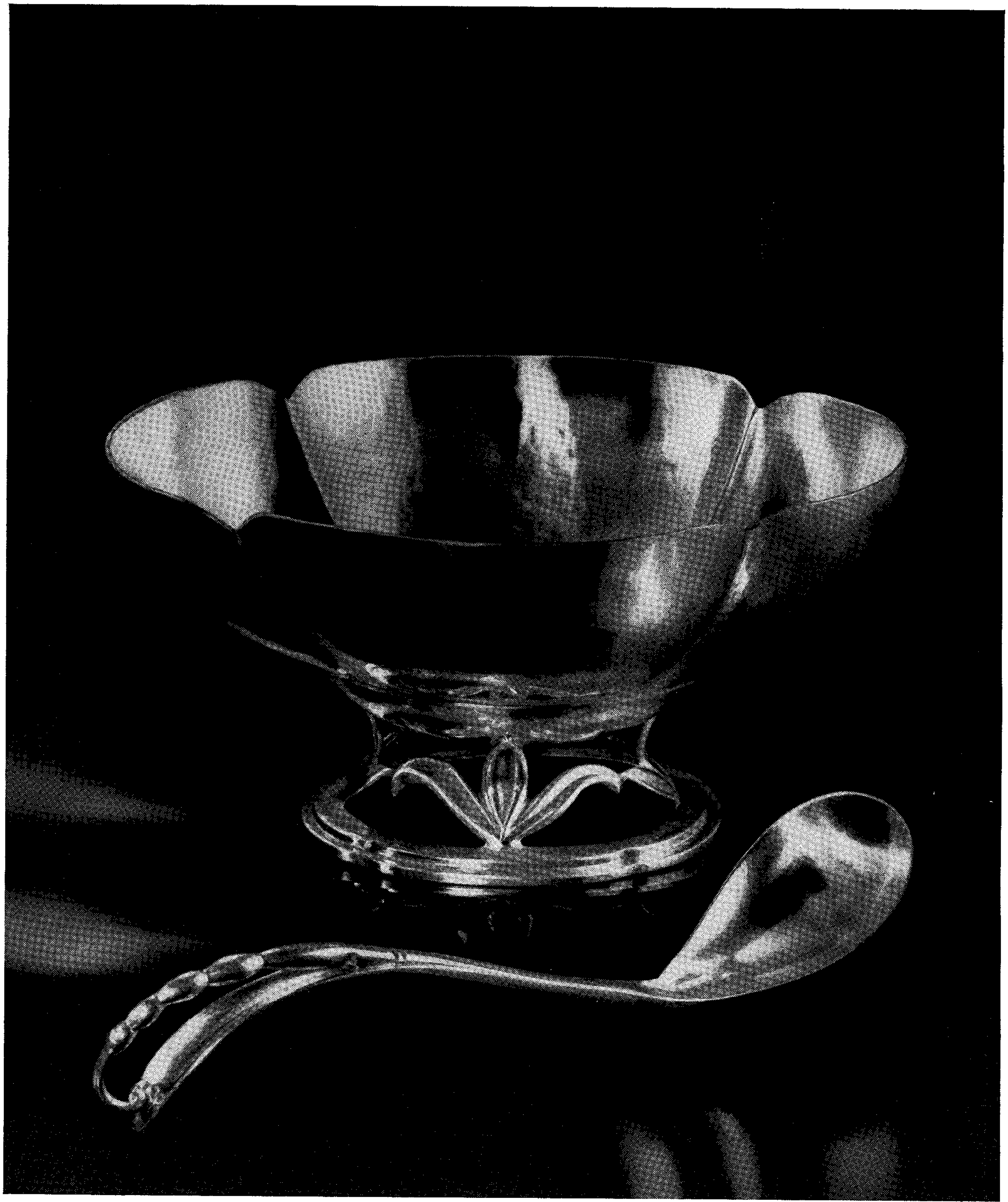
Ned Kelly—Mick Jagger as the nineteenth-century Australian outlaw. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 15.)

Of Stars and Men (1964)—An animated feature by John Hubley, adapted from an essay on astronomy by Harlow Shapley, with sections on Space, Time, Matter, Energy, and Life. Also five shorts by Hubley. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 17.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a book clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

The Passion of Anna—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. Bergman can do anything, and he makes it seem simpler with each film. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots, for instance, and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 17.)

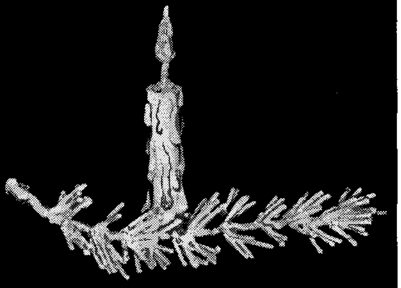
Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula An-



FROM THE RANDAHL COLLECTION: THE HAND-HAMMERED SAUCE BOWL
In heavy sterling silver, for hollandaise and other delicacies. With matching ladle.
Bowl, 5½ inches long, 4⅛ inches wide, 2¾ inches high, $69.50. Ladle, 5⅜ inches long, $17.00.
At selected fine stores.

REED & BARTON

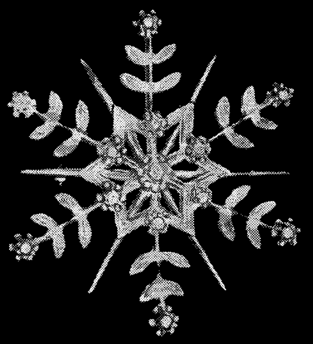
SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Give the light of your life a Christmas candle on a branch . . . this 14 kt. gold pin, $48. Or would she rather have it snow diamonds? Then select a snowflake pin/pendant of diamonds and 14 kt. gold, $300. Shown actual size; subject to applicable tax.

J. E. Caldwell Co.
Founded 1839

Chestnut & Juniper Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
Haverford • Wilmington • Moorestown Mall
Plymouth Meeting Mall • Harrisburg East Mall



dress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Pizza Triangle—*A genial mutt of a movie*—a romantic satire with sight gags, jokes about the pollution in Rome, and comic-strip devices. Monica Vitti plays a soulfully silly waif, Marcello Mastroianni a crank Communist. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't force things, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's obstreperous film about a black who gets heaved into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Midtown; through Dec. 15.)

The Ritual—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Dec. 17.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Scrooge—Tastefully dull; the score is so disposable it might have been composed on Kleenex. (Music Hall.)

The Seducers—A mother invites guests aboard her yacht to seduce her son. The locale is different but the simulated sex is as usual. With Ewa Aulin. Directed by Ottavio Alessi. Made in Italy, dubbed into English. (Midtown; starting Dec. 16.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with a cast of English and Indian actors. (Little Carnegie.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Dec. 9.)

Something for Everyone—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 13.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. He should be hired immediately to do the musical version of "Tora! Tora! Tora!" (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—A good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (Symphony; through Dec. 15.)

Strange Interlude (1932)—Whoever decided to revive this forgot that sound bit of advice: let sleeping dogs lie. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable star in this version of the Eugene O'Neill play, directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Thalia; through Dec. 10.)

The Strawberry Statement—How a student (Bruce Davison) gets radicalized by falling in love (with Kim Darby), directed by Stuart Hagman, in TV-commercial style, so it looks like a super-duper beach-party revolution. The big confrontation scene seems to have been done after a quick look at the work of Busby Berkeley and Eisenstein; pretty patterns shot from overhead plus a lot of gas and screaming and blood. (Charles and Regency; through Dec. 15.)

The Student Nurses—Four girls, their loves and woes. Directed by Stephanie Rothman. (Orpheum; through Dec. 14.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—With Peter Sellers and Goldie Hawn. Directed by Roy Boulting. (Orpheum; starting Dec. 15.)

They Call Me Mister Tibbs!—Sidney Poitier playing the same super-'tec character as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. He is a wonderful father, though, and a wonderful investigator into the minutely incriminating aspects of a bit of carpet fluff in someone's tennis shoes. Directed by Gordon Douglas. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 14.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 14.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anti-clericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art; through Dec. 12.)

Tropic of Cancer—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Greenwich; through Dec. 15.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Tower East; through Dec. 16.)

Underground—A Second World War spy thriller with Robert Goulet, directed by Arthur Nadel. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 15.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Greenwich; through Dec. 15.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 17, tentative.)

Where's Poppa?—Carl Reiner's comedy has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, but some of the skits are freaky and clumsy—a bad combination. George Segal is wonderfully amiable and foolish, but his senile adversary, his mother (Ruth Gordon, doing her usual), isn't an altogether satisfactory comic target. Fortunately, there's a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Coronet.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Waverly; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Dec. 16.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's picture about America suffers from lassitude and inanity. (Charles and Regency; through Dec. 15.)

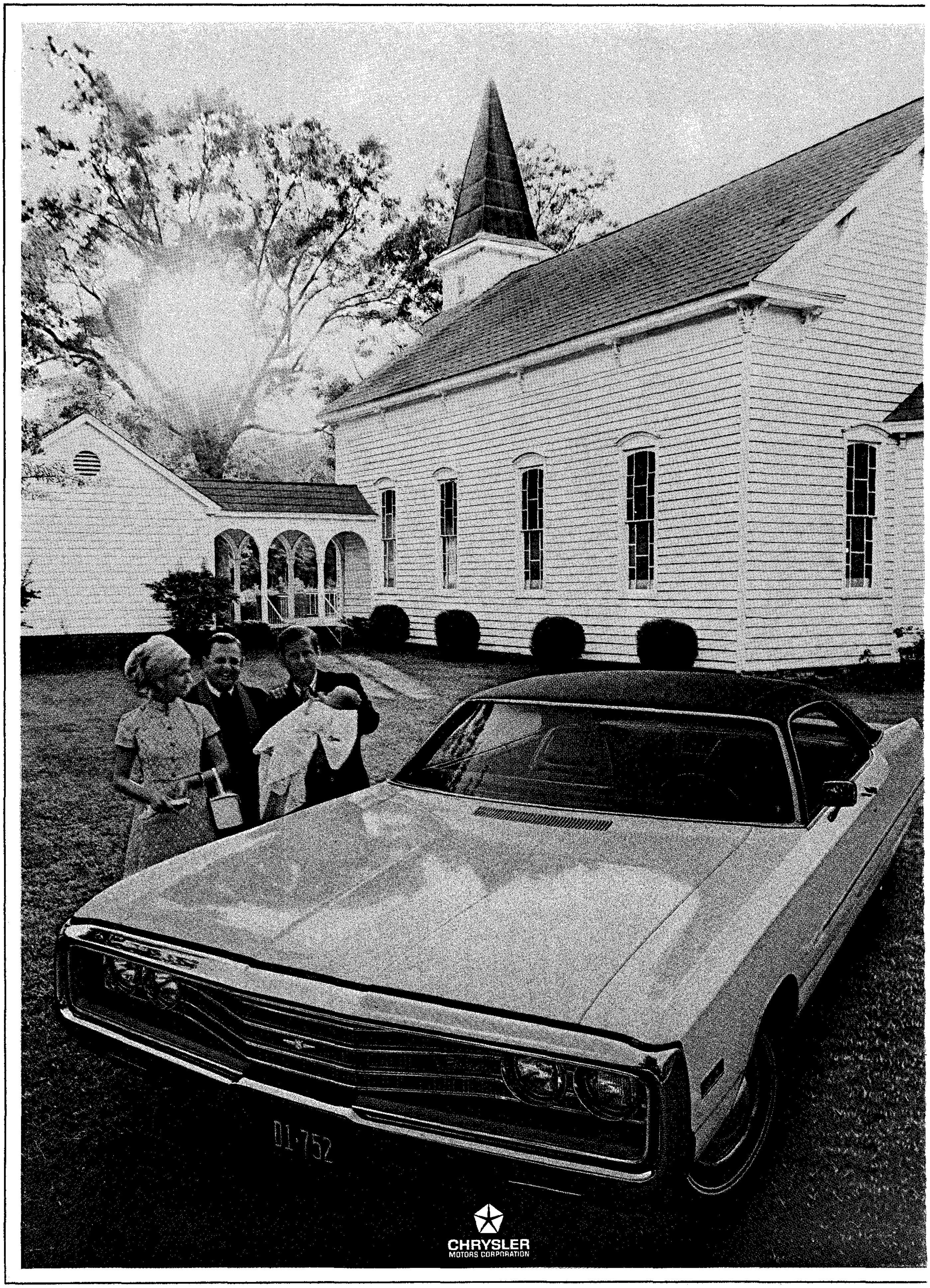
Luxury,
Italian
Style.

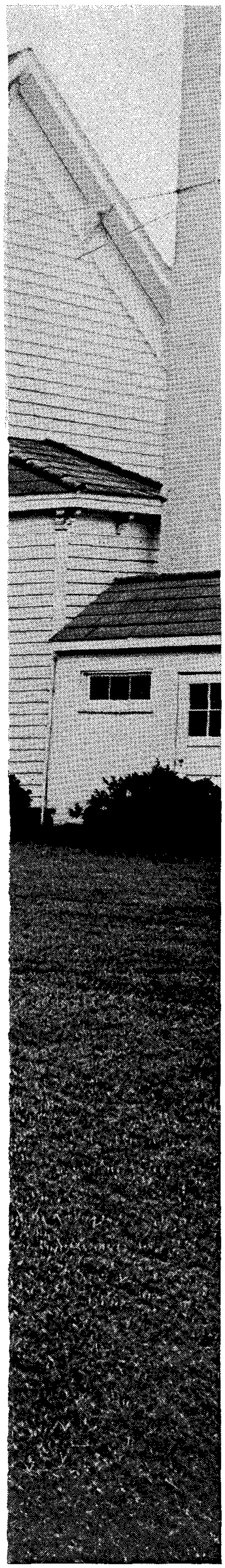
Since 1884
IMPORTED
V.S.O.P.
10 YEARS OLD
BRANDY
STOCK
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
IMPORTED
STOCK '84
BRANDY
DISTILLED AND AGED IN ITALY BY
Distillerie Stock S.p.A.
TRIESTE (ITALY)
Schenley IMPORTS CO. NEW YORK
PRODUCT OF ITALY

Seductively priced at about $5. Let yourself be lured just once and discover how to enjoy imported brandy the way brandy lovers do. The taste of Stock '84 is pure 10-year-old luxury. An experience in pleasure whether straight, on-the-rocks, in your favorite cocktail or with soda. Try Stock Imported Brandy today. It's luxury, Italian-style.

That's why it's the world's largest-selling brandy.

STOCK
IMPORTED BRANDY


D1·752
CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



An introductory offer to people who have never owned a Chrysler.

We want to introduce as many people as possible to the finest-designed, best-built Chryslers we've ever offered.
So we're coming through with the Royal. A brand-new series of Chryslers.
At a new low price. $112* less than any other Chrysler.

Coming through in a big way.

Royal is every inch a Chrysler. Uncompromisingly full-sized.

It's also a bigger car than our chief competition, Buick LeSabre and Olds Delta 88.

With a roomier interior.

And a bigger trunk.

A matter of inches.

Our new 360 V-8 is ten cubic inches bigger than the engines on Buick and Olds.

More important, especially in a car this size, our engine comes through with more horsepower.

All on regular gas.

A difference of opinion.

LeSabre and Delta come with coil spring suspension systems. The Royal uses torsion bars.

They'll tell you coil springs are better. We'll tell you torsion bars are.

Who's right?

Well, we urge you to try them both and make up your own mind.

It is interesting to note, however, that GM does use torsion bars on two models: the most expensive Cadillac, and the most expensive Oldsmobile.

Now are we coming through?

Built and engineered with extra care.

The Royal body is a single solid unit. Unitized with over 5000 individual welds.

The competition uses bolts to mate the body to the frame.

On a test drive, you probably wouldn't notice any difference. But the differences are there.

Our Unibody is stronger for one thing. It also stays tighter longer. So there is less chance of welds and seams opening up and forming rust pockets.

Another thing to remember is that Royal has no body bolts to work free and rattle after, say, a year or so of driving.

Chrysler-Plymouth comes through for you...

Coming Through is not a slogan with us. It is a way of life. We build and engineer our cars with extra care.

We test and inspect them against the most rigorous standards. We are committed to delivering cars to you with more exacting quality and enduring value than ever before.

And that's why Chrysler-Plymouth is Coming Through For You.

A car for people ready to move up.

Chrysler Royal. An introduction to Chrysler luxury and quality.

Coming through at a price you can afford.

That's our offer.

Welcome to Chrysler.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth
Coming Through.

**Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price for standard Chrysler Royal. Price excludes state and local taxes, destination charges.*

Life is too short
and winter's too long
to go without
mink.

Warm, beautiful Saga Mink.

The finest mink from Scandinavia where winters are six months long.

Scandinavian Mink Assn.

Coat from Brothers Christie

It says something about you
Season's Greetings
SHAKESPEARE
Exquisitely Blended with Fine Havana
of Fine Natural Tobacco

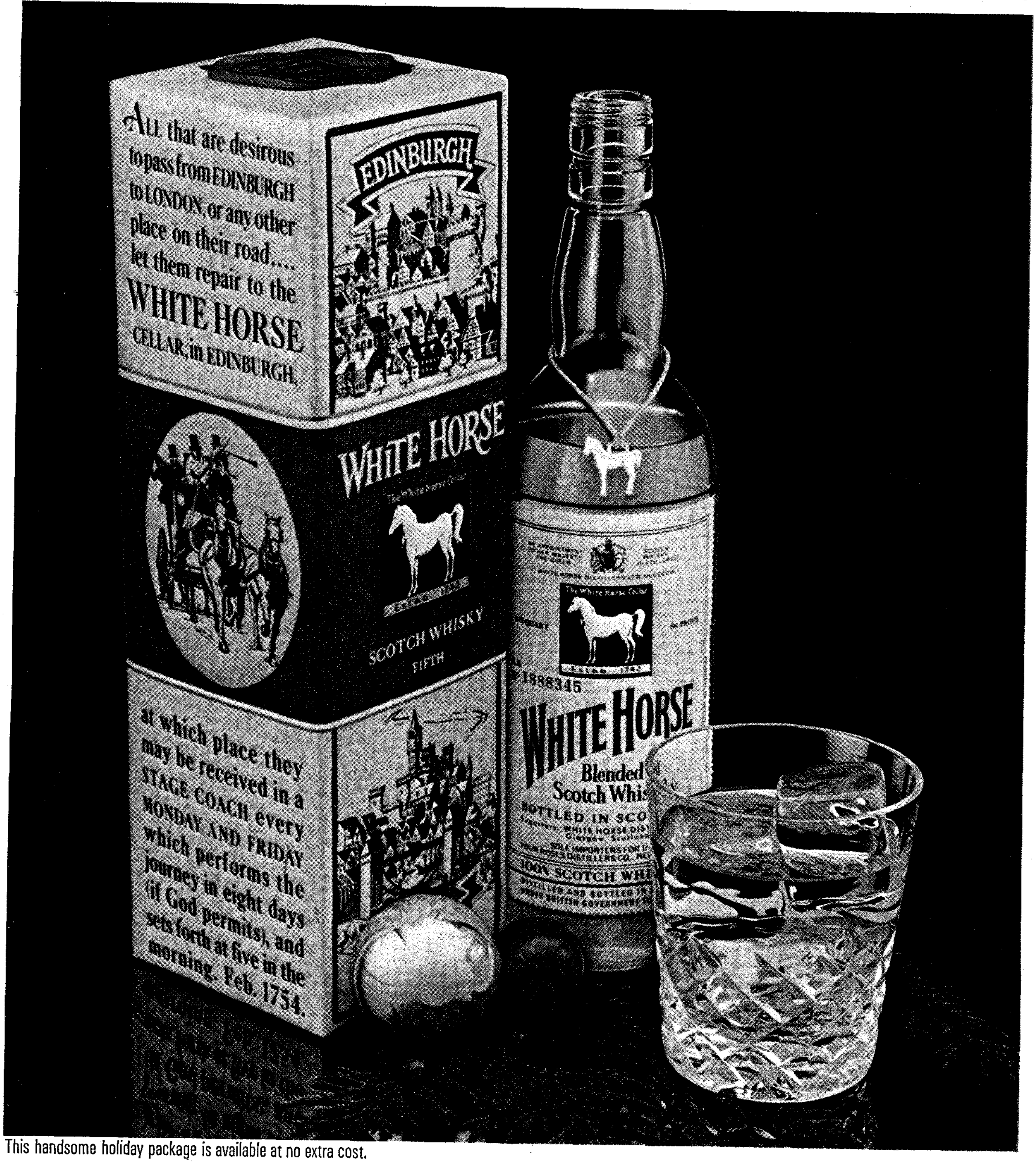
SHAKESPEARE

America's Great Prestige Cigar

You can pay an experienced cigar smoker no higher compliment than to present him with Shakespeare for Christmas. Now elegantly packaged for holiday gift-giving in four classic Shakespeare shapes: Corona and Belvedere with Oxford *(Natural)* or Cambridge *(Candela)* wrappers. And Command Performance and the handsome new slim London Squire in natural wrappers. Also in twenty other distinctive shapes and sizes from the long and slender Crown Petite and Crown Jewel to the majestic Monarch in its individual aluminum tube. At select tobacconists coast to coast and the four famous Humidors of Alfred Dunhill of London in Seleccion Suprema.

Gradiaz Annis • Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla. • World Leader in Luxury Cigars

Give the taste of Tradition.


ALL that are desirous to pass from EDINBURGH to LONDON, or any other place on their road.... let them repair to the WHITE HORSE CELLAR, in EDINBURGH,
EDINBURGH
WHITE HORSE
SCOTCH WHISKY
FIFTH
at which place they may be received in a STAGE COACH every MONDAY AND FRIDAY which performs the journey in eight days (if God permits), and sets forth at five in the morning. Feb. 1754.
1888345
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whis
BOTTLED IN SCO
100% SCOTCH WHI

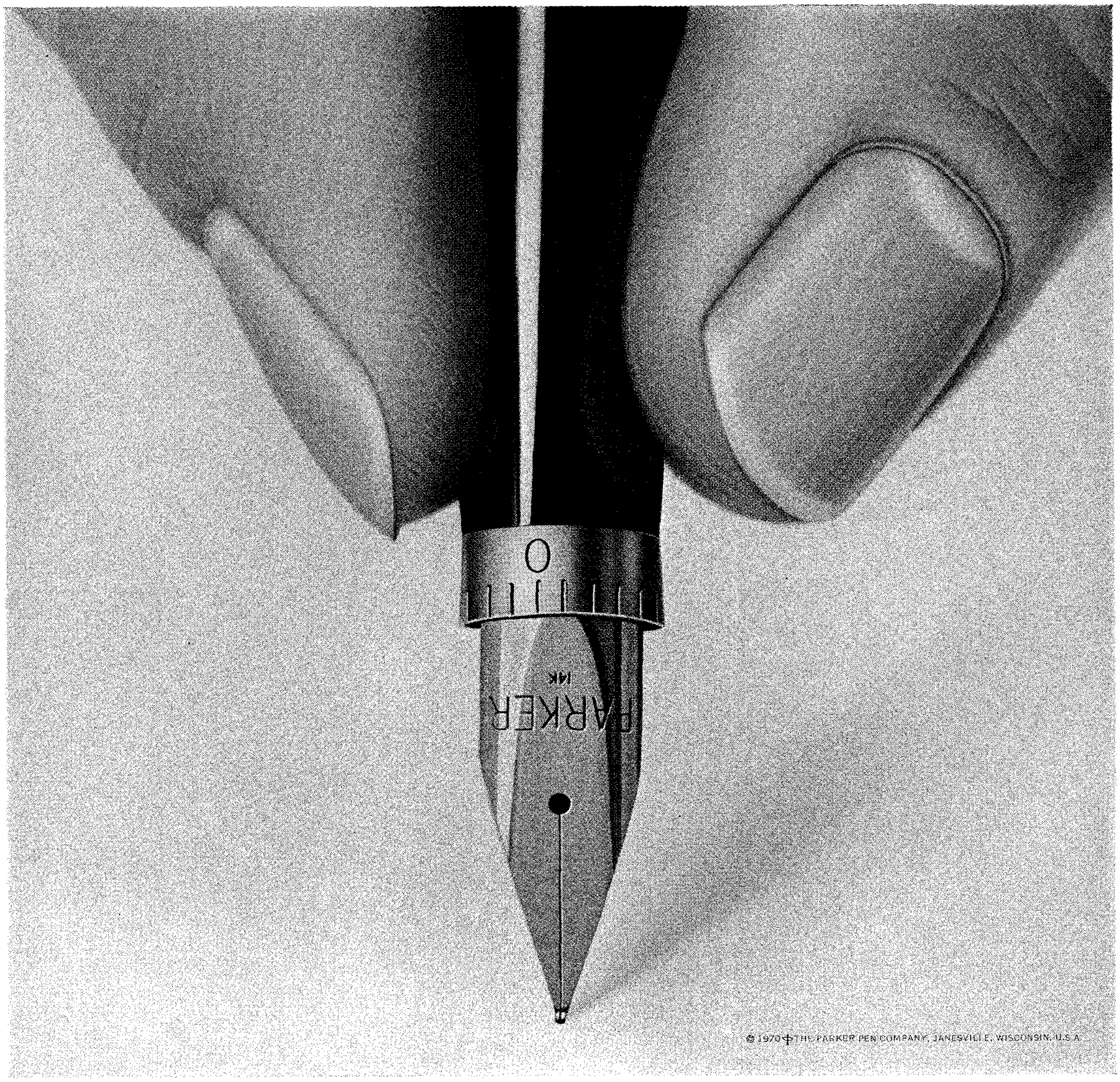
This handsome holiday package is available at no extra cost.

The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742

We made it great. You made it famous.

White Horse Scotch

86 PROOF • FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. • SOLE IMPORTERS FOR U.S.A.



© 1970 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

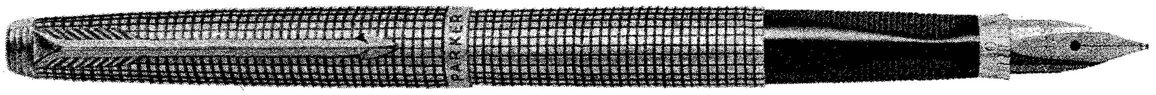
You buy shoes to fit your feet. Doesn't it make sense to buy a pen to fit your hand?

It may surprise you,
but there is such a pen.
A pen with gently
contoured sides so your
fingers can nestle right in.
A pen with two small
treaded places you can
hold—without holding
tightly.
A pen that reminds
your fingers exactly where
they belong.
So without any shifting
around at all,
the pen point will always
lie flat.
And your hand will
not only feel more relaxed,
but your words
will flow more smoothly.

The pen?
Of course, it's a Parker.
The Parker 75.
In sterling silver. At $25.

Wouldn't it make a fitting
gift for some
nice hand you know?

PARKER 75



THE STERLING SILVER PARKER 75 IS $25. WITH MATCHING PENCIL OR BALL PEN, $40. OTHER PARKER PENS TO OWN OR GIVE, FROM THE $1.98 JOTTER BALL PEN TO THE $150 PRESIDENTIAL FOUNTAIN PEN.

HOW CAN A HOTEL CALLED THE FRONTIER POSSIBLY APPEAL TO A MAN SPOILED BY NEW YORK?

Granted. It seems improbable.

Visions of wagon-wheel chandeliers and sawdust floors pop into your head at the very mention of the name, "Frontier."

Hardly the kind of place a spoiled New Yorker would find simpatico.

But then, The Frontier's hardly the kind of place a New Yorker would name, "The Frontier."

To begin with, it looks like what it is—an elegant new hotel. Not a glorified log cabin.

It's run like a hotel, too. Our people know what they're doing and they enjoy doing it.

And since we have twice as many employees as we have rooms, our people aren't hurried and overworked. They can take the time to know what you like and don't like. To surprise you with extra services. To—in short—lagniappe you silly.

Of course, if it's the great restaurants of New York that have spoiled you, our chef—Jean Raymond Douat—was probably partly to blame.

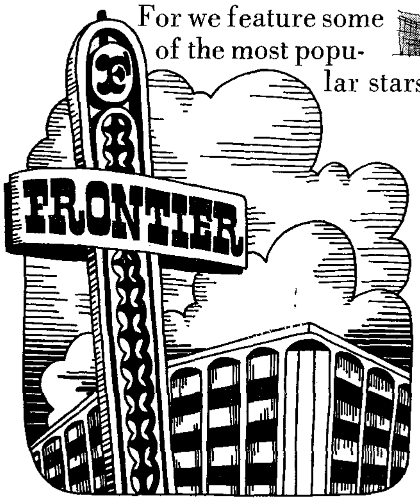
After all, he was Executive chef at New York's Le Pavillon for 7 years.

And since moving to Las Vegas, he has changed his high standards not a whit.

So there's no need for you to change yours.

There's no need to change them when it comes to entertainment, either.

For we feature some of the most popular stars to appear in Las Vegas.



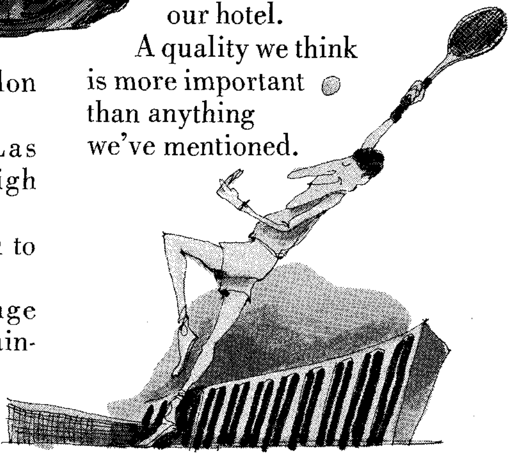
And should you cotton to outdoor sports, we can offer you just about everything you could want.

An Olympic sized pool, a verdant 18-hole golf course, 6 great tennis courts, ping pong, a putting green. You can even go fishing if you like.

Ok, if The Frontier's so all-fire posh and un-rustic, how come the name "The Frontier"?

Because we think it reflects one rather old-fashioned quality of our hotel.

A quality we think is more important than anything we've mentioned.



A quality we're unabashedly proud of.

The Frontier.

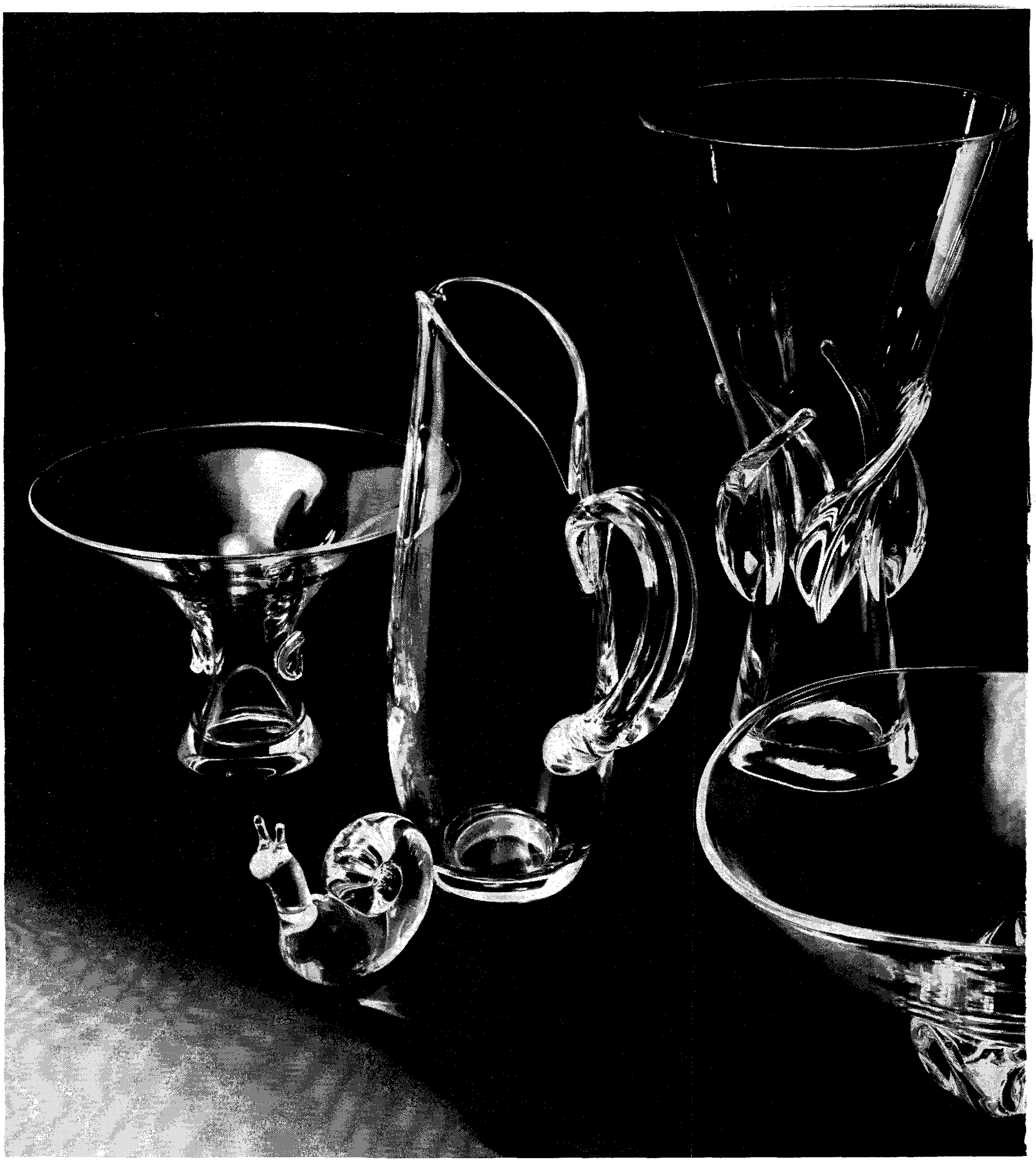
It's got an open, honest, fair dealing, warm kind of Western friendliness ring to it.

And so does our hotel.

Next time you come to Las Vegas, stay with us.

We'll spoil you for good.

THE FRONTIER IN LAS VEGAS



For Christmas catalogue in full color, send $1.00

Steuben crystal—for very special friends at Christmastide

Imagine their joy at receiving the small Bouquet Vase $42.50,
the Snail $45, the tall Pitcher $100,
the Rose Vase $140, or the Trillium Bowl $92.50.

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022 · (212) PL 2-1441

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND of ours lives at the foot of a hill, from which she harvests, from season to season, the basic necessities of her kind of life. In March, at the opening of her year, she climbs the hill through the soft thaw for pussywillows, which she arranges in a pewter pitcher underneath a mirror. In May, apple blossoms replace the willows. In October, for the next long-lease tenure of the place under the mirror, it is bayberry, clipped and trimmed and massed into a bluish-grayish-white cloud. The other day, the climb was to cut laurel branches, which she arranges in window boxes to keep the exterior of her house bright while the uncandled bayberry gives the interior its touch of life. We have a note from her, written after her expedition for the laurel, in which she describes walking in late-fall woods in rain. The rain, she says, seems to be putting the earth to sleep. With her, it is pussywillow time, bluet time, violet time, apple-blossom time, lady's-slipper time, wild-rose time, black-eyed-Susan time, blackberry time, bittersweet time, maple-leaf time, bayberry time, laurel time, from one year to the next.

YUKIO MISHIMA, aged forty-five, completed a four-volume fictional work called "The Sea of Fertility" this fall and then told a Tokyo reporter, "I feel I am finished now. I have done plays, long novels—everything. There is nothing left for me to do." But he decided that there was something left after all. Emulating the fate-ridden Nō drama (though he had little use for professional actors, theatricality fascinated him, and he had written several "modern" Nō plays), he saved his crucial last act for the public stage. Two weeks ago, Mishima and four young disciples, brandishing razor-sharp samurai swords, invaded the office of a lieutenant general of Japan's Self-Defense Forces and tied the general to his chair. Mishima then stepped out onto a balcony and harangued a crowd of more than a thousand Self-Defense soldiers about the military inadequacies resulting from the Japanese Constitution. Next, apparently following a well-constructed plot, Mishima walked back inside, knelt, disembowelled himself, and was beheaded by one of his companions. His last words before his hara-kiri were reported to be "I don't think they heard me very well."

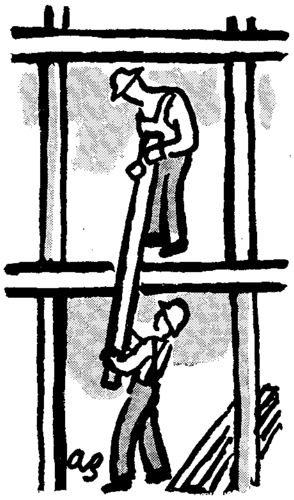
Surely he was wrong. Most people who had listened to him lately, whether they agreed with him or not, heard him memorably. We had a long lunch with him this past spring, in a restaurant at the foot of Mount Fuji, that extraordinary symbol, for the Japanese, of eternal life and impetuous death. The staff of the establishment treated Mishima with a respect bordering on reverence. We write, of course, from hindsight, yet there was something in his bearing that day which we then attributed to his all-around brilliance and his Oriental playfulness but which we now feel stemmed more from his sense of elated fantasy—as if, in his wild scheme for reviving the samurai spirit in the twentieth century, he had found the hopeless mission that a Don Quixote needs in order to fulfill his destiny.

For Mishima told us that he thought of himself as a latter-day Quixote—"a minor Quixote," he said. He spoke of the windmill-tilter familiarly and affectionately, and, with equal fondness, he spoke of Spanish taste, which, being a true internationalist, he well understood, and which he shared to the point of furnishing his Tokyo home in Spanish baroque. When he talked, he put his shoulders back, thrust out his stiff, narrow chest, and swivelled the top of his body as if he were encased in a barrel. (He was a complicated man in every respect. An advocate of physical fitness, he spent five hours a week in a gym, body-building, yet on weekends he was a heavy cigarette smoker and Scotch drinker.) Beneath his close-cropped black hair, his black eyes flashed, like Picasso's. Even as he likened himself to Quixote, the analogy made him laugh—a disturbing, explosive laugh that seemed to burst out, then exhaust itself.

All his adult life, Mishima appeared to stand on the edge of catastrophe. He told us how he began to write—in 1944, when he was nineteen, attending college and also working in a Navy airplane factory. "From there, one midnight, I watched the big fire-bombing of Tokyo," he said. "The flames were so awful and beautiful it was unforgettable. I thought the world was going to end. So I pushed myself to write." The result was "The Temple of the Golden Pavilion," a novel about the burning of Japan's most cherished Buddhist temple by a mad young monk. "That end-of-the-world feeling became the basic feeling of my life," Mishima said. "That I am here at all is miraculous. I have survived too much."

Still, survive he did, prolifically turning out twenty novels, thirty-three plays, eighty short stories, and hundreds of articles, and becoming the idol of many young Japanese, who seemed to him to have been tragically

leaderless since the end of the war and the diminution of the Emperor's stature. So in 1968 Mishima made himself a leader, of sorts, by starting up his famous private army, which he named the Shield Society. He designed its uniforms himself, including his own greatcoat and floppy hat, adorned with antlers in the form of an ancient Korean crown—undoubtedly the most original commander-in-chief's headgear in Japan since MacArthur's. Mishima's paramilitary force, sometimes called "Fascist" in the Western press, had a top strength of a hundred, and was more a theatrical fantasy, conceived by a poet, than an army. A few days before we lunched with Mishima, the Minister of the same Self-Defense Forces whose premises the author stormed before dying had compared the Shield Society, at a press conference, to the dancers at the Takarazuka Theatre, which puts on all-girl revues; then, in a characteristically Japanese move, the Minister had swiftly phoned the writer to apologize for the slur. Each spring, Mishima trained sixty or so young men at a camp near Fuji. Here they ran, in the early dawn, toward the mountain, which would eventually crystallize out of the morning mist before them like the demon-god of Japanese legend. "I always make a point of running at the head of the column," Mishima told us. "I have a description of Fuji in the book I am working on. I mention how sometimes if you look at it in the summer, when its slopes are brown, and then quickly transfer your eyes to the sky, you get an after-image of the essence of Fuji—only, it is the mountain in the winter, snow-white. There is a saying about Fuji you may have heard: that if you have never climbed it, you are a fool; that if you have climbed it once, you are a wise man; and that if you have climbed it more than once, you are a fool. I am glad to be able to say that I have climbed it once." After the early-morning run, Mishima would lecture his troops on the samurai code of honor, according to which the Emperor, like the Pope, was both temporal and spiritual father. But at the end only a few Japanese seemed interested in joining Mishima's fanciful march.



At lunch, Mishima was brimming with explanations of what he was doing; he seemed to understand the source and the quality of his despair, and to recognize the strange character of his chosen way of life. "I am hungry for a role," he said. "Every writer is a cook. He needs raw food to cook with, and there is less and less of that in Japan. Everything is already cooked. Where can you find the raw anymore? In love? Cooked—already canned! In poverty? Cooked and eaten. But I, I found something truly raw in the Self-Defense Forces, and also in the Shield Society, and in the souls of the samurai. I am not like the intellectuals, always playing at revolution. There can be no revolution here in Japan. I sympathize with the student left, in its unrest, but I deplore its unwillingness to recognize the Emperor as the symbolic moral source of loyalty and culture."

To Mishima, as to the ancient Chinese and Japanese, the Emperor clearly seemed more an artistic symbol than a source of power. Mystically, in history, the Emperor linked past to present, the outer universe to his terrestrial domain. Traditionally, he was necessary to the ordered running of the cosmos. "If there were no Emperor, how would we have proof of our continuity?" Mishima said to us. "Our society gets broader in space, but it ignores time. We have no bridge to relate us to the future anymore. The Emperor should be our source of glory."

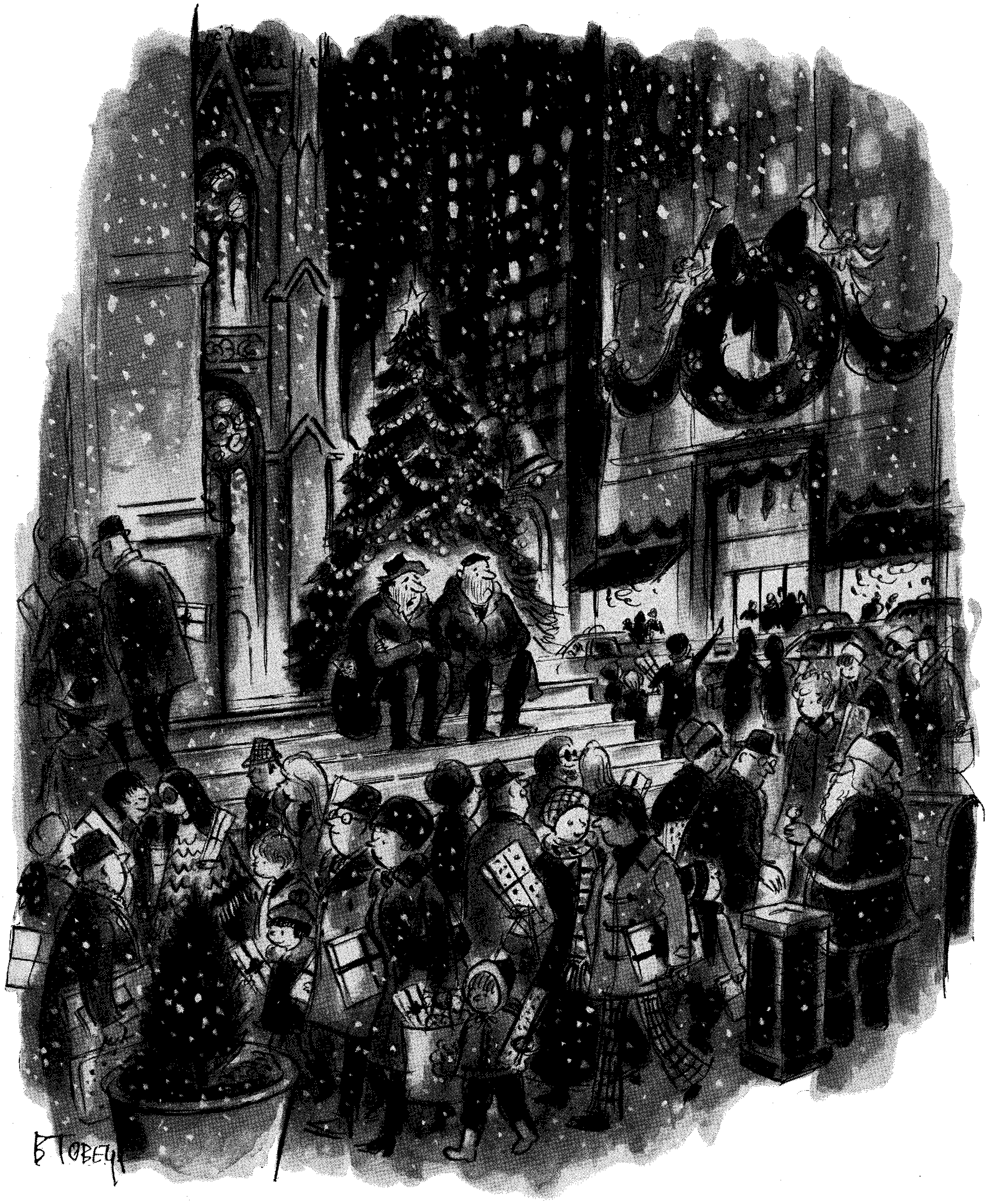
Of dazzling intellectual achievements himself, Mishima had come increasingly to consider intellectuality sterile. In 1968, he saw the Nobel Prize go to his much older compatriot Yasunari Kawabata, the highly intellectual portrayer of a more old-fashioned, desiccating Japan, in which the aging of his protagonist is a symbol of the aging of society in general. "Intellectuals cannot excite," Mishima told us. "They want to instruct, but they cannot *do* anything. It seems to be in the modern Japanese tradition that writers should behave like nineteenth-century romantics. I disagree. I like men of action. Other people may be partial to writers who are neurotic and decadent, but I have been opposed to that concept for fifteen years. My ambition is to get out of such a world."

"What about politics?" we asked.

"I have never wanted to be a politician," Mishima said. "Politicians are concerned with the effect of an act, and effectiveness is not my motivation. My responsibility is to the act itself."

THE ancient act of hara-kiri was originally suicide as a form of protest. Eventually, it became an act of the warrior in defeat, and, finally, an act reserved for warriors alone. No one of the merchant class, no woman, and no one of the professional classes could commit a meaningful hara-kiri within the context of Japanese culture. That right was reserved to the samurai. It is a painful death and a severe test. The subject kneels, stabs himself in the side of the abdomen, and draws the blade across his body, releasing the intestines. Standing behind the subject is a samurai with a sword, whose function is to behead the subject at the first sign of pain, or even the slightest alteration of the traditional posture. Mishima's incision was seventeen centimetres long, and represents, apparently, a degree of mastery over physical reflex, and over pain itself, unparalleled in modern records of this ritual.

Mishima kept the plans for his suicide secret, knowing that attempts would be made to stop him. But in a letter mailed to a close friend of his who lives in this country—a letter mailed on the day of his death—he says, "This is my last letter to you. You might be one who can understand my conclusion, influenced by Yomei philosophy. [This is a seventeenth-century form of Confucianism characterized by a preoccupation with the significance of intuition and action.] I have believed that knowing without acting is not sufficiently knowing, and the act itself does not require any effectiveness." Mishima's friend understands him to mean that the immediate effectiveness of the act itself is a question separate from the intrinsic power of knowledge and action synthesized. Once again, Mishima is declaring his responsibility to the act itself, rather than to its effectiveness. His letter, handwritten, is in English, which he taught himself. There are almost no mistakes, and only an occasional awkwardness. Some personal remarks to his friend are not included here. He speaks with concern about the proper publication in this country of "The Sea of Fertility," the last two volumes of which have not yet been translated. His American publisher, Knopf, was also the publisher of the Japanese writer Junichiro Tanizaki, whose works Knopf published only until Tanizaki's death. Mishima expresses the fear that it is a policy of Knopf to



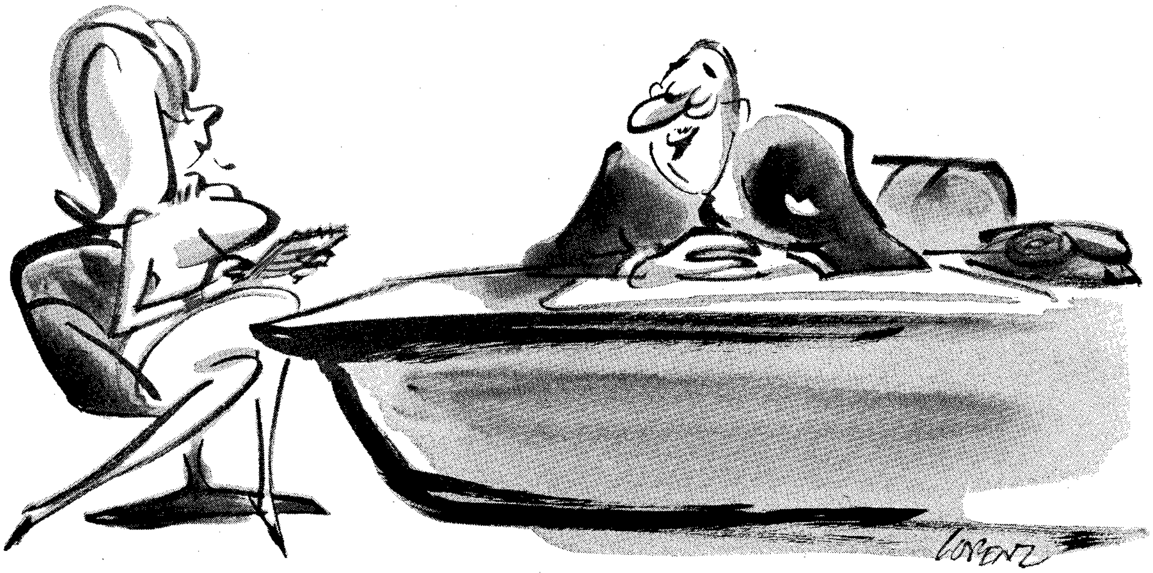
"*This is the time of year I wish I wasn't a bum.*"

• •

publish only living foreign writers, and he asks his friend to do everything possible to see to it that the last two volumes are translated and get into print. "I wrote everything in it, and I believe I expressed in it everything I felt and thought about through my life. I just finished the novel on the very day of my action in order to realize my Bunbu-Ryodo. ["*Bun*" means "culture arts," "*bu*" means warrior arts, and "*ryodo*" means "synthesis."] After thinking and thinking through four years, I came to wish to sacrifice myself for the old, beautiful tradition of Japan, which is disappearing very quickly day by day. I wish you the happiest and healthiest life."

The Signal

A JERSEY commuter of our acquaintance tells us that as he took his seat in Hoboken the other



"Purr that back to me, Miss Cotter."

• •

night in the first car of an Erie Lackawanna train he noticed a scribbled note lying on the windowsill. It read, "Joe, go through Far Hills slowly. Crossing gates don't work."

Videofreex

A FRIEND took us to a loft on Prince Street on a recent Friday to meet the Videofreex. "Videofreex Is a Video Production Studio, a Mobile Production Unit, a Video Environment, a Group of People," a sign said. The Videofreex, an informal organization of nine men and women who own a loft and three portable Sony videotape recorders, spend their time using their videotape recorders in ways as strange and effective as they can contrive; then, once a week, on Friday, they show what they have accomplished to people who know where their loft is. Our friend had been there before. "Among the Videofreex, I am struck with a poignant nostalgia that has to do with my Paris-in-the-twenties fantasy life," he said. "Of course, in my Paris-in-the-twenties fantasy life we all gather on Friday nights to read each other's poetry and to promulgate Futurist manifestos, and there is no mention of videotape. Still, I find that among the Videofreex there is the proper cabalistic feeling, so I come. I have learned to compromise."

When we arrived, we found twenty or so people spread out on the floor of the Videofreex loft watching three monitors. Playing on the monitors was a Videofreex tape of an Undercover Street Theatre event staged by Tosun Bayrack, a sculptor-painter. The Videofreex had taped his handbill for the event, which announced that Exhibitionists, Inhibitionists, Parlor Pinks, Hangmen, Swingers, Equestriennes, Feminists, Chauvinists, and Wandering Jews had been invited. The Videofreex had also taped two people making love under a blanket of brown paper, confetti being thrown from buildings, and a parade. The next tape recorded an event staged by the Videofreex themselves, in which several people were shown huddled under an umbrella. "In 1700, umbrellas were considered effete," said a masculine voice. "It's gonna rain, it's gonna rain," said many jumbled voices, over and over again. Next, there was a nice, short tape, using a split screen, in which the top half of a man's face was matched more or less with the bottom half of a woman's face. The Videofreex showed a tape they had made in Chicago of an interview with Fred Hampton, the Black Panther, shortly before he was shot by the Chicago police. Hampton spoke with great force, and the tape conveyed the force. The camera had been pointed upward at Hampton's face so that his gesturing hands were always in the foreground.

Between tapes, the Videofreex could be seen live on the monitors, getting their show together. "Hi, we're live again," one of the Videofreex would say.

The next tape was of a young woman named Nancy, an organization member, at the Central Park Zoo. "We're the Videofreex, and we're here talking to the animals in the Zoo," said Nancy.

After all the tapes were shown, we had a talk with Perry Teasdale, one of the two founders of the organization. The other founder is a young man named David Cort. "I went to Woodstock and made tapes there, and I met David, who was making tapes, too, and we got together," Mr. Teasdale told us. "Then we got some money for some equipment, and we put together a show to audition for C.B.S. A vice-president of C.B.S. came here to see the show, but the Freex seemed to be too much for him. He said that C.B.S. wouldn't be ready for us for at least five years. It didn't end all that well."

A young man came up and asked Mr. Teasdale if he would be interested in going to the country to do some shooting. "We've got a really fast Corvette and Cougar we want to shoot," he said. Mr. Teasdale said he would like to go.

"We are just working on our own," Teasdale told us. "The nine of us live here and in a space uptown. We've got a couple of hundred hours of tapes. We are a bunch of struggling crazies."

•

OVERHEARD on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum:

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN HOLDING FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL BY HAND: Now tell Aunt Clare what you saw.

CHILD: I saw what you saw.

Freshmen in 1970

WHAT are this year's college freshmen like?

(a) Studious and introspective?

(b) Wild and woolly?

(c) Turned on?

(d) Turned off (by society or by one or more of its institutions)?

(e) Heisman Trophy-oriented?

(f) *Rolling Stone*-magazine-oriented?

(g) Imponderable?

We submitted the above questionnaire—or its oral equivalent—to Fred A. Hargadon, the Dean of Admissions of Stanford University, when he was in New York recently to speak at a meeting of the Stanford Club. Mr. Hargadon seemed to us to be a likely source of information, both because he has held similar positions at the two ends of the country, having been the Dean of Admissions of Swarthmore College for five years before he moved to Stanford, last year, and because he has been through his share of campus disturbances. Talking with him over cocktails in the lobby of a midtown hotel, we discovered him to be a good-looking man of thirty-six who is tall (he stands six feet six inches); who grew up in Ardmore, Pennsylvania, received a B.A. from Haverford College, and did graduate work at Harvard and Cornell; and who seems to take life as philosophically as a dean of admissions can.

"Everyone knows that this year's entering class belongs to the brightest, most capable generation in history," Mr. Hargadon told us, lighting a long-stemmed briar pipe. "So I *won't* go over all that again. Instead, I'd like to tell you about some of the things that concern me. For one thing, today's freshmen really do seem different, not merely from students of five or ten years ago but even from those of two years ago. I've thought about this quite a lot, and I think this difference is linked to the fact that they have *experienced* a great deal more by the time they reach college than any group before them ever has. But this is not necessarily an advantage, because all that experience—much of it necessarily superficial—has its perils. And, while I admire these kids, I'm afraid that they're in for some serious disillusionments in the next few years."

We asked him to elaborate.

"As I see it, the disillusionments can be of three kinds," he said. "One kind of disillusionment stems from what I call oversell of the universities. This oversell has been fostered by the community, the media, and the parents. Nowadays, in addition to providing an education the colleges and universities are expected to play roles that have traditionally been played by the family, the church, and the neighborhood, all of which are in disrepair. The universities are also expected to solve every type of social problem. And, on top of this, the students expect us to provide them with an identity. Of course, the identity search has always existed, but lately it seems to have become much more intense. In fact, I sometimes have a nightmare in which five thousand undergraduates are running around the campus opening five thousand doors all labelled 'Who Am I?' "

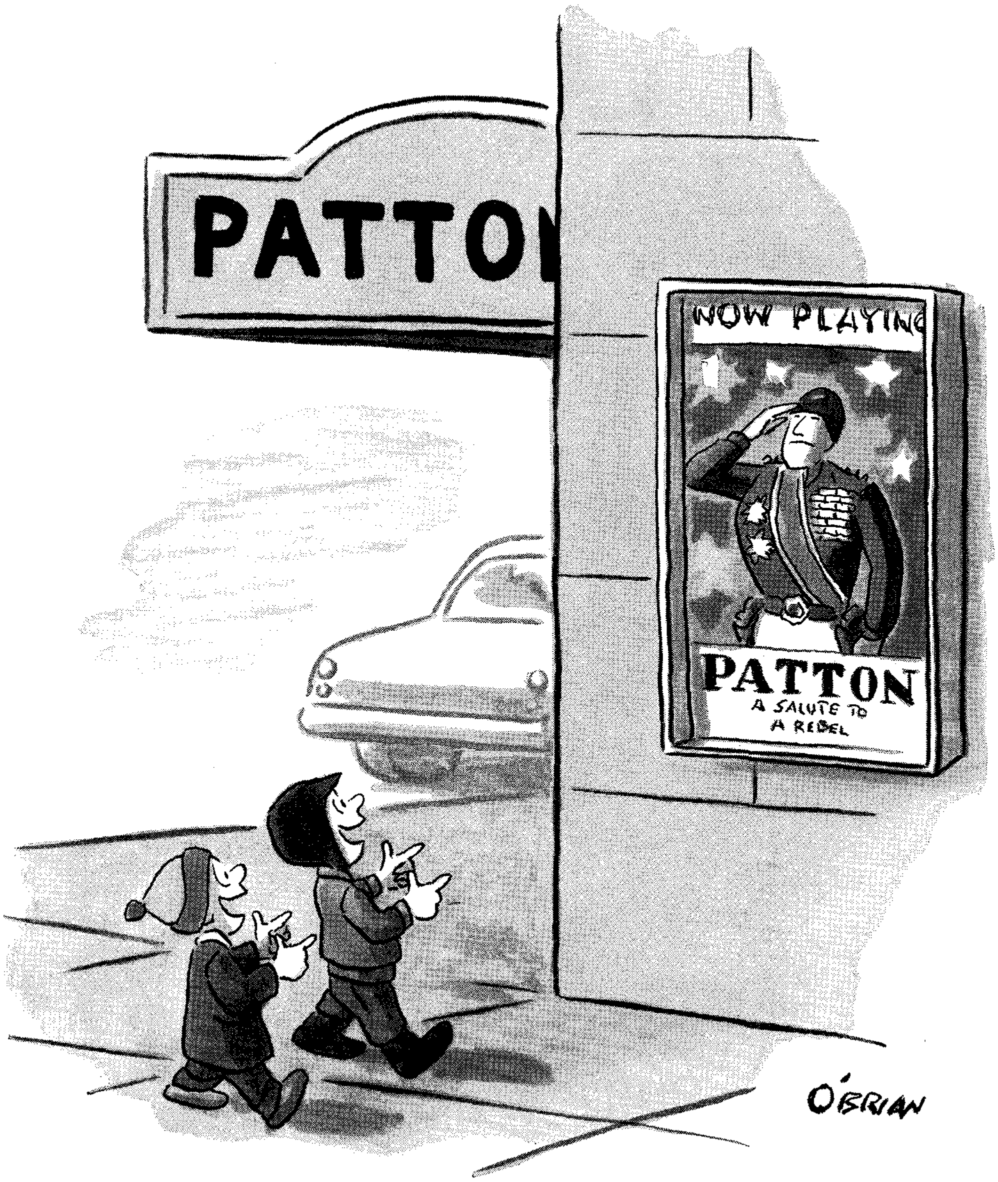
Mr. Hargadon paused to light his pipe again, and we asked him about the other kinds of disillusionment.

"Remember, I'm deliberately being critical," he told us, and then he settled back and continued, "Well, I should say that these people are particularly vulnerable to a sort of built-in obsolescence of experience. It parallels the use of material goods in our society. Although these kids have great opportunities, they tend to run through so many things so fast that they can't absorb them; they have no time to contemplate them, and they're not equipped to understand them. By the time they get to college, they've met lots and lots of people and gone lots and lots of places—they're great hitchhikers, you know—but how many people have they come to know deeply? How many life styles can have been really meaningful to them? I notice a tendency to pick up relationships and then throw them away, like detergent boxes, and this bothers me. I told the freshman class at Stanford this year, 'Don't try to live forty years in four years.' "

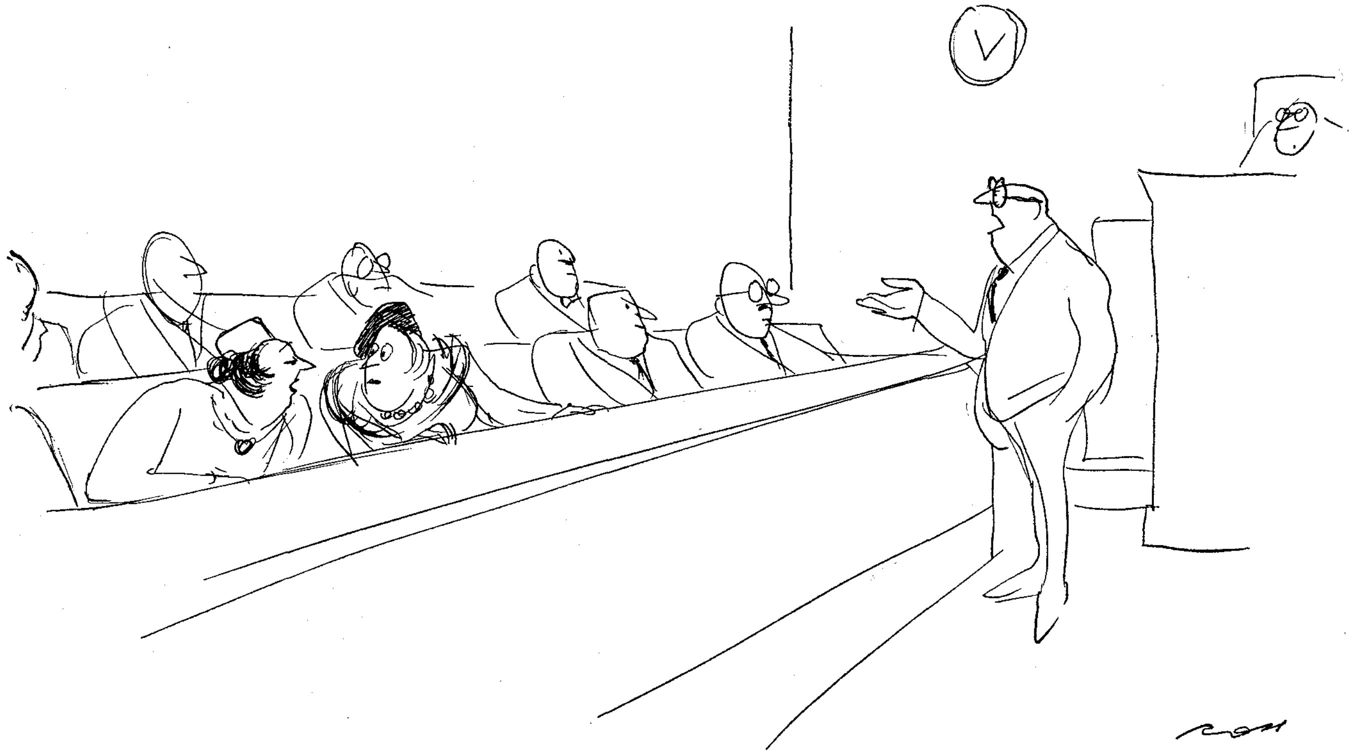
"And the third kind of disillusionment?" we asked.

"The third kind of disillusionment is rooted in a Pavlovian response to fad words and symbols," he said, looking at us rather owlishly. "Although these young people are committed, many of them very deeply, they often don't recognize the complexity of issues or institutions. They have an instant reaction to words like 'Agnew' and 'Vietnam,' but they often can't go much further. In pre-admission interviews last year, I'd sometimes play dumb, just to see how much they knew. I'd say, 'Vietnam? I really don't know what to think. Can you tell me how I can find out more? What books should I read?' Now, these are very bright kids, but almost invariably they would become either embarrassed or mute, or both. There are a few books they *all* have read—like Eldridge Cleaver's 'Soul on Ice' and Jerry Rubin's 'Do It!'—but their attitude toward them frequently has a kind of modish quality, and their reading in other areas often has been alarmingly slight."

"Then you are discouraged about



"Bang! Bang!"



"His logic certainly isn't my *logic."*

• •

today's freshman class?" we asked.

"On the contrary," he said. "I feel myself to be very much their advocate. I *like* these people, and, *because* I like them, I'm concerned about them. One thing I would like to see is a little more humor around the campus. As you know, things have grown pretty grim in the academic world over the last few years. We begin to see this as early as the entrance-application forms. Lately, the high-school seniors have been sending us the most sober applications I've ever seen, telling us about some imaginary, impossibly perfect selves they think we want to hear about, instead of showing us the people they really are. Well, for about three months last year my staff and I sat up late every night poring over their applications, trying to select fourteen hundred freshmen from ten thousand students who had applied. At about eleven o'clock one night, much to our surprise, we came across one application—just one—from a student who had set out to amuse us. This boy didn't seem to take us very seriously, and he certainly didn't take *himself* very seriously, but he really knew how to make people laugh. It took us about ten seconds to decide to admit him."

Courtesy

A NEIGHBOR of ours visited Spain last summer, bought himself a souvenir that caught his eye in Seville, and asked the store to mail it to New York. Nothing came from Seville until last week, when he received the following communication:

> Dear Sir:
>
> It is pleasure to inform you, through the Postal Service of The Red Nacional of Ferrocarriles Españoles, we have sent you one package.
>
> This package should be received in your home, aproxmitly en about 2 or 3 months.
>
> We hope that when you recieved this package, you will get in touch with us for better organization.
>
> *With nothing else in particular,*
> Sincerely yours,
> El Corte Inglés S.A.

Bear

ON a bleak day, when all the news was appalling, when civilization seemed to be whirling down the drain, we received a phone call from our old friend Bill Doll, the eminent press agent. Mr. Doll, a genial, low-key persuader who can turn the tawdriest non-event into a major celebration, is as benign as an old shoe—but one of those snappy black-and-white jobs with taps on the soles. During a long and highly imaginative career, he has manufactured such happenings as the massive Mike Todd party in Madison Square Garden, and Bill Robinson's seventy-block dance down Broadway on Robinson's seventieth birthday. The last time we listened to Doll, he had induced us to travel all the way to Atlantic City and out onto the end of a pier, where—during a midwinter gale—we watched an elderly horse dive from a fifty-foot tower into a large tub of water.

"I want you to go to Philadelphia with me and meet a bear," he began this time.

"No," we said.

"You'll like him," said Doll. "He's all right. Cute. Brown. Five hundred pounds. He's with the Moscow Circus on Ice. Coming to Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum December 8th. In Minneapolis, I took the bear in a cab to the Radisson Hotel and registered him as 'A. Bear.' Took him upstairs in the elevator, and by the time the press and photographers arrived, the bear was having breakfast in his room—champagne, vodka, and caviar. After breakfast, the bear didn't want to go down in the elevator—too many people—so he walked fourteen floors to the street. There are eleven bears in the circus. They play hockey on skates. They're *good*. Some wear single-runner skates. Halfway through the game, one bear loses his skate on cue, and the other bears pretend they think it's the puck and make a goal with it. The audience goes nuts! Come to Philadelphia."

We declined, but as we hung up we realized that the day had abruptly brightened. There were, after all, still some verities around—a certain firmness underfoot.

THE RISE OF CAPITALISM

THE first thing I did was make a mistake. I thought I had understood capitalism, but what I had done was assume an attitude—melancholy sadness—toward it. This attitude is not correct. Fortunately your letter came, at that instant. "Dear Rupert, I love you every day. You are the world, which is life. I love you I adore you I am crazy about you. Love, Marta." Reading between the lines, I understood your critique of my attitude toward capitalism. Always mindful that the critic must "*studiare da un punto di vista formalistico e semiologico il rapporto fra lingua di un testo e codificazione di un*—" But here a big thumb smudges the text—the thumb of capitalism, which we are all under. Darkness falls. My neighbor continues to commit suicide, once a fortnight. I have his suicides geared into my schedule because my role is to save him; once I was late and he spent two days unconscious on the floor. But now that I have understood that I have not understood capitalism, perhaps a less equivocal position toward it can be "hammered out." My daughter demands more Mr. Bubble for her bath. The shrimp boats lower their nets. A book called "Humorists of the 18th Century" is published.

2.

CAPITALISM places every man in competition with his fellows for a share of the available wealth. A few people accumulate big piles, but most do not. The sense of community falls victim to this struggle. Increased abundance and prosperity are tied to growing "productivity." A hierarchy of functionaries interposes itself between the people and the leadership. The good of the private corporation is seen as prior to the public good. The world market system tightens control in the capitalist countries and terrorizes the Third World. All things are manipulated to these ends. The King of Jordan sits at his ham radio, inviting strangers to the palace. I visit my assistant mistress. "Well, Azalea," I say, sitting in the best chair, "what has happened to you since my last visit?" Azalea tells me what has happened to her. She has covered a sofa, and written a novel. Jack has behaved badly. Roger has lost his job (replaced by an electric eye). Gigi's children are in the hospital being detoxified, all three. Azalea herself is dying of love. I stroke her buttocks, which are perfection, if you can have perfection, under the capitalistic system. "It is better to marry than to burn," St. Paul says, but St. Paul is largely discredited now, for the toughness of his views does not accord with the experience of advanced industrial societies. I smoke a cigar, to disoblige the cat.

3.

MEANWHILE Marta is getting angry. "Rupert," she says, "you are no better than a damn dawg! A plain dawg has more sensibility than you, when it comes to a woman's heart!" I try to explain that it is not my fault but capitalism's. She will have none of it. "I stand behind the capitalistic system," Marta says. "It has given us everything we have—the streets, the parks, the great avenues and boulevards, the promenades and malls—and other things, too, that I can't think of right now." But what has the market been doing? I scan the list of the fifteen Most Loved Stocks:

Occident Pet	983,100	20⅝	+ 3¾
Natomas	912,300	58⅜	+18½

What chagrin! Why wasn't I into Natomas, as into a fine garment, that will win you social credit when you wear it to the ball? I am not rich again this morning! I put my head between Azalea's breasts, to hide my shame.

4.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC went to the movies. He was watching his favorite flick, "The Rise of Capitalism," with Simone Simon and Raymond Radiguet. When he had finished viewing the film, he went out and bought a printing plant, for fifty thousand francs. "Henceforth," he said, "I will publish myself, in handsome expensive de-luxe editions, cheap editions, and foreign editions, duodecimo, sextodecimo, octodecimo. I will also publish atlases, stamp albums, collected sermons, volumes of sex education, remarks, memoirs, diaries, railroad timetables, daily newspapers, telephone books, racing forms, manifestos, libretti, abecedaries, works on acupuncture, and cookbooks." And then Honoré went out and got drunk, and visited his girl friend's house, and, roaring and stomping on the stairs, frightened her husband to death. And the husband was buried, and everyone stood silently around the grave, thinking of where they had been and where they were going, and the last handfuls of wet earth were cast upon the grave, and Honoré was sorry.

5.

THE Achievements of Capitalism:

(a) The curtain wall
(b) Artificial rain
(c) Rockefeller Center
(d) Casals
(e) Mystification

6.

"CAPITALISM sure is sunny!" cried the unemployed Laredo toolmaker, as I was out walking, in the streets of Laredo. "None of that noxious Central European miserabilism for us!" And indeed, everything I see about me seems to support his position. Laredo is doing very well now, thanks to application of the brilliant principles of the "new capitalism." Its Gross Laredo Product is up, and its internal contradictions are down. Catfish-farming, a new initiative in the agri-

THE TATTOOED DESERT

at whatever page the book fell open
I read it
and knelt beside every bed

they could have baptized me
in any tub and fitted me with second-hand
wings at the auction
I wouldn't have minded

but the gods turned out to be
grotesques they paraded before me
as if for inspection with dirty gauze
over their eyes
when the road forked they took
both ways and disguised themselves
as places I couldn't find
their feathers turned into ferns and when I
reached out to them
they were distant landscapes
moving through my fingers and leaving
a strange smell on my hands

while the old hat under the tower was telling
the same story and a toothless mouth
was getting ready to grin
the one with a face like a pig
began to eat his own fingers
and I ran away

they initialled the space I left
empty but they found me again
upstairs in the back bedroom of another house
with whiskey hitting my tongue
like a hammer
and again I climbed out the window and slid
down a tree in the gothic rain

I must have been almost crazy
to start out alone like that on my bicycle
pedalling into the tropics carrying
a medicine for which no one had found
the disease and hoping
I would make it in time

I passed through a paper village under glass
where the explorers first found
silence and taught it to speak
where old men were sitting in front
of their houses killing sand without mercy

brothers I shouted to them
tell me who moved the river
where can I find a good place to drown

slowly they raised their heads
this is the tattooed desert they told me
all that will survive of it will be
what you remember
then they went into their flaming
houses and closed the doors

and I rode on through the disappointed night
with my pulse beating like a ticket about
to be torn while the mountains tried
every possible position and finally
slept with their backs to one another

when I found the river it was
what I expected just an old wall lying down
covered with pictures

dead mystics were buried on its banks
each with his telephone beside him I recognized
the place I knew all the secret
passages it must have been
where I was born

the gentle eyes of the river
looked up without reproach and those
floating past spoke to me
this is cremation by water they said *we who are*
burned here rise up without ashes
we are repeated
in the sound of wax bells ringing
and the testimony of mouthless trees

while they spoke the sky arrived
and I saw the perfect complexion of light
the wind was blowing the mountains away
at an incredible speed and suddenly
it was the morning after nothing

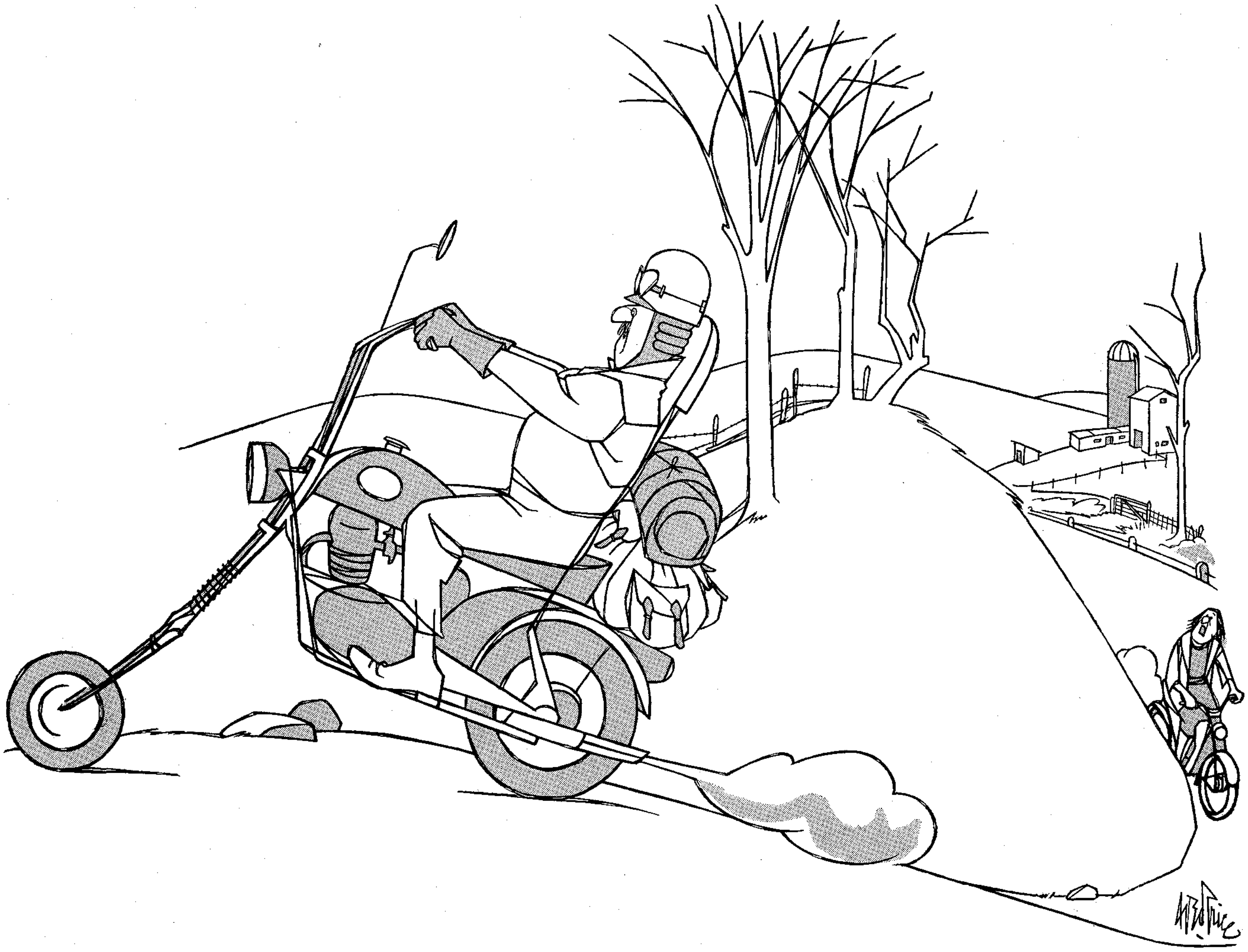
my faithful servant Pain
who had followed me all this way
approached holding out a gift and I took it
a sleeping bat gorged with blood

all day I will carry it with me
as a reminder to those who try to take me back
see I will say
holding it up to them
we have survived another night

—RICHARD SHELTON

• •

business sector, has worked wonders. The dram-house and the card-house are each nineteen stories high. "No matter," Azalea says. "You are still a damn dawg, even if you have 'unveiled existence.' " At the Laredo Country Club, men and women are discussing the cathedrals of France, where all of them have just been. Some liked Tours, some Lyon, some Clermont. "A pious fear of God makes itself felt in this spot." Capitalism arose and took off its pajamas. Another day, another dollar. Each man is valued at what he will bring in the marketplace. Meaning has been drained from work and assigned instead to remuneration. Unemployment obliterates the world of the unemployed individual. Cultural underdevelopment of the worker, as a technique of domination, is found everywhere under late capitalism. Authentic self-determination by individuals is thwarted. The false consciousness created and catered to by mass culture perpetuates ignorance and powerlessness. Strands of raven hair floating on the surface of the Ganges . . . Why can't they clean up the Ganges?



"Wilbur, please come home! The children ask for you."

• •

If the wealthy capitalists who operate the Ganges wig factories could be forced to install sieves, at the mouths of their plants . . . And now the sacred Ganges is choked with hair, and the river no longer knows where to put its flow, and the moonlight on the Ganges is swallowed by the hair, and the water darkens. By Vishnu! This is an intolerable situation! Shouldn't something be done about it?

7.

FRIENDS for dinner! The *crudités* are prepared, green and fresh. . . . The good paper napkins are laid out. . . . Everyone is talking about capitalism (although some people are talking about the psychology of aging, and some about the human use of human beings, and some about the politics of experience). "How can you say that?" Azalea shouts, and Marta shouts, "What about the air?" As a flower moves toward the florist, women move toward men who are not good for them. Self-actualization is not to be achieved in terms of another person, but you don't know that, when you begin. The negation of the negation is based on a correct reading of the wrong books. The imminent heat-death of the universe is not a bad thing, because it is a long way off. Chaos is a position, but a weak one, related to that "unfocussedness" about which I have forgotten to speak. And now the saints come marching in, saint upon saint, to deliver their message! Here are St. Albert (who taught Thomas Aquinas), and St. Almachius (martyred trying to put an end to gladiatorial contests), and St. Amadour (the hermit), and St. Andrew of Crete (whose "Great Kanon" runs to two hundred and fifty strophes), and St. Anthony of the Caves, and St. Athanasius the Athonite, and St. Aubry of the Pillar, and many others. "Listen!" the saints say. "He who desires true rest and happiness must raise his hope from things that perish and pass away and place it in the Word of God, so that, cleaving to that which abides forever, he may also together with it abide forever." Alas! It is the same old message. "Rupert," Marta says, "the embourgeoisment of all classes of men has reached a disgusting nadir in your case. A damn hawg has more sense than you. At least a damn hawg doesn't go in for 'the bullet wrapped in sugar,' as the Chinese say." She is right.

8.

SMOKE, rain, abulia. What can the concerned citizen do to fight the rise of capitalism, in his own community? Study of the tides of conflict and power in a system in which there is structural inequality is an important task. A knowledge of European intellectual history since 1789 provides a useful background. Information theory offers interesting new possibilities. Passion is helpful, especially those types of passion which are non-licit. Doubt is a necessary precondition to meaningful action. Fear is the great mover, in the end.

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

Mr. Kaltenbach, a nutty dresser with long sideburns and a ready smile, also is in jail.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

Just give the news, please.

THE ENCLAVE

STREETS OF GOLD FORSWORN

SEVERAL times when I was little and Grandmother was away, Bishop Johnson came to our house for Sunday-night supper after a diocesan call in Whittier, California—we were part of the small Episcopal enclave in that Quaker community—and this pleasant habit lasted for many years, until he was too feeble. I always liked his portly, benign presence, but I do not recall a single meal we shared—scrambled eggs or oyster stew, probably, and a glass of wine. So easy was the family weather when he was there that my mother never went into her customary flurry about what would be served at table to "strangers." The Bishop was a fraternity brother of my father's. He had the simplicity of good breeding. Later, I went to a school named partly for him and began to wonder about his legendary devotion to his mother and why he had in her memory built a chapel for so many daily prayers on such impossible kneeling benches, but when he came to our house everything was innocent of question—at least, for some time.

Once, after he had left, I listened to my parents discuss at length his version of the next life, in the Heavenly City. Yes, he had said in confidence to them after supper, the streets would indeed be paved with purest gold. The houses might be, too, with walls of porphyry. Everything would be flawless to look at, and filled with love and understanding. There would be no wars and squabblings and illnesses. Father and Mother went on chatting about all this, and I could tell that they considered it affectionately but as if it were a touching dream. The feeling I got was: Do you really think Bish (his private name with them) believes it? Jerusalem the Golden? Peace? Heaven? People walking around smiling and saying, "Well, hello there, Uncle Abraham, Aunt Millicent!" Father and Mother laughed quietly.

I returned to the secret (except for me) vision of my little sister, Anne. It seemed more realistic—more plausible, at any rate—than the Bishop's. Inside her head, she told me, was a tiny, perfect town. It fitted exactly into her skull, the whole top of it above her eyebrows, with a blue, cloudless sky always, and trees and flowers of pure jewel colors. The houses were white, with paths leading between lawns and things like strawberry beds to the picket gates and on to the one curved street. The roofs were a soft red. The shutters were green. There was a pointy spire above the church on the village square, where happy children played. Their voices sounded like silver bells. There were no shops or animals—no bicycles. Mother and Father were there somewhere, and, of course, Aunt Gwen. It never occurred to me to ask if I was, too, but by now I rather doubt it.

Anne's close-kept town was a Grandma Moses painting or a Bruegel, seen decades early for her, and although she did not think of it as Heaven, it was my little sister's refuge and Happy Home, where she wanted to be and probably was. I almost never talked of this dream with Anne, respecting its privacy, but I was very aware of it, and I envied her. For some of the same reasons, and perhaps also because I did not want to incriminate myself as an eavesdropper, I never talked with my parents about Bishop Johnson's golden conviction.

Nobody asked me what I thought or believed when I was little, and it is just as well, because I had no ideas at all on, for instance, the subject of a future life. I was unable to *know*, as did Anne and Bish with their visions. I had nothing to muse upon and to question gently, as did my parents. I seemed to believe in nothing, or even Nothingness, like an oyster or a seed. I knew that some people loved me, and that plants and animals grew, the way I was doing, and that I loved them and some people. But it was impossible, from as soon as I began to think, to envisage a pretty, tiny village as *mine*, or a great city with streets of gold, or, most of all, happy reunions with people and flowers and beasts I knew were already dead.

That is one reason it was a fine thing to live where I did, on the immediate edge of a tightly knit community of Quakers, bound by their religious faith to conquer the wilderness and to stay in it with their own dignity. I had no plans for a future, as did Bish and my little sister, but I knew that Whittier was my place to be—for a time, anyway. I was *there*. The streets went straight in the town, but then zigzagged with more beauty when the pavements ended in the near hills and riverbeds and orchards. Few houses were white, and there was not a red roof or a green shutter anywhere. Brown shingles and ugly stucco were the rule, except for a few shambly old farmhouses like Aunt Gwen's, and the dwellings were big or little according to their location and the social level of their people. The sidewalks were in many places good enough to roller-skate on, and how could I want more than that? The streets were not yellow at all but black from occasional coats of tar. As I grew older, I could ride my bike everywhere but down to the intersection of Greenleaf and Philadelphia, where stores and a few cars were. Whittier was an intrinsically good place, especially then and until I could fabricate a more reasonable facsimile of What Next, which was probably what my sister and the Bishop meant anyway.

By the time I was being prepared for confirmation I was less nonchalant—no longer the grasshopper singing while the ants dug and delved. I tried to be serious, to think about my soul and where it was going. I dreaded the whole business of finding out, if our prescribed Episcopal course was the only one, and, aside from my growing inner confusion, there were two good reasons for my qualms.

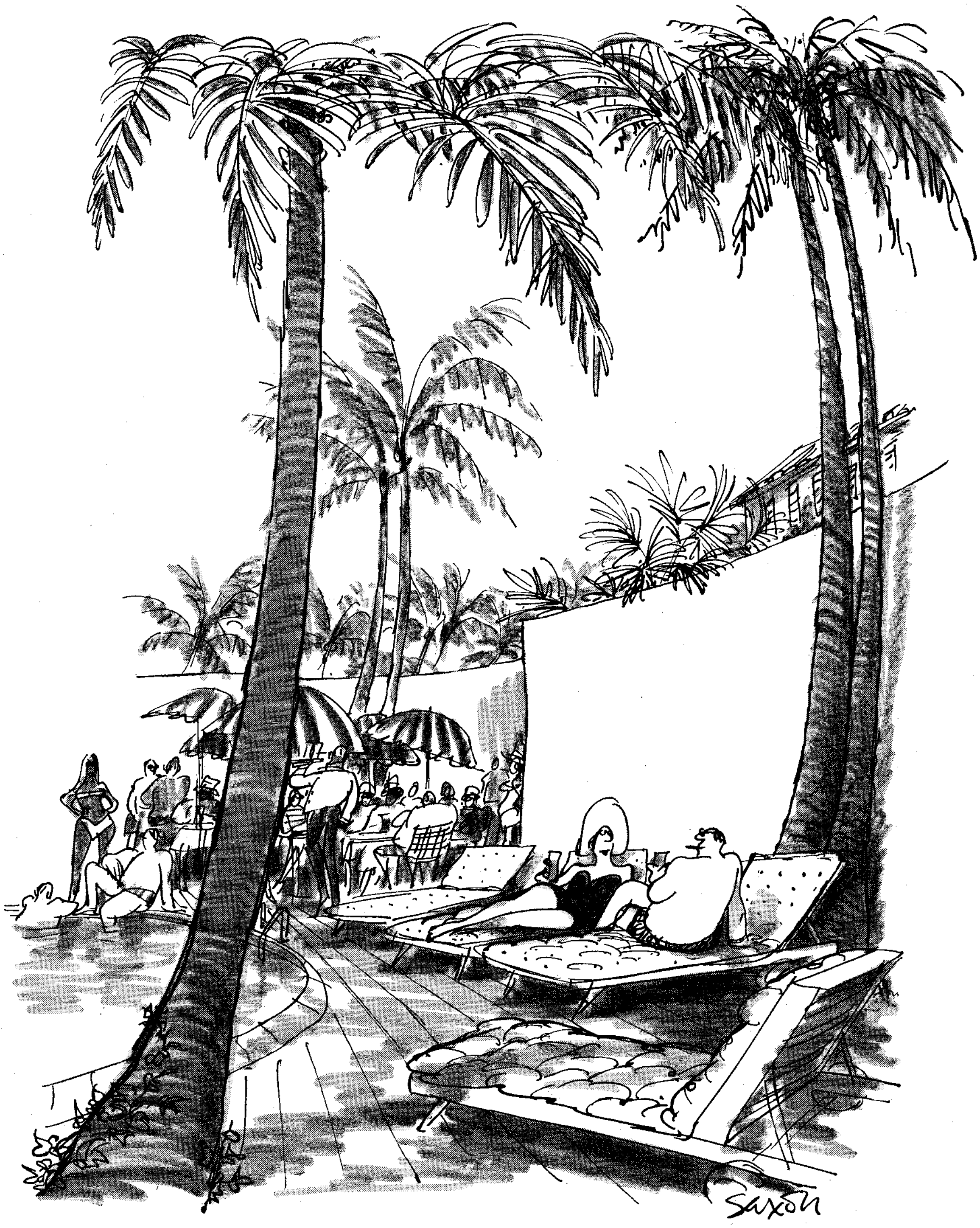
One was that I had never been baptized when a baby, because my grandmother was a Campbellite and believed in total immersion, and my mother was a rebellious and renegade Anglican (almost an epithet to my Irish grandmother) and put her trust in a mere signing of the cross on a child's forehead. We children waited, then, until Grandmother died before we could be made real Christians—a state that in our church required christening with holy water before going on to a public confirmation of what is assumed by the age of reason (twelve or so) to be true faith. I would have to go through two ceremonies almost together, whereas my fellow-members of the lengthy classes to prepare us for confirmation need not stand up before a font meant for puling infants and in long white socks and a foolish Sunday dress be delicately sprinkled. Bishop Johnson would do the whole thing, and have supper with us later, which made it more bearable to think on—less of a social humiliation.

The second reason I dreaded the business was that my Uncle Park, then and long after one of my favorite people, had put off just as I had the moment of being baptized, waiting to defy his doughty mother until she was safely in her tomb. He came to spend the winter with us, as often happened, and tactfully was dissuaded by our current rector from attending all the confirmation classes, given twice or more a week for the young people. But my uncle was almost sixty, and he had waited long enough. He would join me in church.

The prospect of stumbling up to the font, along with a few sucklings in their mothers' arms and a man old enough to be my grandfather, and then having to head for the chancel with him and several of my peers—it weighed on me. I listened to everything that was being taught about the benefits and privileges soon to be mine, ours, with dull and largely anesthetic ears. Plainly, Uncle Park and I were far too old to be baptized, and if we had got as far as we seemed to have done on the job of merely existing, why did we have to stand up like two clowns—he with his beautiful little white goatee and I almost as tall as I would ever be—and have Bish do the babies first and then sign us with a damp cross, and *then* kneel at the altar rail and have both his hands on our heads? I knew a lot about the meaning of the sacraments, or assumed I did—the duties of being a Christian, all that. But I was dismayed to find myself apart from everything I was being taught. I also felt mildly noble to admit to myself that I was being vain and pettish to brood about the cold fact that my friends would titter into their gloves to see me there gawkily with an old man and some babies.

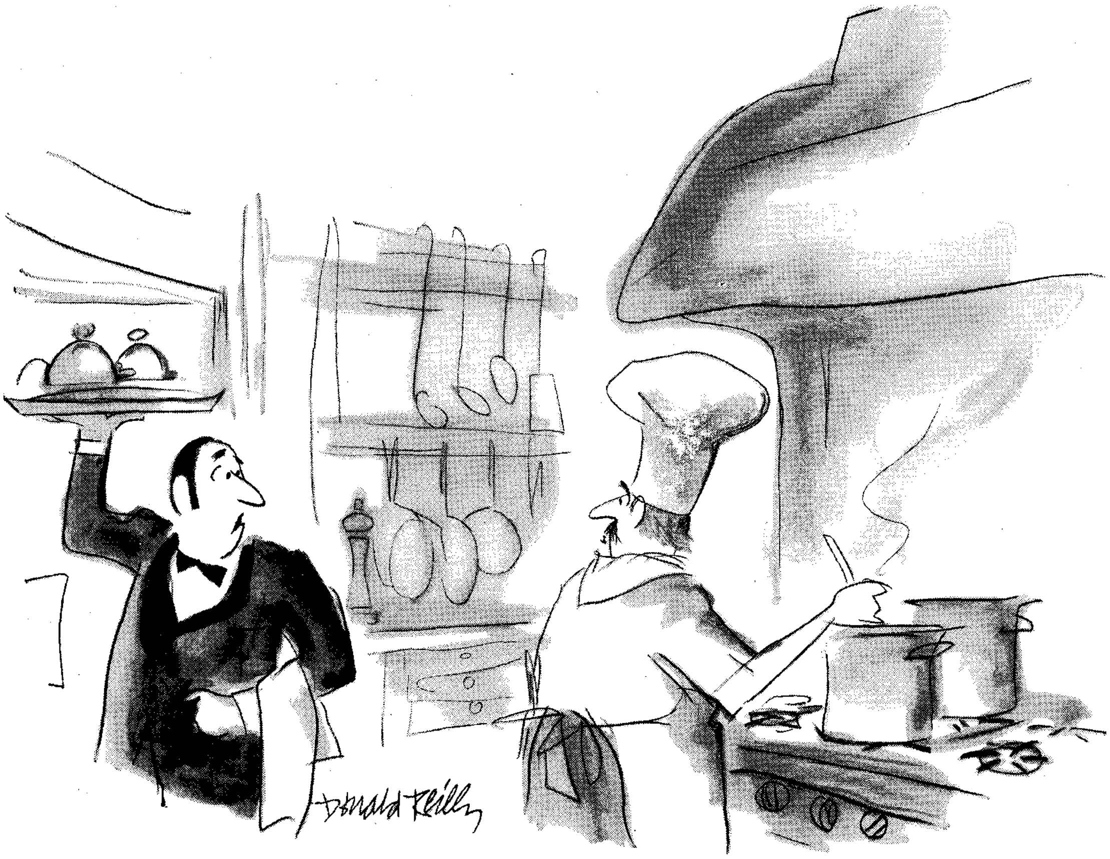
My outraged human vanity led me helplessly into an incoherent anger, and finally a real doubt about the existence of God Himself. If He did watch over His flock, and protect it, why must I face my immediate future of embarrassment? Why must I now *kneel* with bowed head before His power? I had lived a happy life without being baptized, and would gladly promise to continue the same carefree, unblasphemous pattern, full of trust and obedience, if I could skip confirmation, too. In a primitive way, a part of me was frightened of this growing attitude, and I never spoke of it. But I did make one strangely inept attempt to hint to my parents that I had something on my mind beyond the next meal.

One night after dinner, when we ordinarily sat for a while at table if Father did not have to rush to a meeting, and we talked about things that were forbidden while we ate—things like schoolyard or internecine squabbles, death, taxes, politics—I remarked with sly candor that I was fairly sure Bishop Johnson always gave me a special handshake. Of course, I had heard that fraternity brothers and Elks and Masons and people like that knew secret ways of communicating. And Father and the Bishop belonged to the same college club, and Father was both an Elk and a Mason and perhaps some



"I think I'm finally learning to live in the present."

• •



"Hey, do you happen to know what Craig Claiborne looks like? There's a guy out there with a notebook making funny faces at the coquilles Saint-Jacques."

bishops were, too, and it had certainly seemed to me that the last time the Bishop came to supper he had, when he held my hand for goodbye at the door, pressed it in a certain way.

"I am sure he gave me the secret grip—yours, just a little changed for girls," I said solemnly to Father, and I was going to add that it seemed foolish, since I was already more or less initiated, to bother with baptism and confirmation and such.

But my parents looked at each other and laughed, very nicely but thoroughly, and in a kindly and dismissive way. I went up to bed, after the usual politenesses. I knew that I had missed the point somehow. I could still feel that strange pressure within my palm: index finger up higher than usual toward the thumb, the little finger outward, and then two sharp short downward shakes, or something like that. How fine it must be to belong to a secret club, and learn such rites in private, not out in full view!

Uncle Park continued to prepare himself, with afternoon private talks in the parish house and a cup of tea later with the rector's wife, and I went on listening stolidly to my instructions about how to be a Christian. I felt that I was learning some inner strength, but certainly it was not the kind toward which I was being led.

THE day came. We made it to the church in two loads: first Anne and me, with Norah, the new baby, and Aunt Gwen, and then Uncle Park and his wife and Mother, all ignoring the ghost of Grandmother in their own ways. Uncle Park looked as natty as a portly dragonfly, in a gray suit with a fawn-colored vest and a handkerchief of purest white folded expertly by my mother. Aunt Virginia used her own fine bit of linen to mop away an occasional tear as he belatedly joined her faith. I was at one of my life's lowest points, dressed like a skinny child when I felt as old as anybody within sight. I am sure Anne was going to be baptized, though not confirmed, but I was so engrossed with my own problems that I was numb to her being there at all.

It was too late for emotions, goodbyes. Ritual must be clung to in such moments, and I knew exactly when to take off my gloves, kneel, stand. And I was pretty sure I knew what would happen.

Bishop Johnson, old by then and magnificent in white and purple, his great amethyst glowing under the wrist ruffles of his special pleated surplice, and preceded by one of my friends carrying the crosier, took his place inside the altar rail in his special chair. The baptizing was over. Several of us went up to the stained-pine rail Uncle Mac had often cursed at, because even he could never tinker it enough to stop its wobbling, and part of our instructions had been not to lean against it in any way but especially toward the Bishop, or we might go sprawling at his feet—an unseemly prospect on that day.

The Bishop went through his appointed duties. When he came ponderously around to me for the last time, I was saying to myself, "I do not can not will not agree to this contract. Strike me dead if I am wrong."

I was supposed to close my eyes as the Bishop's hands were laid upon my bowed head. Instead, I looked up, saying, as visibly as a silent cat can say that she is thinking of a mouse or a sardine, that I wanted the altar to cleave open like a great egg and strike me dead with one godly bolt of lightning. "Strike me dead!" I said. "If there is a God, let Him prove it now!"

The Bishop went on down the row of young people who had not lifted their heads with open eyes as I had done, but it seemed to me then, and later, and even now a little, that his hands stayed for a second with a secret message upon my prickling scalp—not one learned in any fraternity I knew of. Gently he lowered my head. He knew what I had asked for, and why I had been refused. I closed my eyes, condemned forever to doubt but glad not to be dead yet.

He came as usual to supper, a mildly hilarious one because Uncle Park was happy to have his long wait over, and as far as I know I never saw His Reverence again—certainly not in the decorous arcades of the school founded in his mother's memory. I feel sure that as he laid his fat, knowing hands upon my head that dreadful day he was telling me that I would find my own version of his Golden City, of my sister's tiny village to be held in a porridge bowl, and a dozen others.

—M. F. K. Fisher

DOUBLE VISION

(SOME NOTES INSPIRED BY THE NEW YORK TIMES' OP. ED. PAGE, WHICH BRAVELY SETS OUT, AS FAR AS ONE CAN TELL, TO PRESENT EVERY CONCEIVABLE SIDE OF EVERY CONCEIVABLE QUESTION)

THE PLUS OF POLLUTION

By George Sylvester Burberry

TOO many people these days go around taking it for granted that pollution per se is a bad thing. They hear about air pollution and water pollution and just jump to the conclusion that it's harmful. I disagree. In my opinion, the worst part about pollution is the propaganda against it that the media have been spreading. I base my argument in this space on intensive research studies undertaken by the Willis Harlan Olburn Institute of the Environment, at Grand Union College, which first used vitaminized gerbils as guinea pigs. The findings revealed:

1. Gerbils, with no prodding or *outside* tactile stimuli, and during their leisure periods, displayed more creative energy (e.g., imaginative building-block formations, improvised tunes on their recorders, and so on) when waves of carbon-monoxide gas were blown into their cages than during periods when these same cages were systematically filled with purified air.

2. Four small plates were placed in the cages of the gerbils, each containing a different ingredient. Plate No. 1 held the candy-coated dry cereal Flourpower, possessing two hundred per cent more direct protein fulfillment than is generally required for a family of four gerbils; Plate No. 2 held emulsified sateen ochre; Plate No. 3, enzyme nuggets; Plate No. 4, "poison" liquid mercury in a cream sauce. Statistics showed that the gerbils not only devoured every last particle of the mercury "poison" but came back for seconds. Systematic checking of the height and weight of the gerbils further confirmed the health-giving qualities of the ingested "poison." "Frankly, they never looked better in their lives; nor have I ever seen them in better spirits," said Dr. Ernest R. Laudendorf, the Institute's *Gerbilmeister*. "If what these gerbils have been subjected to is pollution, I say let's have more of it!"

3. The Institute enlisted the help of the Exhaust Fumes Committee of the American Academy of Automotive Freedom, in Detroit, for some additional tests. The committee needs no endorsement from me. Thanks to the generosity of several of the largest manufacturers of motorized vehicles, a fascinating experiment took place in New York during the hottest days of last summer. The guinea pigs in this case were not gerbils but old people—seventy and up—with chronic bronchial disorders, congested sinuses, broad-gauged allergies, and certified ulcers. Volunteering their services in the public interest, a large and representative group of the above-named stood for three consecutive hours on Fifth Avenue, stepping off the curb behind a bus each time one stopped, and only stepping back on the curb once the bus had started up again, to that delightful amalgam of keening sound, swirling gases, and grinding gears that means so much to real New Yorkers who cherish the essence of their city. Trained technicians were on hand to test the pulse, blood pressure, and other vital responses of the oldsters. Following exposure to the "noxious" fumes, 93.6% of the subjects showed marked ruddiness of complexion, 87.5% showed "positive" attitudes toward life, and only 4.6% died on the spot.

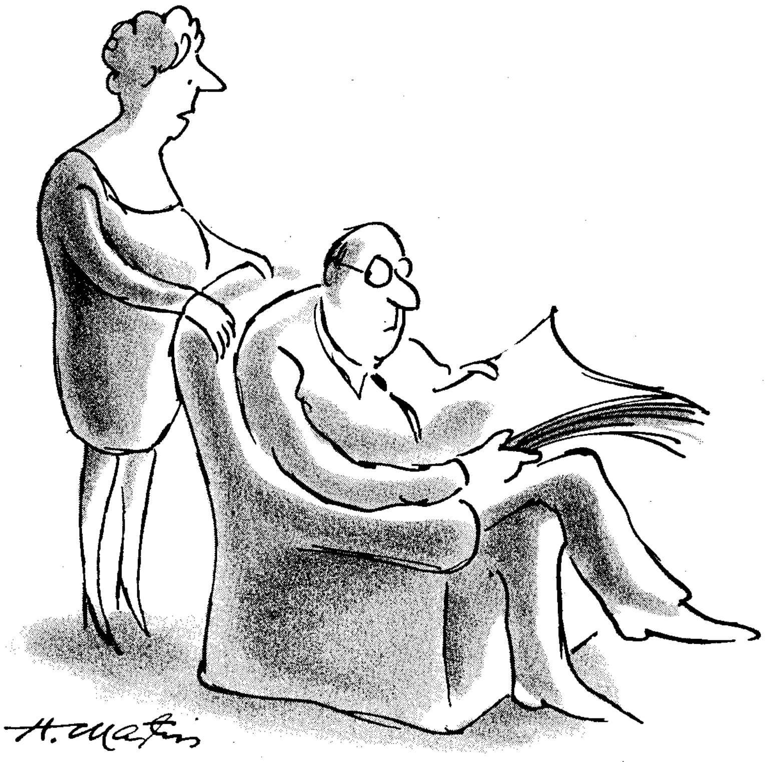
Statistics don't lie!

Mr. Burberry's forthcoming book, "Smokestacks and the Yeast Culture," will be published next month by Constellation House.

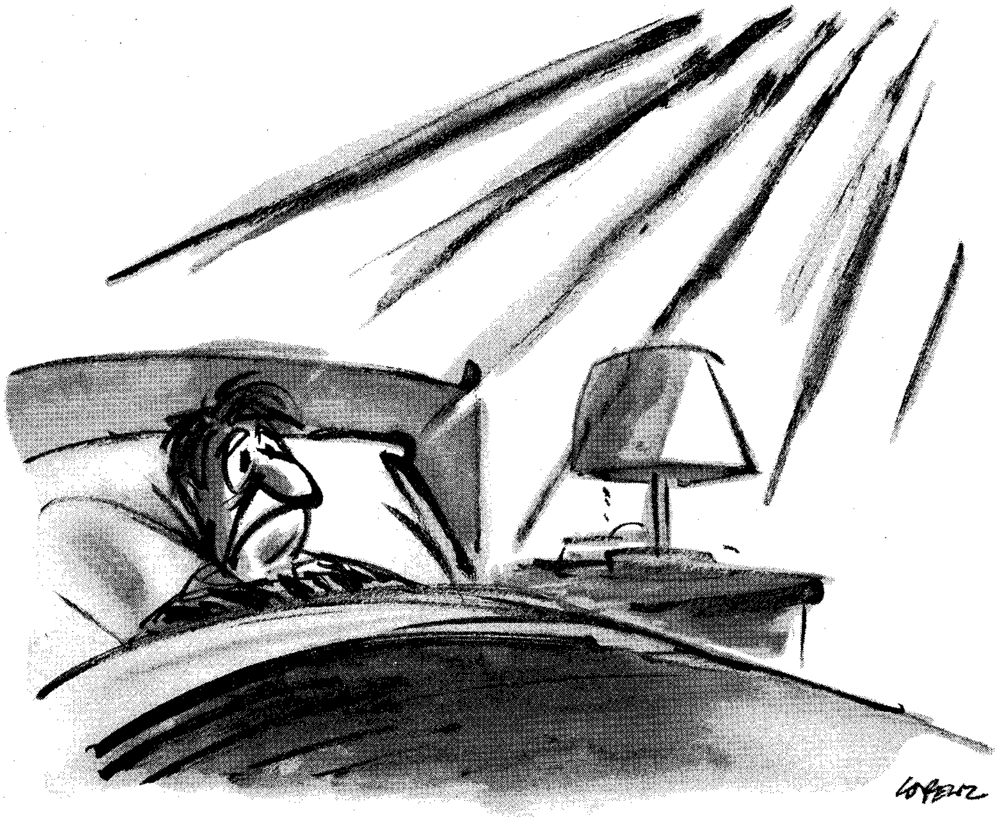
WAR: MAN'S HIGHEST CALLING

By Richardson (Rickey) Dakota,
Maj. Gen., USA (Ret.)

THE flabbiness of peace is what appalls me, the sheer *sissyness* of it. A new generation comes along and suddenly tells us that the thousands of years of sacrifice, of strength, of wile and cunning required to crush one's enemies should be thrown in the ashcan. Holy cats! Each year, my work takes me to hundreds of high schools and junior colleges throughout this broad land of ours, where my illustrated lecture, "Kill or Be Killed," has attracted a following. The moment I step onto the platform of one of those auditoriums, I can instinctively tell whether or not I am in the presence of red-blooded American boys and girls. If I am, I get an ovation; if I am not, I am booed—in which case I give the V sign (with both hands) and step down. When, under better circumstances, I proceed with my lecture, I start slowly with Daniel Boone hacking his way across the Cumberland Gap, cutting down the tall trees, spearing the big fish, building the log cabins, rassling the fox and the bobcat. "Was Daniel Boone a peacenik?" I ask them. "How long do you think that brave man would have lasted in the hostile wilderness wearing beads and a peace button? Kill or be killed!" I tell them about Washington crossing the Delaware, dodging the big chunks of ice, his greatcoat wrapped around him, and I talk about the need for getting from



"You're pushing sixty, Sanford. Is there anything you can look back on and say it was your finest hour?"



"Good morning, Mr. Average Citizen. How would you like your goose cooked today?"

• •

one side of that river to the other side of that river. "Was George Washington a peacenik?" I ask them. "Do you think this nation was built by young men sitting cross-legged playing East Indian music on old cigar boxes? Kill or be killed!" Then I get to the glories of battle—the call of the bugle, the rumble of the tanks, the whine of the missiles, the starbursts as villages are blown up, and later, when the battle has died away, the unforgettable experience of gathering around the campfire with your buddies, arms linked, singing "Buckle Down, Winsocki." Then, for a windup, I tell them that one manly American boy is worth a hundred gooks and I get back to my philosophy—"Kill or be killed."

General Dakota is the recipient of four Silver Stars, three of them currently under congressional investigation.

WHO NEEDS PARKS?

By Wil J. Cork

AMERICA has been put through some desperate hoops by charlatans of "liberalism" and "human rights," but no crueller joke has been played upon the gullible general public than the widespread notion that cities are better off when a certain percentage of their acreage is devoted to park space. Central Park, in New York City, represents perhaps the outer limits of the folly to which anti-business, anti-free-enterprise, rural-oriented, nature-faking groups have led us. The facts are chilling. Eight hundred and forty-three acres of the richest imaginable land—pay dirt of unparalleled magnitude—have been set aside in the very heart of the world's business capital as a permanent haven for squirrels, tiny tots, toy sailboats, and *grown* men and women riding bicycles. Touch so much as a leaf of a tree, dig so much as a small hole, and swarms of organized, militant locusts blindly descend, screaming "Desecration!" What is their real game? What lies behind the amiable smoke screen—the soft talk about whole families' strolling together on Sundays under the trees, breathing fresh air, the visionary picture of kids in the big city having room to play, of picnicking on the grass, of listening to music under the stars? The real game is obvious: As long as the eight hundred and forty-three acres of Central Park are reserved for non-commercial use, bearing no interest, producing no revenue, they stand for all to see as a symbol of the Socialist "utopia" the park-lovers have in store for us.

I propose:

1. The immediate abolition of the Department of Parks, and the formation of a quasi-public Inner City Authority, empowered to exercise the right of eminent domain over parkland, issue long-term bonds, and sell to the highest bidders and at the earliest possible moment the bankrupt equipage of the Park: benches, swings, slides, carrousels, rowboats, statues of deceased writers and poets, fountains, skating rinks, and one- and two-room suites formerly devoted to caged animals.

2. The immediate establishment of a People's Acreage Zoning Commission, to divide the eight hundred and forty-three reclaimed acres in order to best serve the most pressing practical needs of the city. Experts will differ, of course, but I think an honest, free-for-all, democratic give-and-take between conflicting real-estate interests in the city would come up with a formula something like the following:

(a) Forty per cent of the land to be devoted to the construction of strictly commercial buildings, with the ironclad proviso that no structure exceed fifty stories in height.

(b) Thirty per cent of the land to be utilized for the construction of what have been popularly mislabelled "luxury apartments" but are in fact high-return, self-liquidating edifices; these should face Central Park South, Central Park West, and Fifth Avenue, with an Observation Wall to be constructed across 110th Street, with pay telescopes.

(c) Thirty per cent of the land to be turned into the most daring, innovative real-estate venture in the United States: well-tended acres devoted to single-family Georgian houses, in the utmost taste, and for the most discriminating people, to be erected in a series of small, tightly knit individual communities, such as Bethesda Village, Belvedere Hills, Shakespeare Town, and Reservoir Vue. No one with whom I have discussed this venture has any doubt that these communities would soon become the most desirable—and tax-producing—communities in the nation.

And one small last, but not unimportant, item: Crime in our parks is a shame and a disgrace for each and every law-abiding citizen of our city. Think of the decrease in park crimes that would result from the elimination of the parks!

Mr. Cork is chairman of the Finance Committee of Atlantic States Mortgage Brokers, a horizontal conglomerate.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

ANNALS OF POLITICS

DECISION—II

FEW lines of work make one less disposed to defy established authority than the law. When that authority is the President of the United States and the issue involves his policy and his prestige, only a lawyer who is uncommonly relaxed about the opinions of his colleagues and his fellow-citizens, about his relations with his clients, including those with cases before the government, and about the state of his tax returns would ordinarily be eager to stand up to him openly. Yet President Nixon's nomination, last January, of George Harrold Carswell to be an associate justice of the Supreme Court finally brought lawyers rallying by the thousands—from Wall Street, from law schools, from large cities and small towns across the country, and from within the Administration itself—to challenge the President. Only a handful of lawyers had come out against the nomination of Clement F. Haynsworth to fill the same vacancy on the Court a few months earlier; the case against Haynsworth concerned not his legal qualifications but his sense of ethics, and apparently that was not enough to arouse many members of the legal profession sufficiently for them to risk open opposition. However, once Carswell was shown to be so unfit as a judge that his taking the seat once occupied by Oliver Wendell Holmes would demean the Supreme Court as an institution, even lawyers who had cautiously avoided any kind of public controversy throughout their professional lives set out to do what they could, both publicly and privately, to defeat the nomination.

Senator Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana and leader of the opposition to Carswell in the Senate, where the nomination was being considered last winter and spring, felt that his side probably needed the support of the nation's lawyers more than anything else if undecided senators were to be persuaded to vote against the nomination. Nearly two months after Mr. Nixon sent Carswell's name to the Senate, four prominent lawyers in New York got four hundred and fifty colleagues—attorneys in private practice, law-school deans and professors, heads of local bar associations, and former high government officials—to sign an open letter calling on the Senate to reject Carswell's nomination. Not long afterward, Bayh decided that it would be more helpful if a number of top lawyers in Washington's leading law firms who had formerly served in high posts in the government were to put their prestige and their contacts to work in a more direct fashion. Accordingly, he got in touch with a number of men who possessed such credentials—among them Joseph A. Califano, Jr., President Johnson's top aide; Harry McPherson, another Johnson aide; Lee White, special counsel to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson; Lloyd Cutler, director of the President's Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence; Clifford Alexander, former member of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission; and John Douglas and Stephen Pollak, former Assistant Attorneys General. The men, all of whom were eager to do whatever they could to defeat the nomination, gathered in Bayh's office on March 19th. "We went over head-count sheets and discussed ways of influencing individual senators through their more important constituents and campaign contributors," Califano recounted later. "Bayh was in his shirtsleeves, and it reminded me of going over head counts with L.B.J." The group devised and agreed upon a number of tactics—a high-level attack on the American Bar Association's Committee on the Federal Judiciary for its careless examination of Carswell's qualifications and for its decision to make, in his case, only a distinction between the terms "qualified" and "not qualified" instead of employing the more precisely descriptive terms that had been used in evaluating Supreme Court nominees in the past; refutation of Attorney General John N. Mitchell's public claim that the American Bar Association had "unanimously" found the nominee "highly recommended," whereas actually only twelve of the hundred and fifty thousand lawyers

"Here comes your knight in shining armor."

who belonged to the Association had made the determination, and then had said only that he was "qualified;" and a concerted effort to get in touch with lawyers throughout the country who might be able to influence members of the Senate. To a large extent, this last approach had to be kept secret, in order to protect those who were unwilling to let their part in the anti-Carswell campaign be known. To keep the operation more or less under cover, Bayh set up a separate office in his suite and assigned a volunteer named Ronald Platt, who had taken a week off from his job with the Matt Reese political consulting firm, to coördinate all the contacts made; only Platt was to know who was calling whom and what the results were.

When the meeting broke up, Califano and Cutler went directly to Califano's office at Arnold & Porter and drafted a telegram to Lawrence E. Walsh, the head of the American Bar Association's committee, stating that Carswell failed to meet "the minimum requirements of professional ability and judicial temperament to sit on the Supreme Court" and requesting that the committee reconvene to hear the most recent objections to the nomination and then present the facts to the Senate. Once the text was ready, the two men got on separate telephones and talked eight leading members of the bar into signing it—the deans of the Harvard, Yale, University of Pennsylvania, and U.C.L.A. Law Schools; Samuel I. Rosenman and Francis T. P. Plimpton, who had worked on the open letter; Neal Rutledge, a prominent Miami lawyer and the son of a former Chief Justice; and Warren Christopher, Deputy Attorney General under President Johnson. "It was a hell of a tough document, and we had some doubt about whether the men we called would sign it," Califano said afterward. "I was especially uneasy about Mr. Plimpton, but he merely suggested a couple of minor changes and agreed on the spot. I understand that he was an absolute tiger throughout this whole thing." Califano and Cutler decided not to make the telegram public, because they feared that its disclosure would be interpreted by Walsh as an attempt to force his hand. As it happened, Walsh didn't answer the wire until the case was closed, and, as far as was known, he didn't mention it to the other members of the committee. After a week had passed without a reply, Cutler and Califano drafted another telegram, signed by the same men, and demanded a response. Once again Walsh ignored their request, whereupon they released the text of both wires to the press. That, too, had no effect on Walsh, but it had a strong effect on Charles A. Horsky, a member of the committee, who was infuriated by Walsh's high-handed behavior and edged closer to making the move that several people had been pushing him toward—disclosure of a crucial and, at this point, generally unknown meeting he had had with Carswell the night before the Senate hearings on the nomination began. Although Horsky held off for a time, his private discussions about the episode soon leaked out, and before many days had passed just about everyone on the Hill had heard about it.

HOMAGE TO THE NORTH

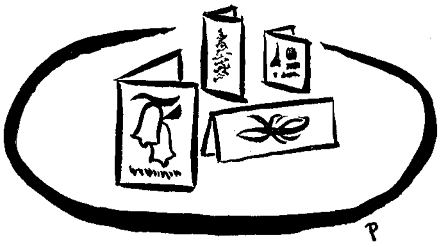
After the swirling snowfall, days of whole
Downfall of individualized snowflakes' major patterns
When we work to keep up with the inches falling,
The world becomes a heavy lightness of light brightness,
One is given over to the softness of the December snowfall
As a foot or maybe an indeterminable two or three feet
Are swirling down from the heavens as time passes.
One feels the mass of it, wonders about danger
For man is rather quickly all too small a creature
Exulting in the primordial power of nature which may
Turn him to the opposite of his expectations,

And then the great cold like a clear white sting
Pervades the atmosphere as the snows cease to fall,
It is the power of the absolute god of winter.
We hover inside houses as night turns deadly cold
And awake to the awe and chance of thirty below zero.
Let man exult if he can, and he does, but narrowly,
We walk abroad in a kind of bravery of danger,
The invisible spectre of death visible before us,
Walking in cold that can kill, in our foot-salutes
To the white virtue, and in our heavy wraps
Clenching dictates from the god of the North.

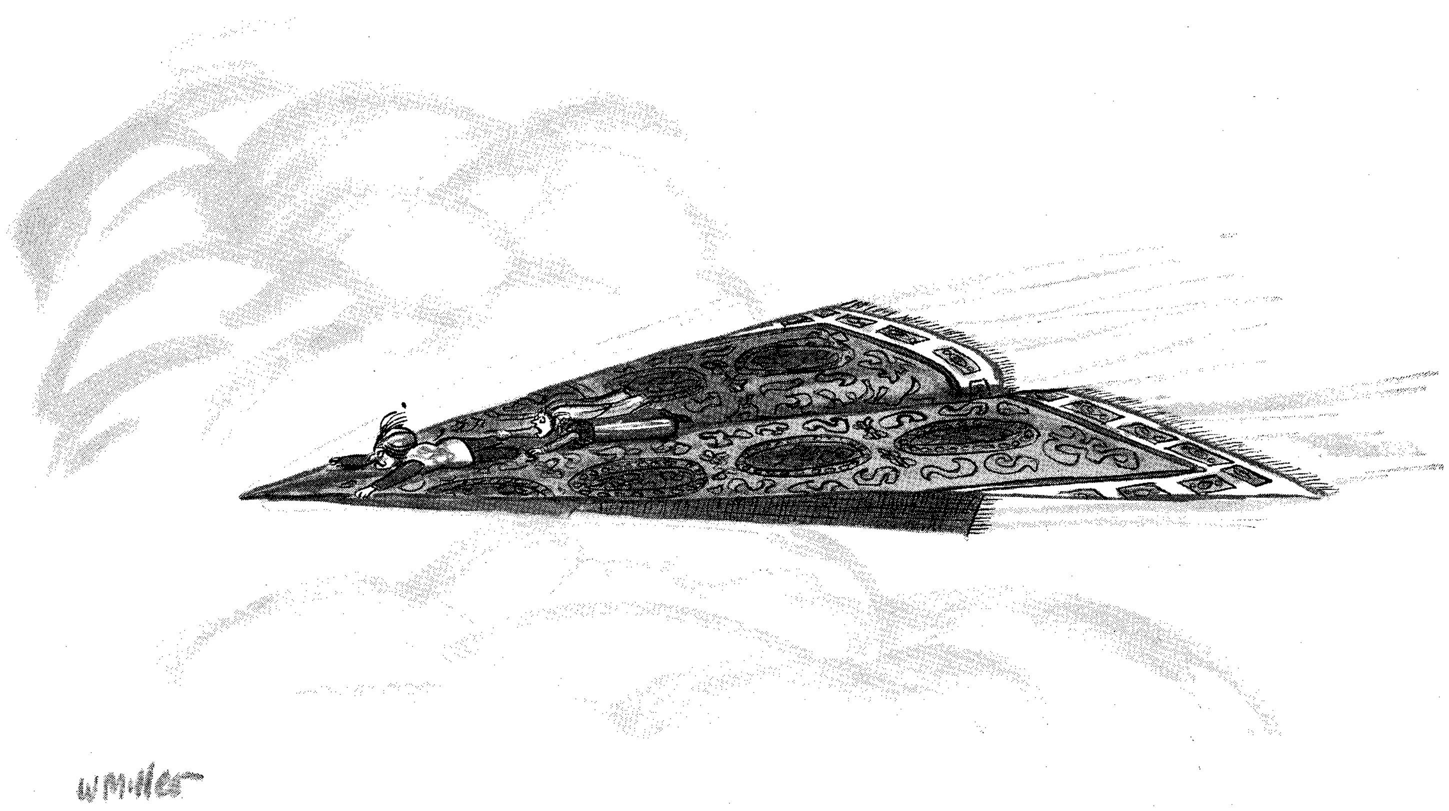
—Richard Eberhart

• •

During this period, John Douglas, one of the other participants at the lawyers' meeting in Bayh's office, set out to pull off a scheme of his own—a letter against the nomination to be signed by former clerks to Supreme Court justices. Within a matter of days, more than two hundred of them had signed the letter—a list ranging alphabetically from Dean Acheson, former Secretary of State, to Edwin Zimmerman, former Assistant Attorney General. On the theory that a large proportion of the law professors in the country had studied at Harvard and Yale Law Schools, Douglas then asked Dean Derek Bok, of Harvard, and Dean Louis Pollak, of Yale, to get in touch with whomever they or anyone else in their schools knew on law faculties everywhere. Again within a matter of days, letters opposing the nomination poured in from the faculties of most of the major and many of the minor law schools in the country. Heads of local bar associations rallied to the cause, too, and then specialists in various legal fields added their protests—among them that in property law Carswell had been unable "to state the facts in any comprehensible fashion," that in tax law he had "adduced conclusions . . . unsupported by any reasoning," that in criminal law his opinions were "characterized, at best, by unimaginative, mechanical mediocrity," and that in contract law he had shown that he was "an absurd constructionist."



The principal targets of the lawyers' work were undecided senators. For instance, in the course of an attempt to get Senator Frank E. Moss, Democrat of Utah, to join the opposition, Dean Pollak recalled that a former dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School was close to several professors at the University of Utah Law School, so Pollak called him and he called his friends, who immediately began organizing the faculty there and working on prominent lawyers and businessmen in Salt Lake City. Shortly afterward,



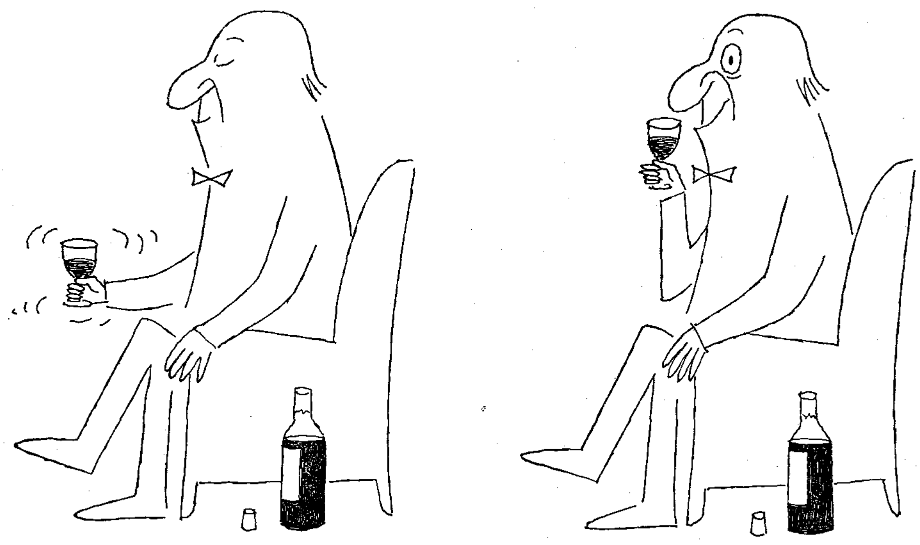
"I don't think Allah ever meant for us to travel at Mach 2!"

• •

Senator Moss announced that he would vote against Carswell. When the rumor that Senator J. William Fulbright, Democrat of Arkansas, was unhappy about the nomination reached a young lawyer on Bayh's staff, P. J. Mode, he called Dean Bok and asked if he knew anyone who was close to Fulbright. Bok replied that he didn't but that Francis Plimpton was close to George Ball, former Under-Secretary of State, who was close to Fulbright. Bok asked Plimpton to get in touch with Ball, and when Ball learned that his old friend the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee was badly in need of advice on this domestic matter he dropped in to see him.

The lawyers working with Bayh were astonished by the response to their appeals. "It was fantastic," Califano said not long ago. "Those of us who knew government from the inside tried to recall all the important contacts we had, however remote, and we used them to the hilt. Ordinarily, most people in this town are reluctant to use up their credit with somebody unless some personal advantage is involved. But this time nobody cared about anything like that. One of the lawyers I called was a man of considerable influence in his state, and I hardly knew him and had nothing to offer in return. He responded immediately, and said that he was utterly opposed to Carswell and that he was willing to do anything—anything at all—to stop him from going on the Court. Time after time, men said things like 'I wanted to help, but I didn't know anything could be done. Just tell me what to do and I'll do it.' I discovered a widespread apprehension among lawyers that the integrity of the judiciary was at stake. A tremendous number of lawyers around the country are deeply disturbed by what's been happening to the law *within* the government and about how it's being perverted for political ends. I talked to men who have done nothing but practice straight law and who were frantic about what's been going on at the Justice Department, about its part in carrying out the Southern strategy and turning out all those phony and un-Constitutional anti-crime bills. A lot of new law-school graduates from the top schools won't go near the place now, whereas they used to flock there to get experience. And men who've been in the Department for ten or twenty years are leaving in droves. Anyway, the lawyers of America were really shaken by the Carswell nomination. They set out to defeat it, and they succeeded."

On March 22nd, three days after the group of lawyers went to work, Senator Fred R. Harris, Democrat of Oklahoma, proposed on a television interview show in the capital that the best way to settle the Senate debate on whether Carswell's nomination should be confirmed might be to recommit the nomination to the Judiciary Committee, which had approved it back in mid-February by a vote of thirteen to four, for further study. This parliamentary device was by no means unusual, but it had not been suggested before in the Carswell case, and it struck everyone as perhaps an ideal way out of what was becoming an embarrassingly awkward dilemma for many members of the Senate. By that time, the feeling there was that if senators were free to vote as they wished, Carswell would be overwhelmingly defeated; in fact, one conservative Southerner who publicly supported him confessed in private that if the nomination were to be decided by secret ballot he would get perhaps ten votes. Recommitting the nomination, most agreed, would let those who wanted to oppose it, but didn't dare to for political reasons, say that they merely wanted answers to the questions which had been raised since the hearings ended before they sent Judge Carswell to the Supreme Court—an explanation that neither the President nor ordinary citizens could decently argue with. At the same time, it was generally admitted that if the nomination was sent back to committee it would die there, because its opponents on the committee would block action on it until either the President or Carswell himself withdrew it to



avoid further humiliation. Senator Fulbright particularly favored this solution—in fact, he had recommended it to Harris—and the day after it was broached on television he told Bayh that he not only would vote for a motion to recommit the nomination but would offer the motion personally if Bayh liked. Bayh mentioned this to the Majority Leader, Senator Mike Mansfield, of Montana, who instructed an aide to poll the Democrats on how they would vote on such a proposal. On March 23rd, two days before the Easter recess, Mansfield told Bayh and the Republican leader of the anti-Carswell forces, Senator Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts, that a recommittal motion would probably carry if they could produce twelve Republican votes in favor of it. Brooke had been working ceaselessly among his fellow-Republicans, and by this time he was fairly confident that six of them—Richard S. Schweiker, of Pennsylvania; Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., of Maryland; Robert W. Packwood and Mark O. Hatfield, of Oregon; Charles H. Percy, of Illinois; and Winston L. Prouty, of Vermont—would line up with those who had already announced their opposition to Carswell—Charles Goodell and Jacob K. Javits, of New York; Clifford P. Case, of New Jersey; and Brooke himself—to make ten votes. If Marlow W. Cook, of Kentucky, who had led the fight for Haynsworth, came around, as Brooke believed he would, that would provide the eleventh vote and it would almost certainly persuade two or three other Republicans to go along with him.

That day, a conference committee between the Senate and the House approved the Elementary and Secondary Education Act and sent it to both bodies for a final vote. To the dismay of Southerners in the Senate, the conferees had nullified the bill's so-called Stennis amendment, which had been tacked on as a rider by Senator John Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, to require that the civil-rights guidelines, which were applied to seven states in the Deep South, be applied uniformly throughout the country. The purpose of the amendment was to compel the Justice Department to deploy its already undermanned forces outside the South and thereby weaken their effect where it was most needed. When the conference report reached the Senate, Mansfield—now clearly impressed by the Bayh-Brooke teamwork and the growing roster of Carswell's opponents—announced that the report would be the pending order of business. The Southerners saw that Mansfield had outmaneuvered them and intended to use the report to force them to accept a bill they didn't want so they could get to vote on Carswell before the opposition built up any more strength. Senator Robert Griffin, of Michigan, the Minority Whip, came to their defense and angrily objected to the move, but Mansfield, unruffled as always, replied that, under the rules of the Senate, conference reports took precedence over bills and executive nominations.

By now, it was clear to anyone who could count that the nomination was in grave peril—anyone, that is, outside the White House, where confidence in Carswell's confirmation was still high. One prominent Republican senator was later to suggest that the White House staff be required to take a refresher course in addition, but others put the failure down to the White House intelligence system, for although Schweiker, Mathias, Packwood, Percy, and Fulbright had been shaken loose from the pro-Carswell column, no one on the liaison staff downtown seemed to be aware of it. Around this time, Brooke happened to be at the White House on other business, and he took the opportunity to tell the President, "I want you to know that I am working day and night to defeat your nomination to the Supreme Court." Mr. Nixon, who apparently concluded that Brooke was merely playing to the liberal and black grandstands back home, smiled indulgently and went on with the previous conversation. On the afternoon of March 24th, Senator Griffin visited the White House and assured John Ehrlichman, one of the President's two or three closest advisers, that the nomination was in grave danger. Ehrlichman refused to believe it. "We sort of got to rely on the staff down there," Bayh remarked later. "Its failure to assess the situation clearly meant that the enormous pressure the White House can always exert wasn't present until it was too late." Finally, Griffin's warning was checked out, and when the President was told of the danger he summoned Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who was acting head of the Department of Justice while Attorney General Mitchell was on vacation in Florida, and angrily told him that since he was officially responsible for screening candidates for federal judgeships and for getting him into the Carswell mess, he had better get them all out of it.

On March 25th, Bayh met in the Majority Leader's office with the other leaders of the anti-Carswell forces—Brooke and Javits, along with Democratic Senators Joseph Tydings, of Maryland, and Philip Hart, of Michigan (Senator Edward M. Kennedy, the Majority Whip, who was one of the original senators to work against the nomination, was out of town)—to discuss what might be done to obtain two more weeks before the vote was taken, a period that all of them agreed was essential to create the maximum opposition at the proper time. Bayh asked how the others felt about filibustering to delay a vote that long, and Javits flatly refused to engage in one, saying, "I will not filibuster against my own President." Hart refused, too, because he opposed filibusters in principle, and Tydings and Brooke took no position. Although Bayh felt that they weren't doing their utmost if they didn't use whatever means were available to them, he dropped the idea of a filibuster. Then they discussed a maneuver that Mansfield had tested on Carswell's supporters earlier that day on the floor—an agreement by which they would allow a vote on the education bill on April 1st if Bayh's side

would agree to a vote on recommittal on April 6th and, that failing, to a vote on confirmation on April 8th. Senator Roman Hruska, Republican of Nebraska, who was leading the fight for Carswell's confirmation, feared that the opposition might filibuster if he refused to accept this arrangement, so he had agreed to it; now, once the filibuster idea was discarded, the Bayh-Brooke side agreed, too. That provided the two weeks, and it also raised the question of who would be the best person to move for recommittal. Bayh mentioned Fulbright's offer, but Brooke was against accepting it, and pointed out that the White House was still unaware of Fulbright's change of mind, and that if it saw him break ranks and join the leadership of the opposition more danger signals would be raised all over the place and pressure would be turned on at once. Instead, Brooke went on, it would be far better for Bayh himself to make the motion. "As surprising as it may seem, you should do it because they don't dislike you downtown," he explained. "They feel you're simply doing what a liberal senator should do."

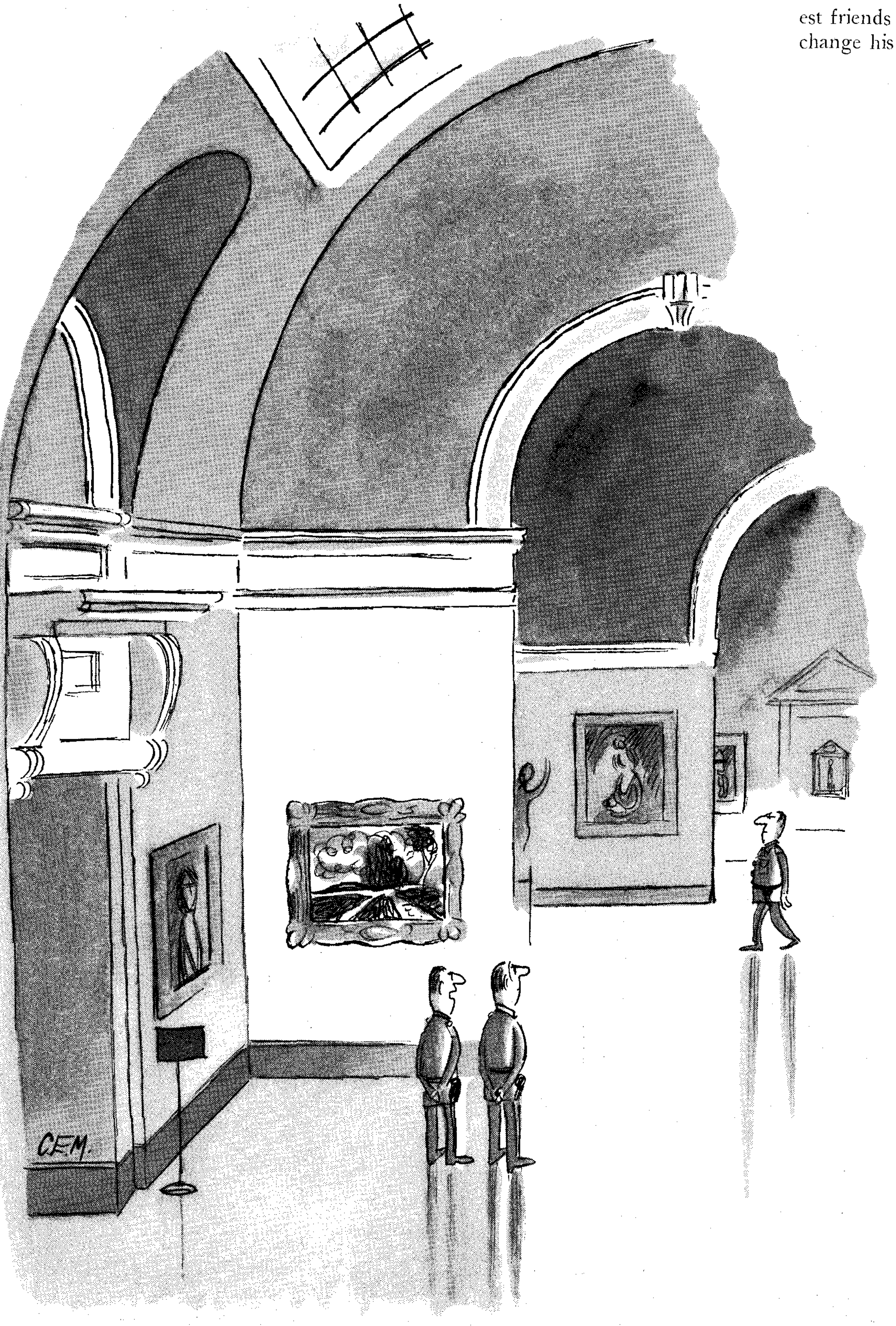
Late the same afternoon, Bayh offered the motion that both sides had accepted—in the form of a unanimous-consent agreement—and it was adopted at once. Then Fulbright took the floor and announced that he would vote for recommittal, although he said nothing about how he stood on confirmation. Hatfield also announced that he would vote for recommittal and went on to indicate that he would vote against confirmation as well by releasing the text of a telegram he had sent to the President urging him to withdraw the nomination as the only way to resolve "the crisis of confidence that confronts our governmental process." In a radio interview, Packwood angrily attacked the recommittal move, saying, "There are probably six to eight senators who don't want [Carswell] and who don't have the guts to vote against him." Then he demonstrated that he wasn't one of them by announcing that he would oppose both recommittal and confirmation. It was widely assumed that the White House had put Packwood up to this, but he privately denied it and said that actually he was sorry he had made such an intemperate remark about his colleagues, even though he felt it was true. Still, one anti-Carswell aide said that at the time "the soundings coming out of Packwood's office turned bad, so bad that his name was placed on the questionable list." To put it back firmly where Packwood said it would be, appeals were made to some leading members of the Dorchester Conference, a group of several hundred liberal Republicans that Packwood had organized in Oregon some years earlier for a dual purpose—to air topics that were not often aired in orthodox Republican circles, and to help him reach the Senate—and they went to work to make sure that he kept his promise to vote against Carswell. Despite the growing list of defectors, the White House didn't seem unduly alarmed and did nothing more than put out a statement saying, "The President is firm in his support for Judge Carswell."

ON the day that the unanimous-consent agreement was reached, the Washington *Post* ran a front-page story describing the meeting that took place in Carswell's Washington hotel, on January 26th, at which Carswell had met with Horsky and Norman P. Ramsey, another member of the American Bar Association's Committee on the Federal Judiciary, which was about to vote to recommend the nominee as "qualified" for a seat on the Court. The *Post* reported that in 1956, when Carswell was U.S. Attorney in Florida, he had helped transform a segregated municipal golf club into a segregated private club to circumvent a recent Supreme Court ruling prohibiting segregated public recreation facilities. Then the article went on to assert that Carswell had admitted to the two men that he had been "an incorporator of a segregated Tallahassee country club on the night before he swore to the Senate that he had no such role." (Actually, the story had been broken several days earlier by Fred P. Graham, of the New York *Times*, but the editors had buried it in the back pages in the first edition and then, deciding that it was "too soft," had cut it out entirely.)

Now that the story was no longer mere gossip, a young lawyer on Kennedy's staff, James Flug, telephoned Horsky and asked what conditions he wanted before he would recount the details of his meeting with Carswell in a letter or a memorandum. After thinking it over, Horsky replied that if a member of the Judiciary Committee asked him for such a document he would honor the request but that under no circumstances would he divulge the committee's deliberations on the subject. Flug informed Kennedy, Bayh, Tydings, and Hart of the offer, and got authorization from Kennedy to make the request officially. Flug passed on Kennedy's request, and Tydings also called Horsky to accept his offer personally. Following several lengthy telephone conversations with Flug, who acted as intermediary, Horsky drafted a memorandum describing the encounter, got Ramsey to approve it, and sent copies to Kennedy and Tydings. The memorandum, which came to be known as the Horsky memo, began by stating that Horsky and Ramsey had visited Carswell at the committee chairman's request to ask about the golf-club episode. After that, the key section stated, "Mr. Horsky, who had brought to the meeting photostatic copies of a number of papers having to do with the corporate organization of the club, then showed Judge Carswell the papers from the Certificate of Incorporation on which the names and signatures of the incorporators of the club appeared, showing him as an incorporator."

Since Carswell had assured the committee, under oath and on two separate days, that he was utterly unfamiliar with the contents of these papers, there could be no doubt now that he had deceived the Senate. As it was, though, Horsky's revelation came too late to have much effect. By this time, most of the senators who were finally to vote for Carswell had already announced their intention, and they were, as the Washington saying goes, "locked in." For instance, a couple of days before news of the Horsky memo was published, Senator John Sherman Cooper, Republican of Kentucky and one of the most respected men in the Senate, had announced that he would vote for Carswell and then refused to withdraw his support despite the appearance of the memo and the pleas of some of his oldest friends and closest associates that he change his mind. Cooper had provided a good part of the ten-vote margin against Haynsworth's nomination, for when he revealed that he would oppose it there had been a stampede of other Republicans to line up with him. Cooper's endorsement of Carswell shocked liberals and moderates both in the Senate and out, since he had often been their leader—in the fight against the A.B.M., for example—and was almost always their ally. Perhaps the most surprised of them all was Clarence Mitchell, head of the Washington branch of the N.A.A.C.P., who had talked with Cooper before both the Haynsworth and the Carswell votes and had come away as strongly convinced by his second visit as he had been by the first that the Senator would vote no.

To Cooper, the cases were essentially different. "My general position has been to support a President's decision in such matters," he explained later. "I expected to support Abe Fortas for Chief Justice, but then the facts that were brought out changed my mind. In the Haynsworth affair, I felt that although he hadn't personally profited from his decisions in the cases where he held stock in companies that were litigants before his court, he had violated the federal statute and the judicial canons, both of which instruct judges to disqualify themselves in such cases. Since Haynsworth was a good lawyer, he must have known this, and yet he neither disqualified himself nor disclosed his violations dur-



"There goes the fastest gun in the National Gallery of Art."

Boda Crystal.

These are only some of the interesting things Boda does with light. We will be happy to provide the elegance of perfect design and painstaking craftsmanship. (Boda has, after all, spent over a century doing it.) But you will have to provide the light.

Art you use.

At fine stores everywhere. From the collection of

GEORG JENSEN INC.
601 Madison Ave. at 57 St., New York, N.Y. 10022

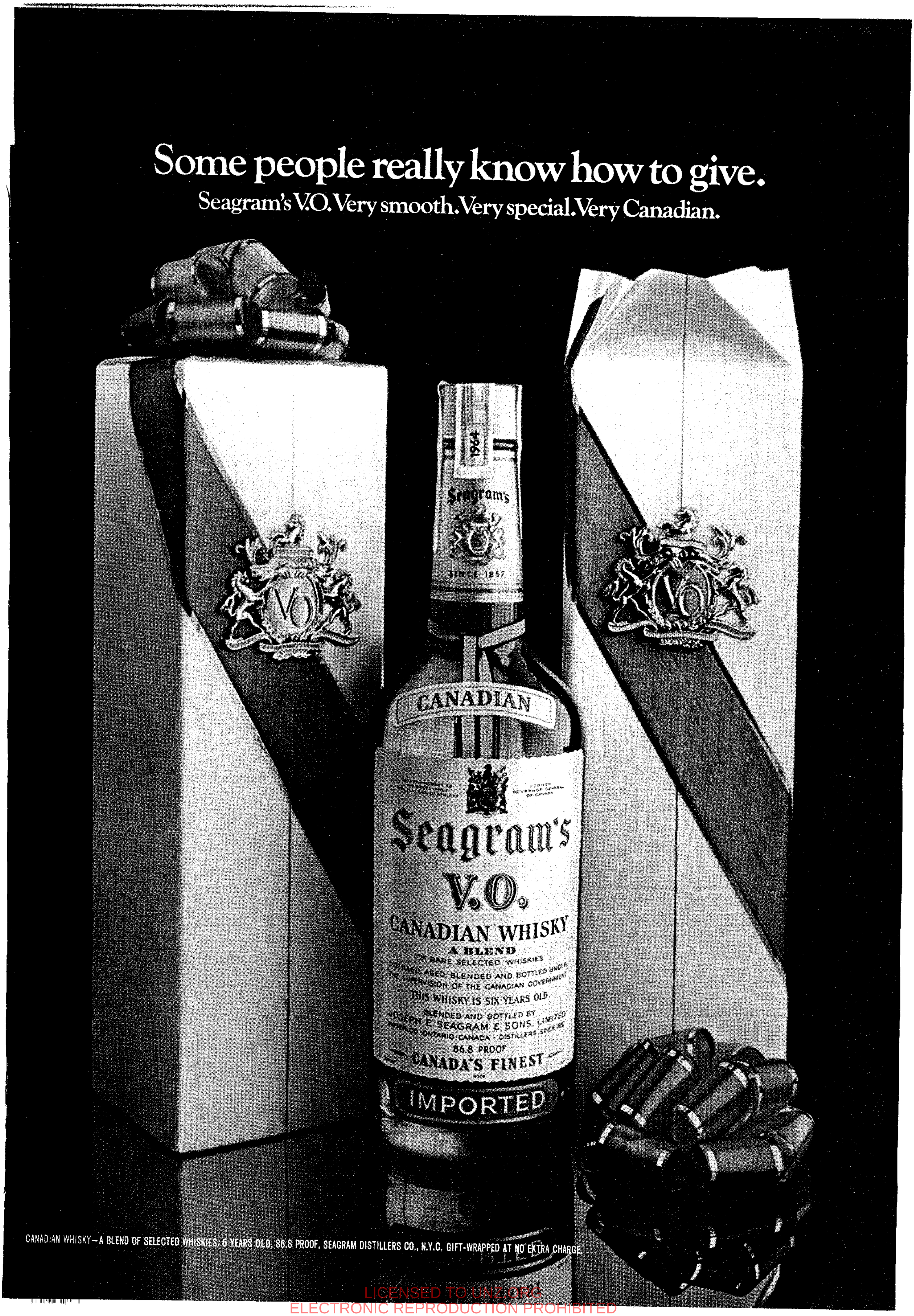
ing the Senate hearings on his nomination. That forced me to oppose him. With Carswell, the main questions for me were whether he was a racist and whether he had deceived the committee about the golf-club incident. To vote against him on the ground of the 1948 speech, where he promised he would always defend white supremacy, I would have had to conclude that his bias had continued. I read most of the hearing record and twenty of his opinions, and I couldn't conclude that. While he wasn't as competent a judge as could have been nominated, I finally decided that to vote against him I would have had to be as biassed as they said *he* was. On the second question, I would have had to be convinced that the golf club was made into a private corporation solely to exclude Negroes. That wasn't it at all. The place was bankrupt, and they were trying to keep it open."

Passing over affidavits from numerous Tallahassee citizens, black and white and high and low, along with newspaper articles published at the time stating that the exclusion of Negroes was generally accepted as the reason for making the public course private, and also passing over the question of how a municipal facility—whether it is a waterworks or a golf club—can go bankrupt, Senator Cooper went on to say that neither had he found the Judge dishonest in his appearance before the Judiciary Committee. "In the first morning's hearing, Carswell admitted two or three times after his first lie that he had been an incorporator," the Senator explained. "Since he admitted this, however belatedly, I couldn't see how he had deceived the committee." Ignoring Carswell's repeated insistence on the day *after* these admissions that he had never seen the papers in question and had no idea of what they contained, Senator Cooper went on to concede that Carswell did not have an exemplary judicial record. Just the same, he added, he did not feel that the Judge had been unfair in civil-rights cases, as a number of witnesses had charged, and cited a decision in which Carswell ordered his own barber to serve black customers, an order desegregating rest rooms in Tallahassee, a ruling that a one-hour notice before holding demonstrations was too arbitrary, and his role in setting up the Florida State University Law School and insisting that it be open to all races. To Carswell's opponents, of course, these cases seemed like a machine-gunner's putting a couple of blanks among the live bullets in his ammunition belt. As for stories about Carswell's hostility to civil-rights lawyers, Senator Cooper argued that most of the testimony on this point was hearsay, although he failed to explain how the three witnesses who testified about it had relied on hearsay when they had discussed only their own experiences in Judge Carswell's court.

In the end, the sole argument against Carswell that the Senator found persuasive was one made by Senator Hart—namely, that whether or not Carswell was a racist, the black community believed that he was, which was just as bad. (In one of the most eloquent speeches made during the debate, Hart had asked, "If I were a black American, would I ever be able to convince myself that that little part of G. Harrold Carswell, in his pledge always to support white supremacy, might not be a part of him tonight and tomorrow when I am in front of him?") "That point had some weight with me," Cooper went on. "But then I wondered if I could decide the issue on that basis when I believed he had no animus toward Negroes. On that basis, one would have to oppose *any* judge from the South, because every judge, as Justice Holmes once said, is to an extent a product of his environment, like anyone else." Environment notwithstanding, no one had ever levelled the charge of racism against such men as Elbert P. Tuttle, who had been chief judge of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals until he retired in 1967 and who had withdrawn his earlier endorsement of the Carswell nomination after some of the more damaging facts about Carswell's record—his apparent racism and his extraordinarily high reversal rate—were revealed; or John Minor Wisdom, who sat on the Fifth Circuit with Carswell and who had said when asked for his appraisal of the nominee, "I stand with Tuttle." Finally, Senator Cooper disagreed that Carswell's record on the bench was an obstacle. "That argument against him rested upon subjective judgments concerning his ability and capacity for growth, which are a matter of speculative opinion," he explained. To Carswell's critics, there was little of a speculative nature about his record on civil-rights and habeas-corpus cases. As for subjective judgments, few senators who felt free to decide the issue on its merits were willing, in these perilous times, to put a man with such a record on the Supreme Court, where he might sit for thirty years or more, in the hope that he would turn out all right.

No one in Washington questioned Senator Cooper's sincerity, which was regarded with much the same awe as his rocklike integrity. In some quarters, it was speculated that his staff, which was largely conservative, had been dismayed by his leadership of the fight against the A.B.M. and his pivotal role in blocking Haynsworth and may not have fully informed him about Carswell's record. Various other explanations went the rounds, among them one to the effect that President Nixon had promised to make him the Administration's leader in the Senate debate on the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT) talks in exchange for his vote for Carswell. But others felt that no one, including the President, would dare offer a man like Cooper a deal of any kind. On this point, the Senator himself said later, "The President didn't talk to me about Carswell on his own initiative. I just happened to be in the White House during the SALT discussions, and I told him that I had decided to vote for Carswell. In fact, I had made up my mind to a week before. Having told him this, I said that I would make a statement and a speech about my position when the Senate reconvened after Easter. Afterward, one of the President's aides called me and asked if I would announce my decision right away—four days earlier than I had planned. Since I was going to announce it anyway, I agreed." Still, there were lingering doubts, because he was not content merely to cast his vote in favor of the nomination but worked actively for Carswell among other senators. As one of them said later, "John was really out there in the trenches on this one."

Soon after Cooper's announcement, the two other leading Republicans in the Senate—George Aiken, of Vermont, and John J. Williams, of Delaware—also came out for Carswell. Aiken had voted against a major Presidential nomination only once in his thirty years in the Senate, and now he jovially told a colleague that he would vote for anyone the President named, unless the fellow had murdered someone—lately. As for Williams, who has been called the conscience of the Senate, one of his fellow-Republicans said after his public statement, "It's true that he has a big conscience, but it's also true that he usually brings it down on the side of conservative causes." Around this time, the White House released a telegram from eleven of Carswell's eighteen active and semi-retired


Some people really know how to give.
Seagram's V.O. Very smooth. Very special. Very Canadian.
1964
Seagram's
V.O.
SINCE 1857
CANADIAN
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER
THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.

Knockout diamonds. To have fun with,
to add razzmatazz with.
Not just to dress up the evening with.
Because today's diamonds come in every price and design. From sparkle plenty
to piquant little stone.
A diamond is for now.

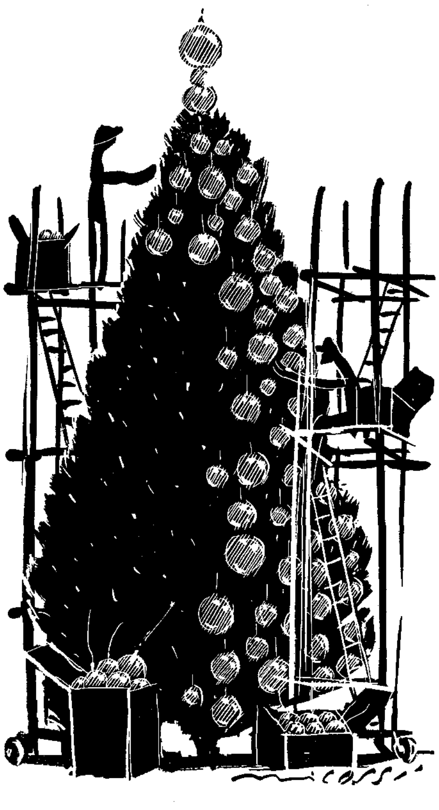
Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces starting as low as $200.

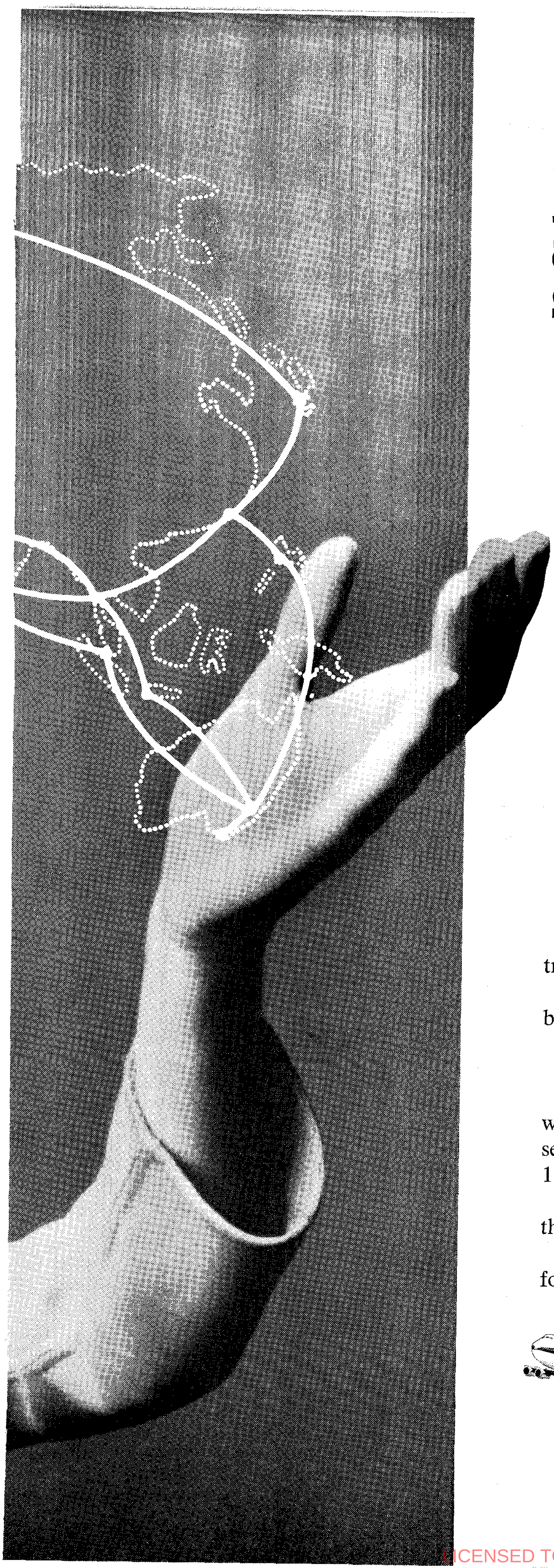
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

colleagues on the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals endorsing him. This move, which was interpreted as an attempt to cancel the effect of the Horsky memo, was credited to Kleindienst. It was also put down as an exceedingly clumsy maneuver, because it demonstrated not so much that nearly two-thirds of Carswell's fellow-judges supported him as that more than a third of them opposed him. "Haynsworth didn't solicit his fellow-judges for an endorsement, as Carswell did," Senator Cook said later. "They made it on their own initiative. Carswell had to solicit, and even then he couldn't get seven out of the eighteen. There were judges who said they absolutely wouldn't endorse him. Imagine what they faced. If Carswell went on the Supreme Court, their decisions would be subject to his review and comments. Or if he lost they would have to face him constantly in person. That they still refused to endorse him had a big effect on many senators." Some of them were also said to have been affected by a statement that Judge Wisdom made explaining why he had refused to put his name on the telegram. "I think the Court [of Appeals] has no business as a court endorsing or not endorsing a man as a nominee for the Supreme Court," he said. "It seems to me it violates separation of powers. But when it comes to individual opinion, I think that this moment is not the time to appoint a reactionary to the Supreme Court. It shows a lack of understanding of the urgency of the situation."

DURING the Easter recess, most senators went home to get a bit of rest and to mend a few fences. Many of them ran into surprisingly deep feeling against the President's choice for the Supreme Court, but few of them found quite the angry mood that confronted Senator Hiram L. Fong, Republican of Hawaii, when he got home. Although he had good reason to oppose Carswell—chiefly because of the islanders' resentment of any taint of racism—Fong had voted for the nominee in the Judiciary Committee and was expected to support him the rest of the way. At the beginning of his visit, the Senator announced that while he would vote against recommittal, he hadn't yet decided whether or not he would vote for confirmation. Subsequently, Fong's chief aide, Robert Carson, was asked what pressures had been brought to bear for and against Carswell in the Senator's case, and he answered, "There was no pressure on the Senator. No one would try to exert pressure on him because it is well known that he is not susceptible to any form of pressure. On an issue like this, he simply takes a judicious stance. He gathers all the facts, puts them in the proper legal and social balance, and then, keeping an entirely open mind, decides the issue solely on its merits." It was a nice civics-book description of a senator at work, but it was somewhat at odds with the facts. Actually, Fong was probably the object of as much pressure as any other Republican senator, and just about everyone involved believed that of the Republicans who finally voted against Carswell he was among the few who had decided the issue entirely on the political merits. To begin with, the White House had promised him a federal judgeship for one of his friends and help in setting up an East-West trade center in Hawaii if he voted for Haynsworth. He did, but when that nomination went down to defeat the White House offered the same rewards for his vote in favor of Carswell. That, it was reported, didn't sit well with Fong, and to help him take a judicious stance the other side began to create counter-pressure.

This assignment fell to Gary Burns Sellers, a young lawyer who served as one of the top commanders of Nader's Raiders and was that outfit's specialist on Capitol Hill. At the time, Sellers was on loan to Representative Philip Burton, Democrat of California, to help in his efforts to devise a coal-mine-safety bill, and Burton gave him time, if he saw fit, to work against the nomination. At the outset, Sellers had concentrated on stirring up opposition to Carswell in Hawaii during his spare time. (Most of the work had to be done by telephone, and Fong was an ideal subject for Sellers to work on in his spare time, since the difference between Washington time and Hawaii time allowed him to spend his evenings in Washington talking to people during their afternoons in Hawaii.) At first, Sellers was at a loss about what was the best way to proceed, but then he recalled a classmate and fraternity brother from his days at the University of Michigan Law School named Stuart Ho, whose father was reputed to own a sizable part of Honolulu and was undoubtedly a man of great influence. Sellers rang up Honolulu Information and learned not only that young Ho had three telephone numbers, perhaps indicating that he was a man of some influence, too, but that one of them was the number of the state legislature. Sellers called this number and found that Ho, a Democrat, was the majority leader of the house of representatives. Sellers got through to Ho after several calls, reminded him of their university ties, and went on to describe what was happening in Washington over the Carswell nomination. To Sellers' delight, it turned out that Ho had introduced a resolution condemning the nomination and had just been wondering how he could pry it out of the committee where it was languishing. Sellers told him that Fong was one of the swing votes, and urged Ho to press for action on his resolution as one way of bringing pressure to bear on Fong. Ho promised to do what he could, and then gave Sellers the names of several people in Washington who were close to Fong and might be able to influence him. Sellers got in touch with them at once, and while they went about softening up the Senator he tracked down, through another contact from his university days, a couple of newspapermen in Hawaii. When he got through to them on the telephone, he found that, like Ho, they were unaware of Fong's pivotal role in the fight against Carswell. Assuring Sellers that they were dead set against the nomination, they promised to help and asked what they could do; he said that the most effective approach would probably be to hammer away at how crucial Fong's part in the affair was, since this would encourage his constituents to write and urge him to oppose the nominee. "That was what we needed most," Sellers said afterward. "We wanted Fong to come into his office when he got back to Washington and find letters stacked to the ceiling." To keep the pile of mail and the pressure on Fong mounting,





Alitalia As big as you think a big airline should be.

It's a well-known fact among experienced travellers.

Any country's international airline goes beyond national borders.

Some airlines go even farther.

Like Alitalia.

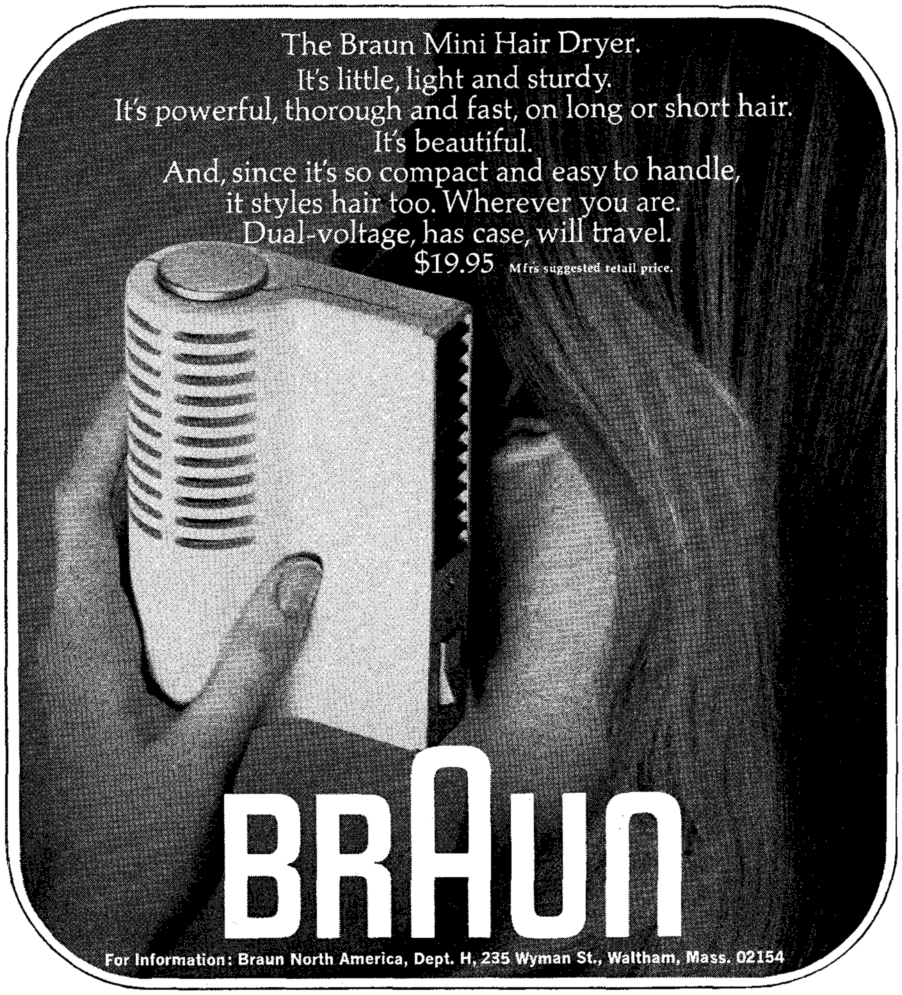
Our routes stretch eight times around the world with a network of over 200,000 miles, serviced by an all-jet fleet flying to more than 100 cities on 6 continents.

It's numbers like these that make Alitalia the sixth largest international airline.

So next time you fly, think big and try us for size.

FLY Alitalia

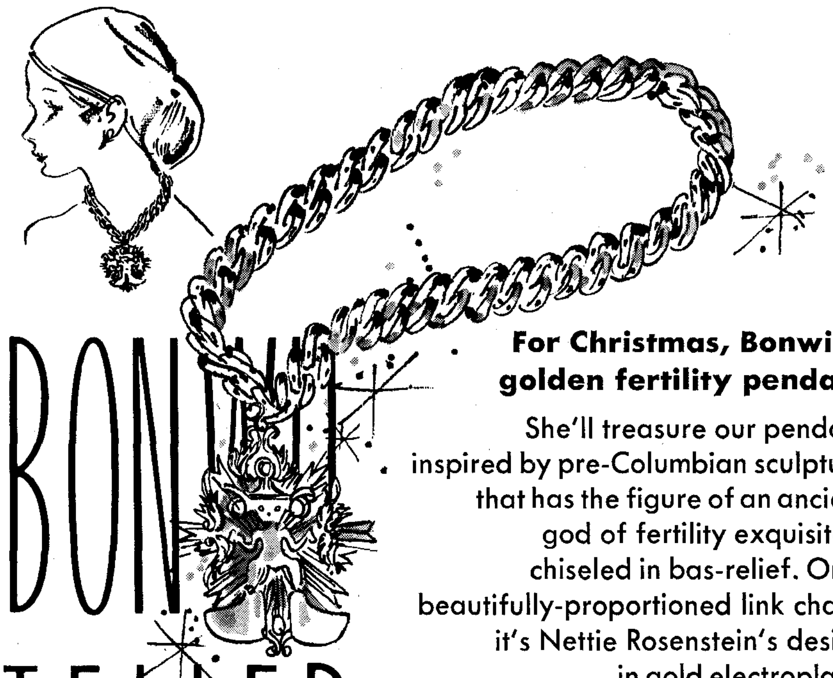
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE



The Braun Mini Hair Dryer.
It's little, light and sturdy.
It's powerful, thorough and fast, on long or short hair.
It's beautiful.
And, since it's so compact and easy to handle,
it styles hair too. Wherever you are.
Dual-voltage, has case, will travel.
$19.95 Mfrs suggested retail price.

BRAUN

For Information: Braun North America, Dept. H, 235 Wyman St., Waltham, Mass. 02154



BONWIT TELLER

For Christmas, Bonwit's golden fertility pendant

She'll treasure our pendant inspired by pre-Columbian sculpture that has the figure of an ancient god of fertility exquisitely chiseled in bas-relief. On a beautifully-proportioned link chain, it's Nettie Rosenstein's design in gold electroplate.
As shown, with 15″ chain, 85.00
Also available with 26″ chain, 85.00
Jewelry Bonwit Teller
Mail and phone. Please add .75 delivery charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

Sellers called his press contacts in Honolulu almost every day to fill them in on the latest developments—usually the news that another senator had come out against Carswell, which, Sellers pointed out, made Fong's role even more crucial. The papers played up these stories and ran editorials demanding that Fong stand up against the nomination, whatever the President's displeasure. One dividend of the campaign was that it gave Ho the lever to pry his resolution out of the lower house and push it through both bodies. At the same time, Representative Patsy Mink, Democrat of Hawaii, who was also home for the holiday, went around the islands attacking Carswell and calling on the voters to demand that Fong vote against him. If he didn't, she told several audiences, she might be compelled to run against Fong when he came up for reëlection the following fall. In the end, these efforts created a typhoon of feeling against Carswell. When Fong was asked by reporters, just before he left for Washington, where he now stood, he replied that he still opposed recommittal but that he had examined the merits of the issue and had decided he would have to vote against confirmation, too.

SELLERS' attempts to persuade other senators to consider the same merits that had brought Fong around proved less successful. The next target was Senator James B. Pearson, Republican of Kansas, whose political views ranged from moderate to liberal but whose state was inflexibly conservative. Pearson was Brooke's closest friend in the Senate, but Brooke had not approached him for his vote, because he knew that leaders of the Republican Party in Kansas had threatened Pearson with the fiercest primary fight of his career in 1972 if he opposed the President now. Once again Sellers turned to his university friends and acquaintances, and finally located several alumni who were lawyers in Kansas. He explained the deep concern in Washington over the prospect of Carswell's reaching the Supreme Court, and, as before, just about everybody offered to help. They gathered signatures on petitions, arranged for letter-writing campaigns, and appealed directly to Pearson's closest friends. Recalling that the Senator was known as a deeply religious man, Sellers discussed this with a friend in Washington who came from Kansas and who knew the Senator's minister there. The friend was as concerned about the nomination as Sellers, and agreed to telephone the minister and ask him to help. When the request was

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. Paddington Corp., N.Y. 10020

JUSTERINI & BROOKS
Founded 1749
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
The Gift Scotch
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
Jingle Bells
J&B Rare pours more pleasure.

If you want real silver, you have to polish it.

Yes, polishing silver can be something of a nuisance. So can watering a plant every day to keep it growing. Or tending a log to keep a fire crackling.

Or ironing a hand-embroidered pure cotton sheet.

But have you ever slipped into a bed made with percale sheets so smooth you could almost glide on them? Have you ever caught the scent of them when they're freshly ironed? Or run your hand over the raised embroidery and thought how it looks almost like Wedgwood?

Or opened the linen closet door just to enjoy seeing them there all tied up with green and pink and white ribbons?

Then you're the reason we're still making Supercale.

Just as we always have since your great great grandmother chose her trousseau linens.

We're still choosing the cotton just as carefully as we did in 1846. All pure natural cotton. And only the longest, most lustrous, flawless strands of it.

We're still combing and combing it until it feels almost like silk. Still weaving it so close and firm and strong that Supercale sheets are still being handed down from mother to daughter.

Yes, a Wamsutta Supercale sheet is an out and out luxury

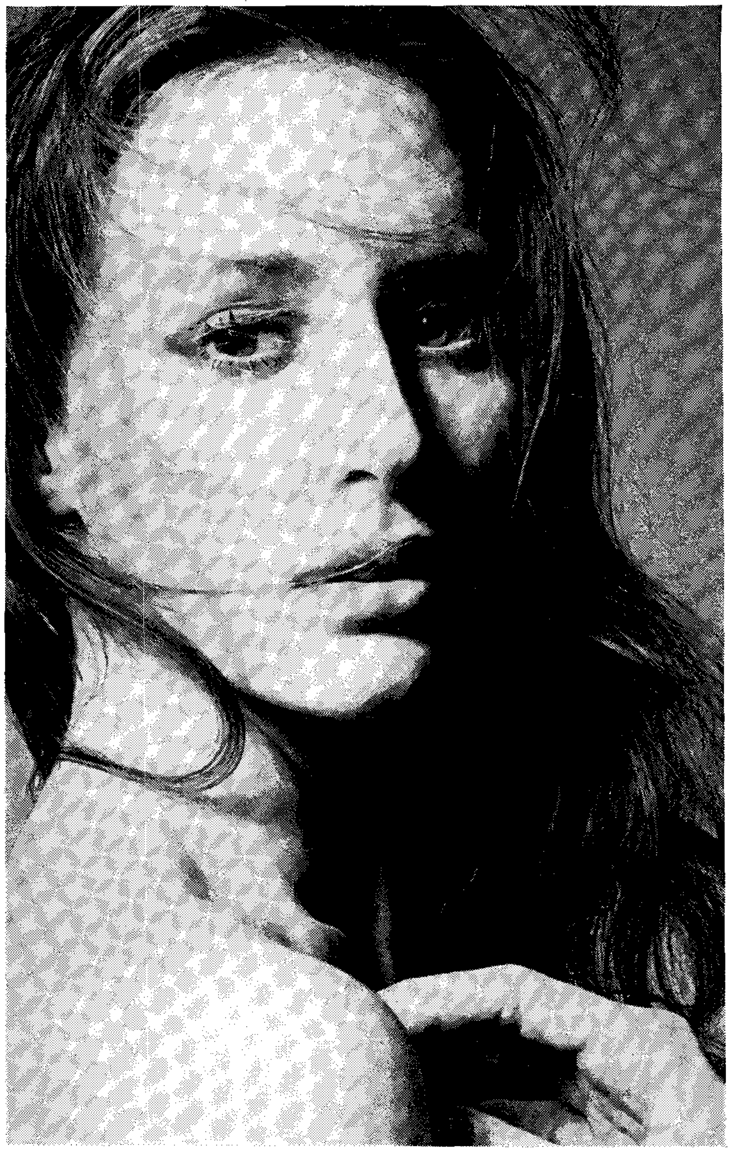
But it is one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta Supercale.

SHOWN: "ELEGANCE" IMPORTED SWISS EMBROIDERY ON SUPERCALE®
HEMSTITCHED. IN BLUE, PINK OR WHITE EMBROIDERY ON WHITE. WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.), 111 W. 40TH ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

Wamsutta® Supercale

made, the minister replied that he had already tried and had failed. Undaunted, Sellers set out to verify a rumor that had been going around for some time—that Judge Carswell had told the chancellor of the University of Kansas, who was a native of Florida and a friend, that he must have moved North "to get away from the niggers," a move that, according to the rumor, Carswell said he had been contemplating, too. The chancellor was on vacation in Mexico, but Sellers tracked him down and called to ask that he publicly confirm the story if it was true. The chancellor refused to make any comment. He also refused to confirm the rumor privately, which might have been enough to persuade Pearson to change his vote. Unaware of Sellers' appeals, Kennedy's aide Flug made a similar call, with similar results. "I knew that if we got the chancellor to tell the story, that alone would knock Carswell out," he said later. "I pleaded with the man for confirmation, but I just got nowhere." Afterward, Sellers called a couple of faculty members at the University of Kansas School of Medicine and described his efforts to verify the rumor. When the chancellor alighted from the airplane bringing him home from vacation, practically the entire medical faculty was waiting on the tarmac, and their spokesman demanded that they be told whether the story was true. Again the chancellor refused to answer, saying only that he might not get the usual state grants if he rocked the boat. While that may have seemed to be an admission that Carswell had made the reported remark, it wasn't enough for Pearson, and he stayed with the Administration.

Sellers also went after Senator Jennings W. Randolph, Democrat of West Virginia, in the hope that if a senator from a border state were shaken loose senators from the Deep South who were unhappy about the nomination might use the opening as an escape route. Randolph was due to come up for reëlection in 1972, and it was believed that his opponent in the Democratic primary would be Representative Ken Hechler, author of "The Bridge at Remagen," who had settled in Huntington some years earlier to launch a political career. Since West Virginia is a desperately poor state, with what seems to be an incurable unemployment problem, its voters had more to worry about than whether a "son of the South" was being mistreated by Northerners, and this inclined Sellers to believe that Randolph would be taking little or no political risk if he opposed Carswell but would get some



If you steal away
from a Christmas party
to listen to the snow fall...
shouldn't your perfume be
Je Reviens?

PARFUMS WORTH PARIS

JE REVIENS PERFUME MADE BY PARFUMS WORTH PARIS. PERFUME, COLOGNE, TALC, BATH OIL, SOAP POWDER, ALL MADE, PACKAGED, AND SEALED IN FRANCE FROM $50. TO $5.00. FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER, WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. Y, 5 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Making waves over morning coffee is our own sunny robe of blue cotton sateen colored with idyllic undersea scenery. To wrap up for petite, small, medium, large sizes, $25, an S.F.A. exclusive in our Young Elite® Robe Collections. Please add 75c handling charge for mail or phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

valuable credit with liberals at home who might otherwise line up behind Hechler. To get this message across, Sellers and a couple of associates got in touch with the lobby that, under Hechler's leadership, had pushed through compensation for West Virginia coal miners who had contracted black-lung disease. While this group worked on Randolph, Sellers worked on his staff, who promised to do what they could. Then he turned to John D. Rockefeller IV, a Democrat and the West Virginia secretary of state. Sellers asked Rockefeller's aides to do what they could to persuade him to persuade his Republican father-in-law, Senator Percy, to persuade Randolph to join the opposition. Randolph wouldn't be persuaded. "In fact, he wouldn't even swerve," one of the men involved in this effort said later. "He's completely out of touch with the times, and just lumbers on like an aged elephant headed for its doom." His doom promised to be fairly comfortable. Just before the Haynsworth vote, the Administration announced, through Randolph's office and without mentioning Hechler, a three-million-dollar grant for an urban-renewal project in Hechler's district. Randolph, as it turned out, voted for Haynsworth.

UP to the Easter recess, Carswell's critics made no serious mistakes, but during the recess one of them, a newcomer to the fray, made such a spectacular blunder that he endangered the entire cause. Near the end of March, Senator Alan Cranston, Democrat of California, heard that Charles F. Wilson, a Negro who had written the Judiciary Committee stating that in his numerous appearances as a private civil-rights lawyer before Judge Carswell he had been treated with unfailing courtesy, had later told Vincent H. Cohen, another Negro lawyer, that the letter was a fraud; Wilson had signed it, Cohen told Cranston, but he hadn't written it. According to the story, the author of the letter was Assistant Attorney General William H. Rehnquist, who had taken this step on Kleindienst's orders, after it was learned that Wilson now worked for the government—for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in Washington. According to Cohen, he had asked Wilson to sign an affidavit relating this episode, but Wilson had declined, whereupon Cohen drew up his own affidavit describing the conversation. The issue was of some importance, for the Wilson letter constituted the only favorable report on Judge Carswell's treatment of civil-rights lawyers. Ten others had testified or submitted affidavits stating that he had been unfailingly rude to them, and Wilson's letter stating that in his numerous appearances before Carswell "there was not a single instance in which he was ever rude or discourteous to me" had been endlessly cited, in the Senate and out, on Carswell's behalf. In any event, Cranston's staff collected what information it could find on short notice—some of it inaccurate, such as the allegation that the Administration could fire Wilson if he refused to sign the letter (he was protected under Civil Service regulations). Cranston compounded this sloppy staff work by failing to ask Wilson if he could substantiate what he had told Cohen, on the ground that it would be unfair to pressure the man as the other side had. At a well-attended press conference on March 30th, Cranston revealed the Wilson story, but when reporters called Wilson he immediately denied it and said that although he had been "assisted" in drafting the letter, Cranston's charges were "absolutely untrue." Three hours later, Kleindienst and Rehnquist held a press conference, too, and said that Cranston's charges were "deliberately misleading" and "absolutely false." But each time Kleindienst tried to substantiate this, Rehnquist got up and unwittingly refuted him—as, for instance, when Kleindienst said that the Department had had nothing to do with Wilson's letter and then Rehnquist described how he had visited Wilson at his home to discuss the matter and had drafted the letter himself. However, this sort of contradiction received far less coverage and attention than Wilson's denial. Afterward, several senators were believed to have been so angered by what appeared to be a vicious smear that they were tempted to vote for Carswell. Cook was thought to be one of them, but he privately denied that the episode had had that effect on him. "It may have said something about Cranston, but it said nothing at all about the man we were concerned about—Carswell," he explained. Whatever effect the affair had on the outcome finally, it undeniably left a bad impression of Carswell's opponents, who now began to look not just desperate but ruthless.

In the end, responsibility for the debacle was taken by Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., vice-chairman of the A.D.A. and counsel to the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, who had been deeply

Give a friend a wine cellar.

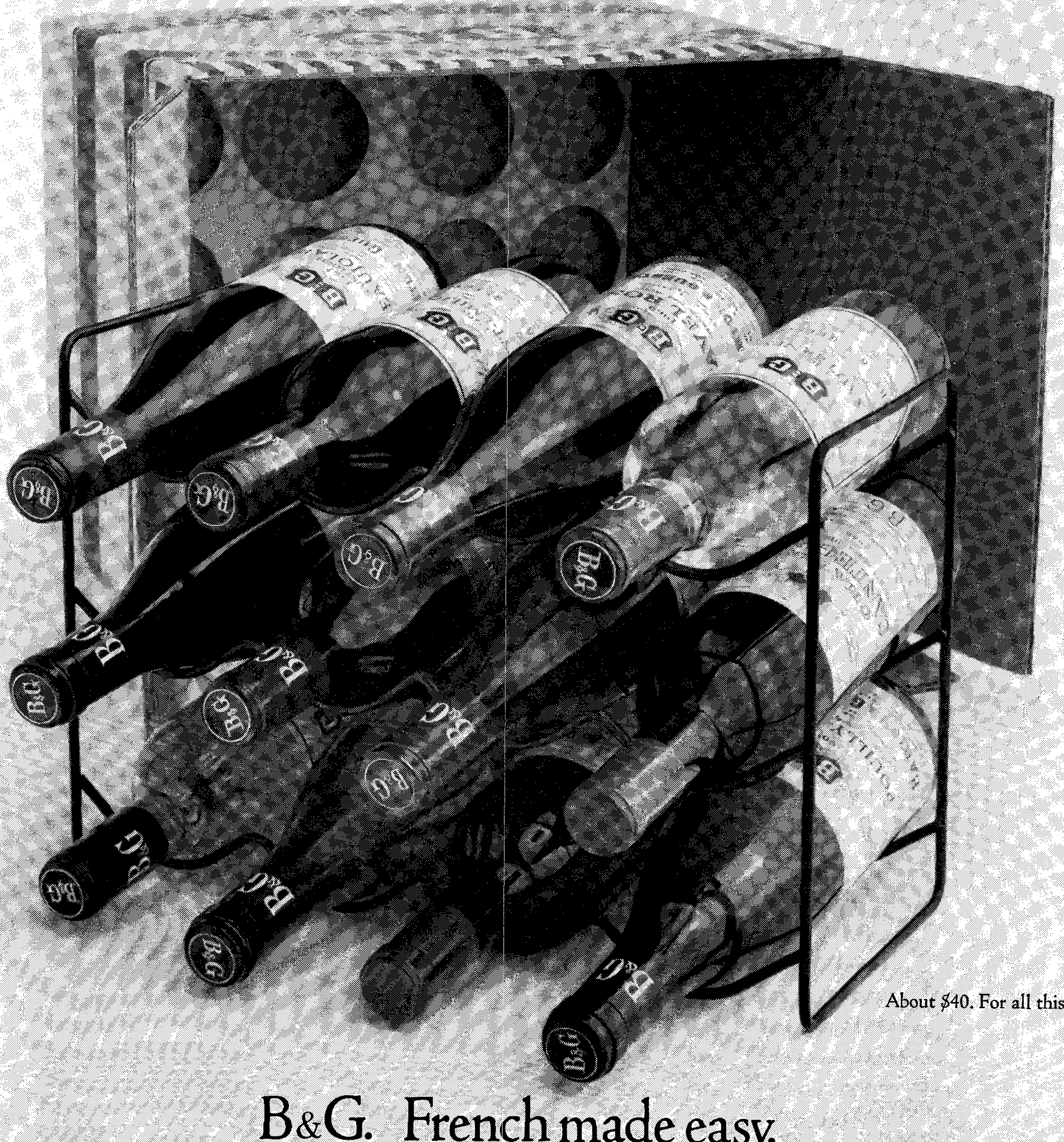
(It stands by itself. Six great French wines in a dozen bottles.)

The very same wines the French have been savoring since 1725. A very special selection of the reds and the whites from the great wine provinces of France.

From Burgundy: Beaujolais St. Louis and Puligny Montrachet. From Bordeaux: St. Emilion, Chateau Cantegrive, Sauternes. And from the Rhone: Tavel Rosé.

And once the first case is gone, you have the perfect repository for the 30 other beguiling wines of the same name. The two-letter name that says it all. B&G.

(Be selfish. Save a cellar for yourself while you're at it.)



About $40. For all this.

B&G. French made easy.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

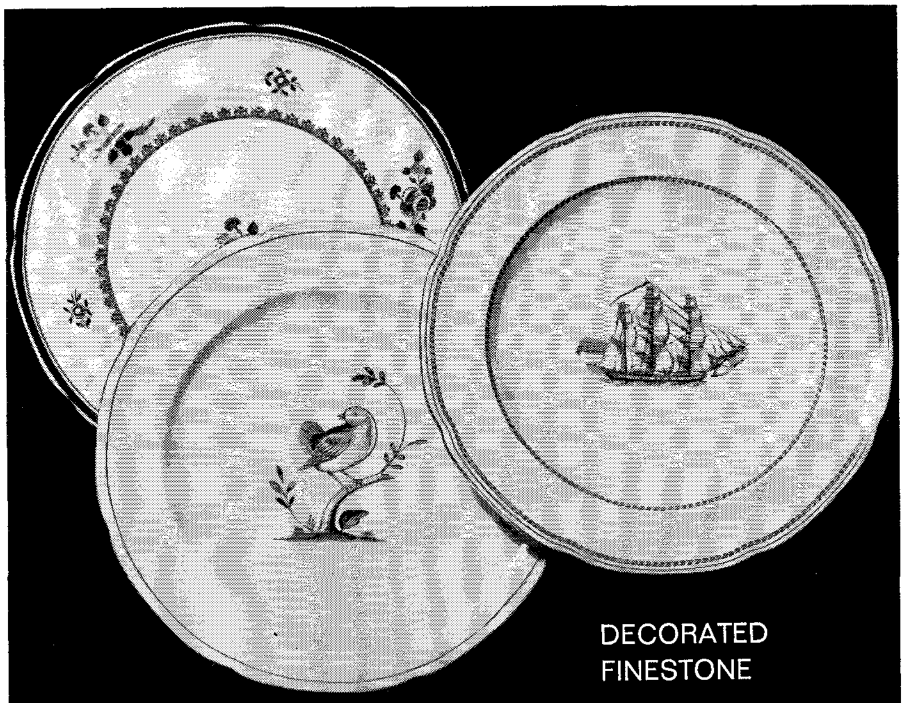
Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company, Browne-Vintners Division, NYC.

"The Baker Book"—a new, handsomely bound permanent reference.
Over 500 choice designs, room settings and color plates. $5.00.

Baker Furniture Co.
CABINET MAKERS
312 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Division of The Magnavox Company



DECORATED
FINESTONE

From the Tiffany collection of Spode finestone china. From left:
"Blue Gloucester," $29.50 the five-piece place setting.
"Queen's Bird," $29.50 "Trade Winds," $39.50

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • TEL: (212) 755-8000 ZIP: 10022
Atlanta • Chicago • Houston • San Francisco • Beverly Hills
Please add sales tax where applicable

involved in the Carswell fight from the start. "Wilson came to me first and offered to hold a press conference under the auspices of the Leadership Conference to reveal that the letter was a fake," Rauh said not long ago. "I asked him to put the facts in an affidavit, but he refused. So I refused to have anything to do with him. One of the basic rules of legal practice is that if somebody is willing to rat on somebody else, you'd better get a sworn statement or he may rat on you, too. Guys who are on the level will go along, and guys who aren't won't. If he was willing to tell his story to the press, why wasn't he willing to put it in writing? I should have warned the others on our side, but it never occurred to me that anyone with experience—least of all a senator—would get snared." There was doubt in other quarters whether Wilson had intentionally laid a trap for anyone. Instead, these people felt, he had succumbed to internal and external pressures almost concurrently—he wanted to expose Carswell, but when the time came and the risks loomed ahead of him he backed away. In any case, Sellers was less inclined to place the blame for the fiasco on Rauh than on Cranston, who, he felt, was more gentleman than politician. "He should have called Wilson in and told him what he was going to do and bluffed him into going along or being made to look like an Uncle Tom," Sellers explained. "A lot of people in this town want to be neutral about everything. At a time like this, you have to say to them, 'You're not neutral, you're opting for the status quo, and in this case that's bad.' If Cranston had charged Wilson with betraying his own people to keep a cushy job, he could have driven him into a corner and *made* him tell the truth. You don't win in this game by being polite."

THE day after the Cranston press conference, Rauh stopped off at the New Senate Office Building to deliver a letter he had composed, containing twenty points against the nomination, to a senator who was reported to be having difficulty in making up his mind. On the way to his office, Rauh passed the suite occupied by Senator William B. Saxbe, Republican of Ohio, who had been telling everyone that he, too, was uncommitted. Deciding to drop in and see what he could do to persuade Saxbe to join the opposition, Rauh went in and found the Senator free and happy to discuss the subject. He showed Rauh a copy of a letter he had written to Mr. Nixon asking whether his continuing silence meant

Watches that didn't do anything were fine
when women didn't do anything either.

Once upon a time, all a woman was supposed to do was smile and look pretty.

And all a watch was supposed to do was pretty much the same.

Then you started changing. But watch companies didn't even notice.

They went right on making those pretty, delicate little watches that were about as functional as a Grecian urn.

They overwound. The springs broke. You had them repaired. More than once. And then you put them away in a drawer forever—and waited for your next birthday when you got another fragile little watch and started the fun all over again.

Omega has finally realized that a woman wants a watch to look feminine, but not at the expense of its works.

The result is The Omega Ladymatic. The first serious, self-winding, date-telling watch for women.

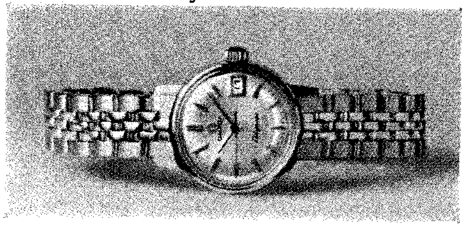
You won't have to break a spring (or a nail) trying to wind the little thing every day. One, because it's not such a little thing. And two, because if you wear it every day, gravity, and an exceptional "rotor" movement will wind it for you.

The Ladymatic tells the time in minutes and seconds. And if you like, it tells you what day it is. (In case you're one of the few women who doesn't know.)

You can wear it in the shower. Or bang it against your typewriter. (The Ladymatic is anti-magnetic, watertight and not easily thrown.)

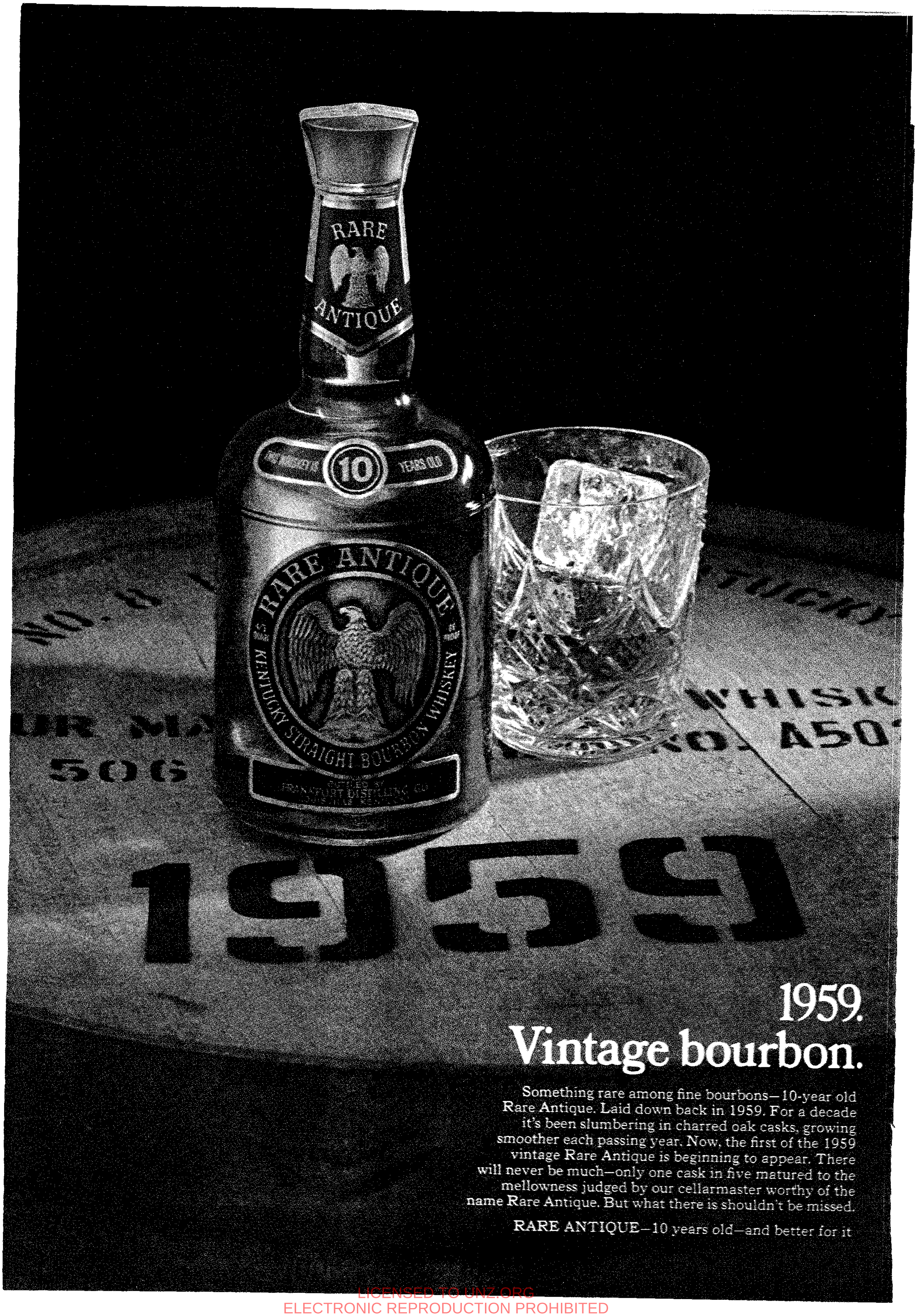
It's a beautiful watch. And Omega probably could have sold it to you just by appealing to your femininity.

But isn't it nice that they'd rather bet on your brains?



The Omega Ladymatic.
The self-winding watch.

THE OMEGA LADYMATIC $160.
FOR FREE STYLE BROCHURE OF OTHER WATCHES,
WRITE OMEGA, 301 E. 57TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.


RARE ANTIQUE
10
YEARS OLD
RARE ANTIQUE
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
NO.
506
WHISK
NO. A50
1959

1959.
Vintage bourbon.

Something rare among fine bourbons—10-year old Rare Antique. Laid down back in 1959. For a decade it's been slumbering in charred oak casks, growing smoother each passing year. Now, the first of the 1959 vintage Rare Antique is beginning to appear. There will never be much—only one cask in five matured to the mellowness judged by our cellarmaster worthy of the name Rare Antique. But what there is shouldn't be missed.

RARE ANTIQUE—10 years old—and better for it that he no longer fully supported the nomination and suggesting that if he did he might make that known and might also personally answer the charges that had been raised since the hearings. Impressed by Saxbe's concern, Rauh showed him *his* letter, and after reading it carefully Saxbe said, "Great!" and asked if he might show it the following day to the other members of the Wednesday Club, a group of a dozen or so moderate and liberal senators who meet for lunch on most Wednesdays for political talk. Rauh decided that it would be far more effective to have the letter presented by a senator to several senators than for him to present it to only one senator, and he quickly agreed.

Seven senators attended the Wednesday Club luncheon—Brooke, Case, and Goodell, who had already announced that they would oppose Carswell; Mathias and Schweiker, who indicated that they would, too; Cook, who said, for the first time in front of his colleagues, that he planned at that stage to vote against both recommittal and confirmation; and Saxbe, who wasn't uncommitted after all, having made up his mind a week earlier to support Carswell. The lunch got under way with a discussion of whether recommittal was the proper course to take. Cook didn't like the idea, because, he argued, it was nothing more than a sneaking attempt to avoid the issue. Goodell disagreed. "I don't see any difference between recommittal and an up-or-down vote," he said. "I might prefer the latter as a cleaner and more direct method, but since some senators feel easier, politically speaking, about recommittal as a way to kill the nomination, I don't care about procedure. The point is to kill the nomination." Saxbe tried to argue the others out of their stand against Carswell, and then he presented Rauh's letter—not, as Rauh had expected, to support the opposition but, rather, to support the nomination. "If this is the best the opposition can come up with, you can't vote against Carswell," Saxbe said, and threw the letter down before them. Several of those present agreed that Rauh's case was not as compelling as it might have been, because it attempted to cover too much ground. To give it the concentrated force it lacked, Goodell presented three points instead of twenty—that Carswell had a lamentable record when it came to civil rights, civil liberties, and honesty. Then Case said that a fourth point, which he felt was more important than all the others together, was that the nation was racked by tremendous social upheavals, particularly racial discord, and that moderate black leaders had to be convinced that the system could be made to work on their behalf. "If we accept Carswell, they'll never listen to us again," he said.

Saxbe's letter to the President had been discussed at the White House several days earlier—in fact, even before it was written. During a breakfast meeting between the President and Republican leaders in Congress, one participant asked whether it might not be wise for Mr. Nixon to make a strong public statement on Carswell's behalf to rally public support and thereby to bring the troops in the Senate into line behind the Administration. Senator Griffin, the Minority Whip, mentioned that Saxbe was thinking about writing the President a letter asking where he now stood on the nomination, and it was agreed that an answer from the President would be a good way to handle the problem. To expedite matters, Griffin told Saxbe about the plan, and a lawyer from the White House and two lawyers from the Justice Department got together to prepare an answer to Saxbe's letter, which hadn't arrived yet. They studied the Constitution, "The Federalist," and books on the Constitutional Convention, and then composed a letter that ignored all of them. After assuring Saxbe that the Administration stood behind Carswell all the way, President Nixon's letter went on:

> *What is centrally at issue in this nomination is the constitutional responsibility of the President to appoint members of the Court—and whether this responsibility can be frustrated by those who wish to substitute their own philosophy or their own subjective judgment for that of the one person entrusted by the Constitution with the power of appointment. The question arises whether I, as President of the United States, shall be accorded the same right of choice in naming Supreme Court Justices which has been freely accorded to my predecessors of both parties.*
>
> *I respect the right of any Senator to differ with my selection. It would be extraordinary if the President and 100 Senators were to agree unanimously as to any nominee. The fact remains, under the Constitution it is the duty of the President to appoint and of the Senate to advise and consent. But if the Senate attempts to substitute its judgment as to who should be appointed, the traditional constitutional balance is in jeopardy and the duty of the President under the Constitution impaired.*
>
> *For this reason, the current debate transcends the wisdom of this or any*

What are the signs of a bourbon drinker?

If you spot someone drinking Rare Antique, that's the first sign of a real bourbon drinker.

Now there are twelve more signs to go by! It's the new Rare Antique Series of Zodiac Bottles. Each uniquely designed, colorfully glazed ceramic bears complementary signs of the Zodiac. So if you're an Aries, Libra is your perfect match, and we've got the bottle—filled, of course, with Rare Antique 10-Year-Old Bourbon.

For serious star gazers, new Zodiactronics Computerized Life Charts will answer lots of questions. Available through Rare Antique's Zodiac Series, Zodiactronics scientifically analyze your personality. To learn more please contact Zodiactronics, Box 808, Radio City Station, N.Y. 10019.

And we've got Zodiac glasses, too! Just send the coupon below for your set of six.

YES, I want a Rare Antique Zodiac Glass Set of six (6) 12 oz. Zodiac Glasses. Send ______ sets @ $3.95 per set. Check or money order for $______ enclosed. Make out check to Zodiac glasses and send to:
ZODIAC GLASSES, P.O. Box 308
New York, New York 10016

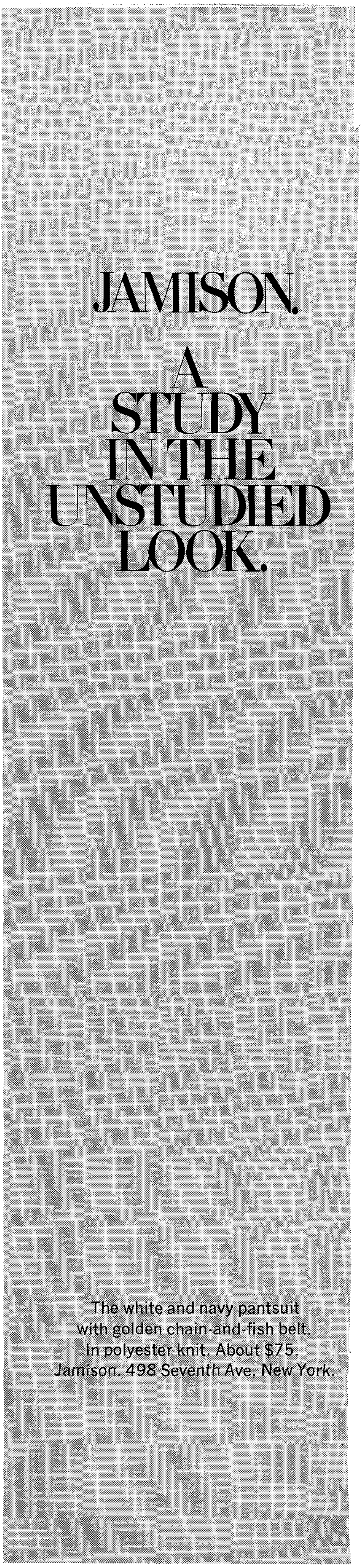
Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

Void where prohibited by law. Offer expires July 31, 1971.

He'll
never forget
that
moment
supreme
moment
suprême
JEAN PATOU
JEAN PATOU • PARIS

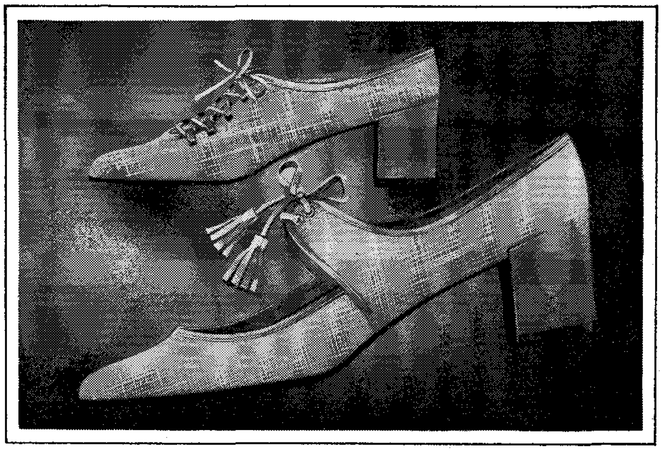
other appointment. If the charges against Judge Carswell were supportable, the issue would be wholly different. But if, as I believe, the charges are baseless, what is at stake is the preservation of the traditional constitutional relationships of the President and the Congress.

By prearrangement, Saxbe released the President's letter—what came to be known as the Saxbe letter—on April 1st, at a large press conference held in a committee room of the New Senate Office Building. The reaction in the Senate was uniform indignation. "The Senate doesn't like to do very much, but it doesn't like to be told that it doesn't have the right to do very much," Senator Packwood explained later. Most members resented the President's attempt to usurp their powers, and just about everyone there agreed with Bayh when he told his colleagues later, "This interpretation is wrong as a matter of Constitutional law, wrong as a matter of history, and wrong as a matter of public policy." To begin with, the President's insistence—stated several times in the letter—that he alone was empowered to "appoint" justices was a stunning misinterpretation of the Constitution, which stipulates, in Article II, Section 2, "The President . . . shall nominate and by and *with the advice and consent of the* Senate shall appoint . . . judges of the Supreme Court." In short, the appointive power was to be divided between the President and the Senate; he had the power to name a judge, and the Senate had the power to approve or reject his choice. In "The Federalist," Hamilton described this divided responsibility as a "powerful" and "excellent check" on the President, and added, "If by influencing the President be meant restraining him, this is precisely what must have been intended." Further, President Nixon's peevish claim that he was being denied the right given other Presidents flew in the face of history from the first Administration on down. In 1795, President Washington's choice of John Rutledge as Chief Justice was defeated by the Senate, and over the years twenty-three other nominations to the Court either were rejected or were delayed until they lapsed or were withdrawn because of Senate opposition—the last two being President Johnson's nominations of Abe Fortas and Homer Thornberry. In answer to the charge raised against Carswell that he had lied under oath to the Judiciary Committee about his part in the golf-club affair, the President presented the same defense that Senator Cooper had—namely, that Carswell had first erred about the golf-club incorporation but had subsequently corrected himself;



The white and navy pantsuit
with golden chain-and-fish belt.
In polyester knit. About $75.
Jamison. 498 Seventh Ave, New York.

footlights in colored silk



ARIZONA, heel 14/8 ins. $ 40. navy, gold, shades of brown, parme, red, mandarine socoa silk - DANIELLE, heel 17/8 ins. $ 38. navy, gold, mandarine, jade, brown socoa silk - For all information and color-charts, phone 541.8440 or write for catalog

CHARLES JOURDAN SALON
Fifth Avenue and 55 th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

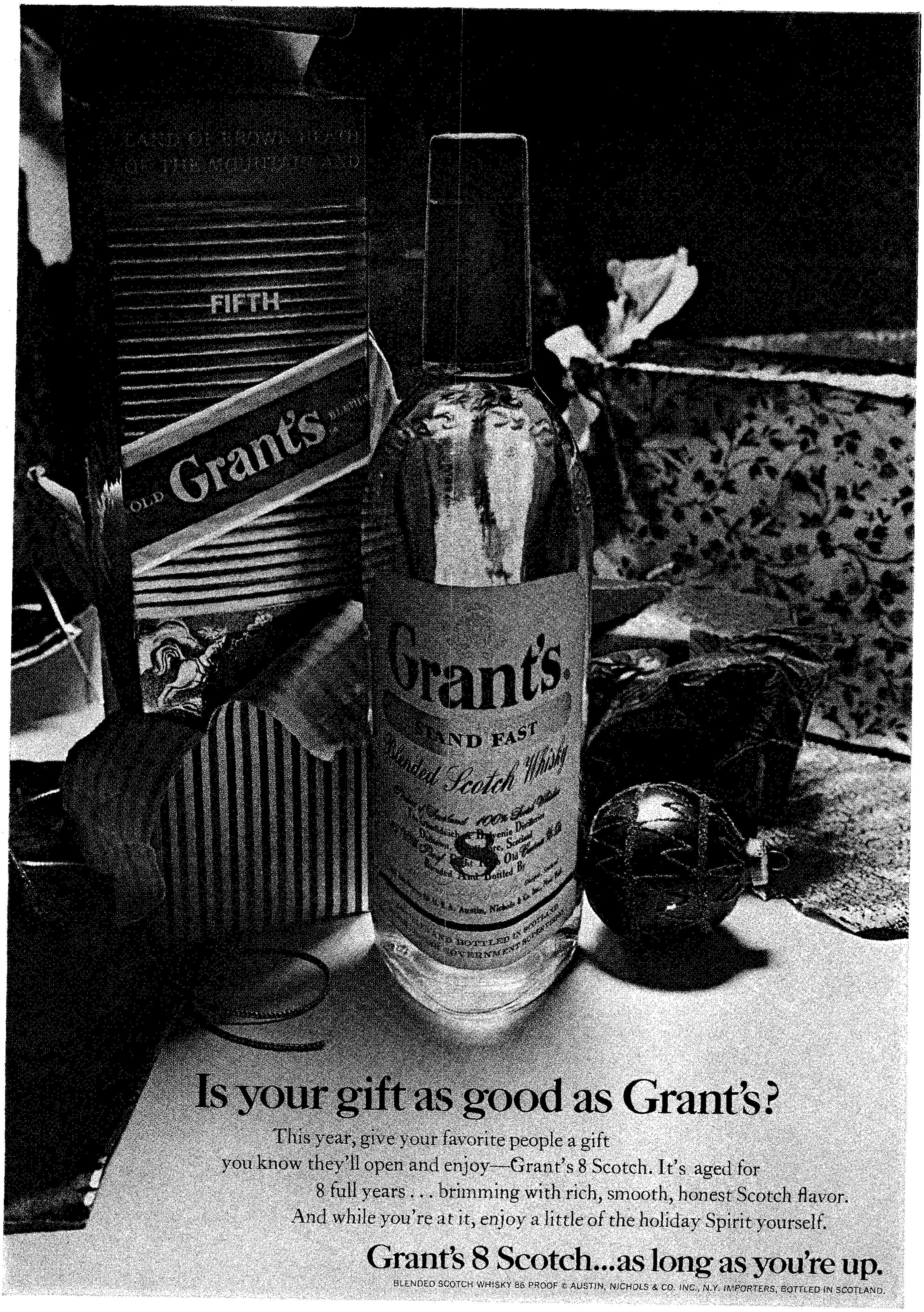
Ruffled romantic by **Bill Tice for Royal** in a green bouquet collage print fabric from the Gloria Vanderbilt collection of Reigel. 6 to 16 sizes 80.00.

I. MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

nothing was said about his firm denials the following day without later retraction. As for the charge of racism, the best that Mr. Nixon could do was to cite a letter from a shipmate of Carswell's during the Second World War stating that he had always treated the black sailors aboard his ship decently; the President did not mention that the Navy had been firmly segregated at the time.

In an editorial entitled "The President's Trump," the Washington *Evening Star*, which supported Carswell, observed that "Mr. Nixon's initiative in permitting the publication of his letter to Senator Saxbe will put powerful new pressure on wavering senators." The editorial writer was about the only person outside the White House who thought so. In the days following the release of the letter, senator after senator rose on the floor to denounce the President for demanding that the Senate abdicate its responsibilities and give up its rights. Senator Brooke publicly called the letter "shameful," and Senator Hugh Scott, the Minority Leader, who publicly supported the nomination, privately said, "One more stunt like that and Carswell will get two votes." Various opinions were expressed about the President's motives. One was that he was trying to make the case one of personal loyalty in order to becloud the basic issue. Another was that he was going over the head of the Senate to the public and employing the same kind of distortion that had helped win the Presidency. Still another was that the letter was a clumsy attempt to lay the basis for an attack on the Senate if Carswell was beaten. Whatever the motives, the letter was believed to have shaken some senators who were inclined to support the nominee—among them Margaret Chase Smith, Republican of Maine, who reacted with uncommon fury to any attempts to deny the Senate its rights. Even Saxbe was put out by the affair. "I thought the President's letter was a poor job," he said in a private conversation afterward. "If it had any effect at all, it was an adverse one. I had hoped he would deal with the questions I raised in my letter. But he dismissed those in one sentence. Then he beat a dead horse, because I had already admitted in my letter that the nomination was his prerogative. I had been hoping for a tight legal brief, but instead I got all this irrelevant stuff."

Despite his feelings about the letter, Saxbe had been willing to be the one to release it because he needed some way to justify his vote back home. Local branches of the major labor unions and

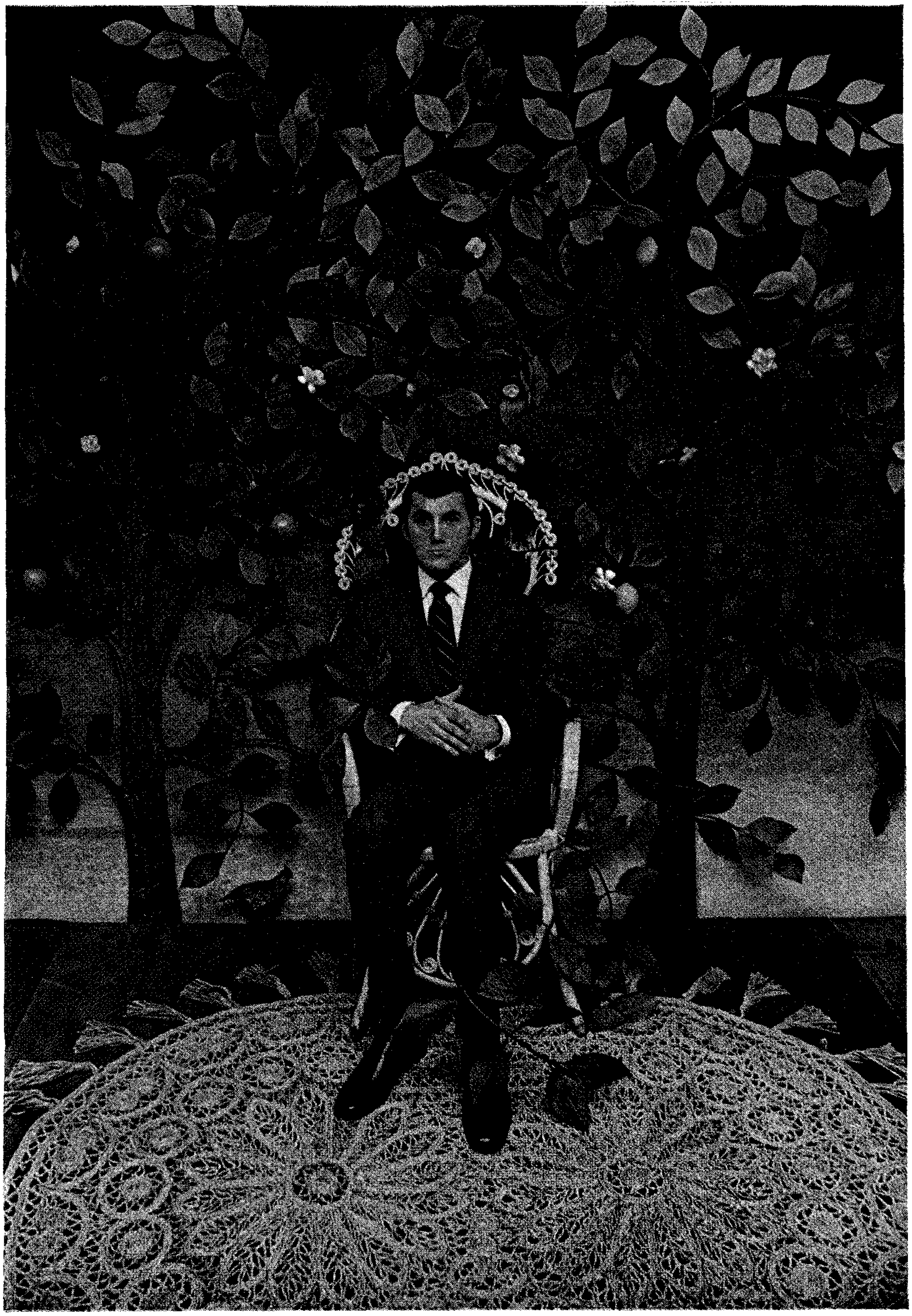

FIFTH
OLD Grant's
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8

Is your gift as good as Grant's?

This year, give your favorite people a gift you know they'll open and enjoy—Grant's 8 Scotch. It's aged for 8 full years . . . brimming with rich, smooth, honest Scotch flavor. And while you're at it, enjoy a little of the holiday Spirit yourself.

Grant's 8 Scotch...as long as you're up.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF © AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. INC., N.Y. IMPORTERS, BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.



Sugar and spice and everything nice are killing what you're made of.

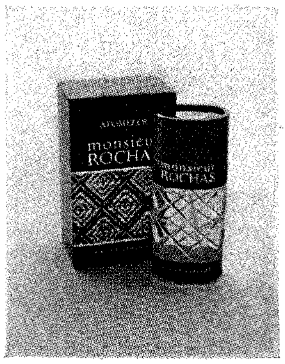
Monsieur Rochas is a new concept in men's cologne and after shave. It won't make you come up smelling like a rose, a forest or a basket of fruit. Because that's no way for a man to smell.

And it won't be the first thing somebody notices about you when you walk into a room. Because the first thing somebody should notice about you is you.

Monsieur Rochas is meant to reflect the man who wears it. Not compete with him.

You'll find that it gets rich at times. Then gentle. Spicy, then soft. Strong, then subtle. That's because it was designed to work with your body's chemistry. Not fight it. To change as it changes.

It's a cologne created simply to let a man smell like a man.



Monsieur Rochas. Created to let a man smell like a man.

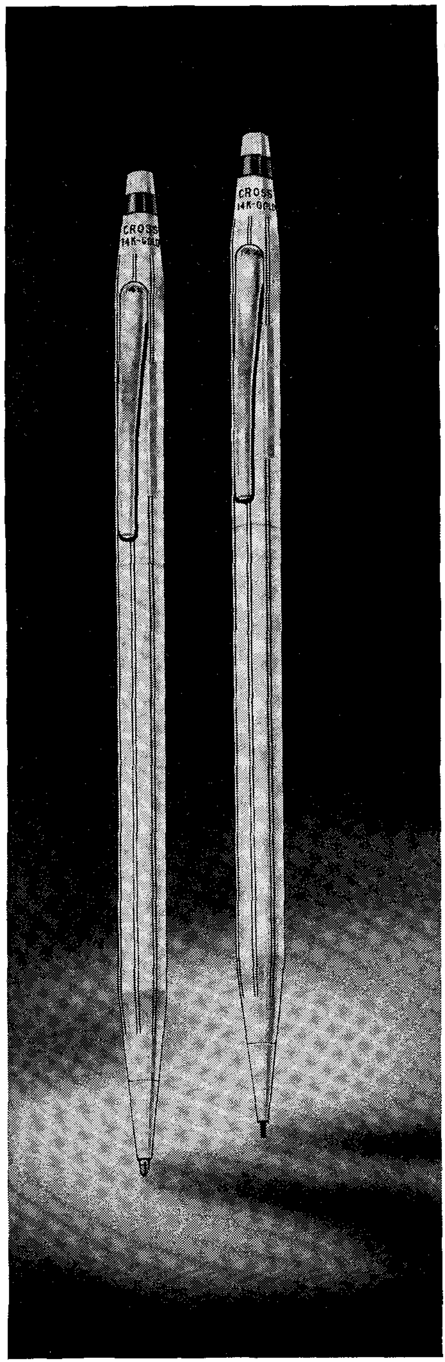
civil-rights organizations had stirred up strong sentiment against the nomination in the northern, and more liberal, part of the state, and his mail from Ohio, some four thousand letters in all by the end, was running eight to one against Carswell. When Saxbe held the press conference and gave reporters copies of the President's letter, he also announced that he would vote for the nominee—and pointedly held his nose as he did. "My main reason for endorsing Carswell was that I wanted to protect Senator Scott," Saxbe later explained. "Many of us very much want a new image for the Republican Party. We fought for Scott, and if he loses, all chance for that new image will vanish, because the Hruskas and the Goldwaters will take over. To protect his own position as Minority Leader, Scott *had* to support Carswell. But he wasn't any more enthusiastic about it than I was. My feeling was that if I backed off from Scott on this one and left him standing alone, it would show that he couldn't line up even the moderates and liberals who are supposed to be his faithful followers."

Perhaps Saxbe was able to take this stand because, unlike most other moderate-to-liberal Republicans in the Senate, he did not, as he admitted, share a feeling of reverence toward the Supreme Court. Some of Saxbe's colleagues, whether or not they shared that feeling, saw that it unquestionably had to be reckoned with. During the debate over Haynsworth's nomination, Senator Griffin paid a visit to Camp David to beseech the President to withdraw that nomination as an act of statesmanship, and argued that it would revitalize the Republican Party nationally and would increase the President's stature immeasurably, both in the Senate and out. "But he just couldn't get the idea across," a man who was close to Griffin said recently. "Nixon simply doesn't understand the gut feeling that the Court is sacred and must not be used for political ends." In the view of a reporter who had long experience on Capitol Hill, both as a journalist and as a senatorial aide, much of the President's attitude could be traced to the influence of Attorney General Mitchell. "The President was a senator for only two years before becoming Vice-President, and has never fully understood the Senate," he said. "And Mitchell has demonstrated time and again that he has no awareness of, or sensitivity to, the senators' political needs, their problems, and, most of all, their pride. It's pretty easy to see what must have happened. When even moderates like Griffin urged the President

Distinguished for beauty,
famed for accuracy since 1791

GIRARD PERREGAUX

Shown: Man's in 14K gold, $175. With 14K gold bracelet, $425. Ladies' in 14K gold, $140.
Other models from $59.50 to over $5000.
For free watch brochure write Girard Perregaux Corp., Dept. OV, 610 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020



Pen $50. *Pencil $50.* *Set $100.*

Solid 14 Karat Gold
writing instruments
impart the feeling of
the donor and the
significance of the
occasion

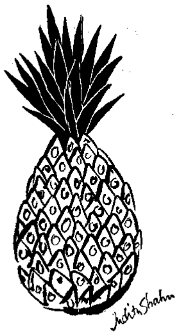
CROSS®

SINCE 1846

©1966 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

to withdraw Haynsworth's nomination, Mitchell, who had to defend it, since he was responsible for it in the first place, must have told Nixon, 'This is not what they claim it is. Actually, it's a political trap, an attempt to get you. If you back down now, you'll never be master in your own house again.' And if the President believed this in the Haynsworth case, the Carswell fight could only have confirmed it in his mind."

Some of the younger Republicans in the Senate felt, as a couple of them admitted in private, that the President was placing his own narrow political advantage above the general good of the nation, and they bitterly resented his attempts to coerce them into going along with him and to impute base motives to them for refusing. With each day, these senators became increasingly convinced that they could not serve their President and the public interest at the same time. "Opposition to the Carswell nomination—however painful it might be for the Republican senators—is a necessary step," David Broder wrote in his Washington *Post* column during this period. "It is necessary for their own political future. It is necessary as a sign to the Administration that there are limits to its compromising of the civil-rights cause. It is necessary as a political corrective to the all-out 'Southern-strategy' advocates. And it is necessary, most of all, if the Republicans are to be a national party capable and worthy of governing this country."



As Saxbe left his press conference, another senator entered to take over the room—and the attention of the large gathering of reporters. To their amazement, the new arrival—William B. Spong, Jr., a conservative Democrat from the conservative state of Virginia—went to the lectern and announced that he would vote for recommittal of the nomination. Though surprising at first, Spong's decision made political sense when one considered some recent developments. For one, Senator Harry Byrd, Jr., his senior colleague, had recently broken with the Democrats in Virginia to become an independent, and his departure from the party that his family had controlled inflexibly for two generations left Spong open to a primary challenge by its more conservative wing—a move that Byrd would not have allowed. For another, in 1969 Virginia elected its first Republican governor, a moderate, in more than eighty years, and it was expected that any candidate he chose to run against Spong in the next election would be either a moderate or a liberal. In short, Spong was threatened from both the right and the left. The likeliest solution to his problem, political observers felt, would be for him to attempt to occupy the center and quietly go after the black vote, since Negro registration in Virginia, as in the rest of the South, had risen so rapidly that black citizens were now believed to hold the balance of power. This analysis satisfied those who viewed politics as a game in which senators cynically manipulated power blocs by altering their own views to fit the prevailing sentiment. As it happened, though, these facts of political life in Virginia had no effect whatever on Spong. "If those factors had weighed with me, I would have voted against Haynsworth, too," he pointed out in the course of a conversation on this subject. "Actually, I was unhappy to vote against Carswell." What made Spong unhappiest was the realization that he would not simply be voting against a nomination but would be subjecting a man to the worst kind of public scorn and humiliation. Next in importance for Spong was his desire to see a conservative Southerner on the Court. These factors had pushed him toward an endorsement, but then Carswell's record on the bench pulled him back. In time, the push-and-pull created such an agonizing dilemma for Spong that he nearly became ill. "He was supercharged, really highly tense over this in a way that I had never seen him before," a friend remarked later. To complicate matters, outside pressures were almost as unendurable as inner pressures—demands from close friends and large campaign contributors that he endorse Carswell; thousands of letters, many of them vituperative and obscene; and, finally, six threats to assassinate him if he opposed Carswell. At that point, Spong took his family to their home outside Norfolk for a rest and a chance to think things over.

Spong took with him the hearing record; two studies made by a group of Columbia Law School students showing that Carswell had an extraordinarily high reversal rate while on the bench; a document describing seventeen civil- and human-rights cases in which he had been not only reversed but reversed unanimously; an unedited, free-swinging copy of the minority report prepared by aides to the four

This is a picture of pretty girls,
and ski lifts, and Olympic types slashing the powder,
and the aprēs-glow at the lodge.
This is a picture of Vermont,
where no two snowflakes are alike.

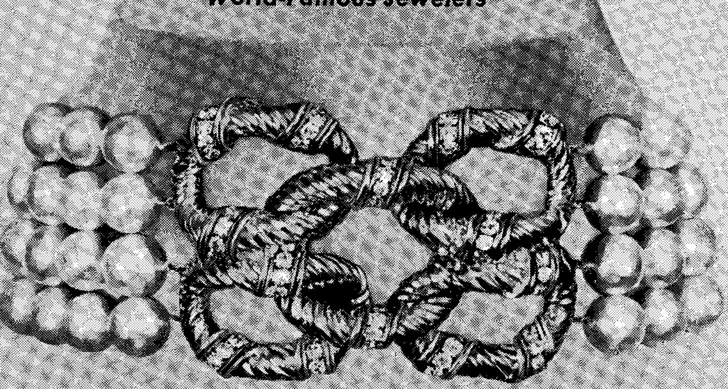
Vermont

Tell me all about winter in Vermont. Write:
State of Vermont, DD-5, Montpelier, Vt. 05602

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

________________________Zip________



VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World-Famous Jewelers

Fashionable Dog Collar

The opulent beauty of warm 18 kt. gold with shimmering diamonds, in intriguingly different twisted rope links. Dog collar, with four strands of lustrous cultured pearls, $3,500. Matching gold and diamond earclips available.

Jewelry design copyrighted

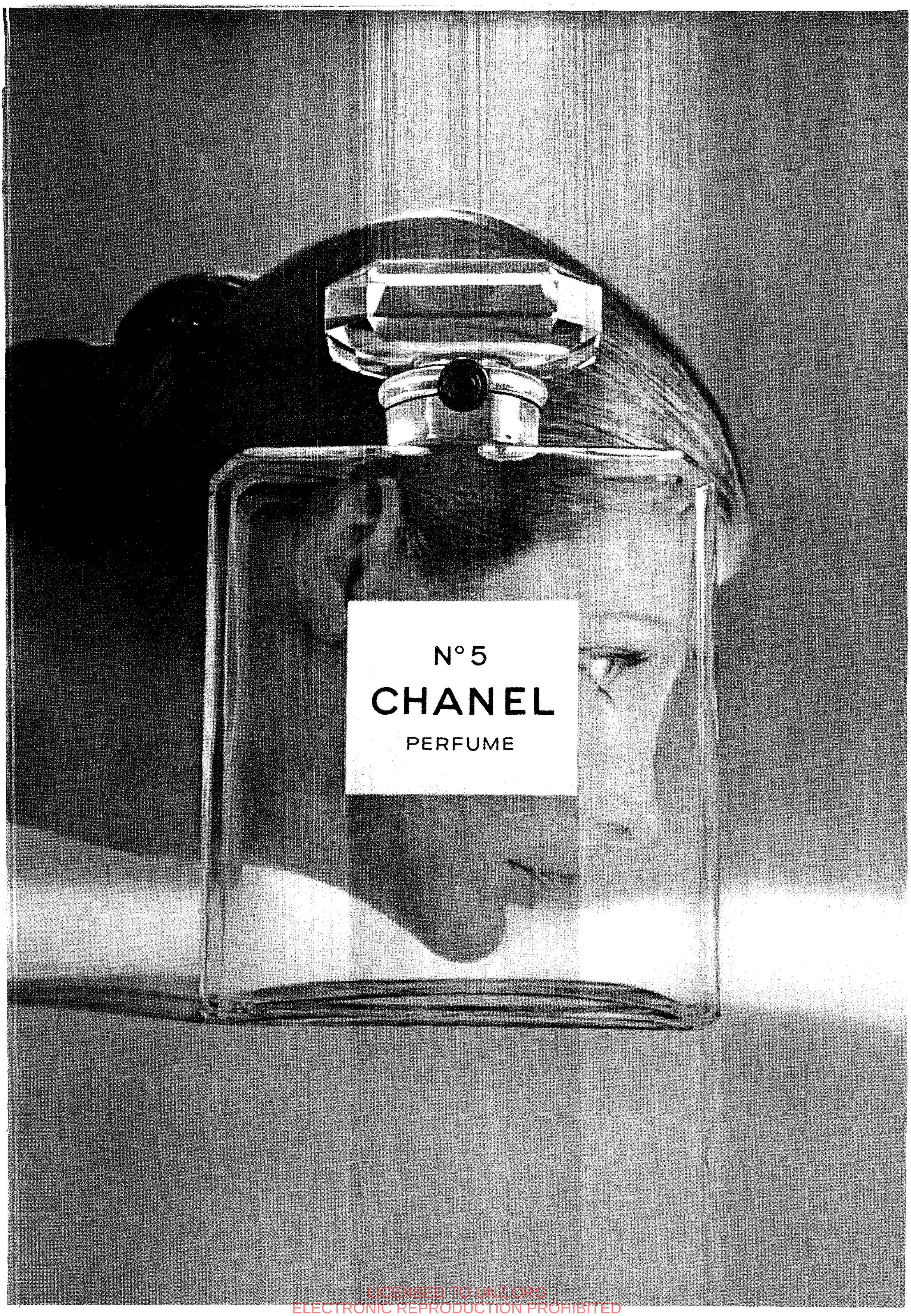
744 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK • 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS
PALM BEACH • PARIS • MONTE CARLO • GENEVA

There,
all is order and beauty,
luxury, calm
and voluptuousness.

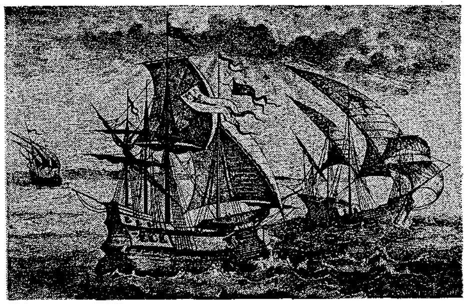
Baudelaire

HOTEL
PLAZA ATHENEE
25, avenue Montaigne, Paris 8e

senators who had opposed the nomination in the Judiciary Committee; several of Carswell's opinions on federal tax cases that had been recommended by two fellow-Southerners who had recently held high positions in the government, Louis F. Oberdorfer, former Assistant Attorney General of the Tax Division in the Department of Justice, and Mortimer M. Kaplan, former head of the Internal Revenue Service; and, finally, a batch of Carswell's opinions on contract-law cases. Spong was deeply impressed by the Columbia study and by the seventeen unanimous reversals. "Then I read the hearings, and concluded that Carswell had been evasive, as charged," Spong recounted later. "After that, I spent a couple of days reading some of his opinions." Several of these were the tax-case opinions sent to him by Oberdorfer and Kaplan, but most of them dealt with contract cases, which had been Spong's specialty in his private law practice before he entered the Senate. On the basis of these, he concluded that he could have written better opinions as a first-year law student, and when he took them to a law firm in the building where he had his home office and asked some friends for their appraisal, they concurred. "But I felt that none of these things, in themselves, were sufficient reason to vote against him," Spong went on. "I felt that he ought to have a chance to straighten out his evasive testimony, to explain these cases and Tuttle's withdrawal, which had also affected me, and that it would be best to reopen the hearings and ask him back. When charges were made against Fortas and he refused to reappear and answer them, that turned me off and I voted against him. When charges were made against Haynsworth and he came back and explained to my satisfaction what had happened, I voted for him. My support for recommittal was not a maneuver to kill the nomination. If Carswell had cleared up the questions that bothered me, I would have been delighted to vote for him. But as it stood his testimony just wasn't satisfactory." Although Spong did not reveal whether he intended to vote up or down on confirmation if the recommittal motion failed, his aides, who firmly opposed Carswell, were convinced that he would vote no—as in fact he did. Of course, everyone in the opposition was delighted by Spong's arrival—no one more than Fulbright, who now had some protection against the expected charge that he was a traitor to the South. Spong, on the other hand, could take no comfort from


N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

The Spanish were nice enough to discover America.



You should at least discover their brandy.

Establishe 1730
IMPORTED
Pedro Domecq
ESTABLISHED 1730
FUNDADOR
BRANDY
FUNDADOR
BRANDY

After what Ferdinand and Isabella did for you, don't you feel you owe the Spanish the courtesy of trying their favorite brandy?

Fundador is essence of Spain. It draws life from the unique sherry grapes of Jerez in the south of Spain. (Just a few miles from where Columbus sailed to the West, to find the East.)

Then Fundador matures, slowly mellowing into a rich smooth brandy with a warmth all its own. A warmth without the dryness that keeps some people away from brandy.

In fact, Fundador is such a superb brandy that what starts out as a return of a favor could wind up being the best favor you can do yourself.

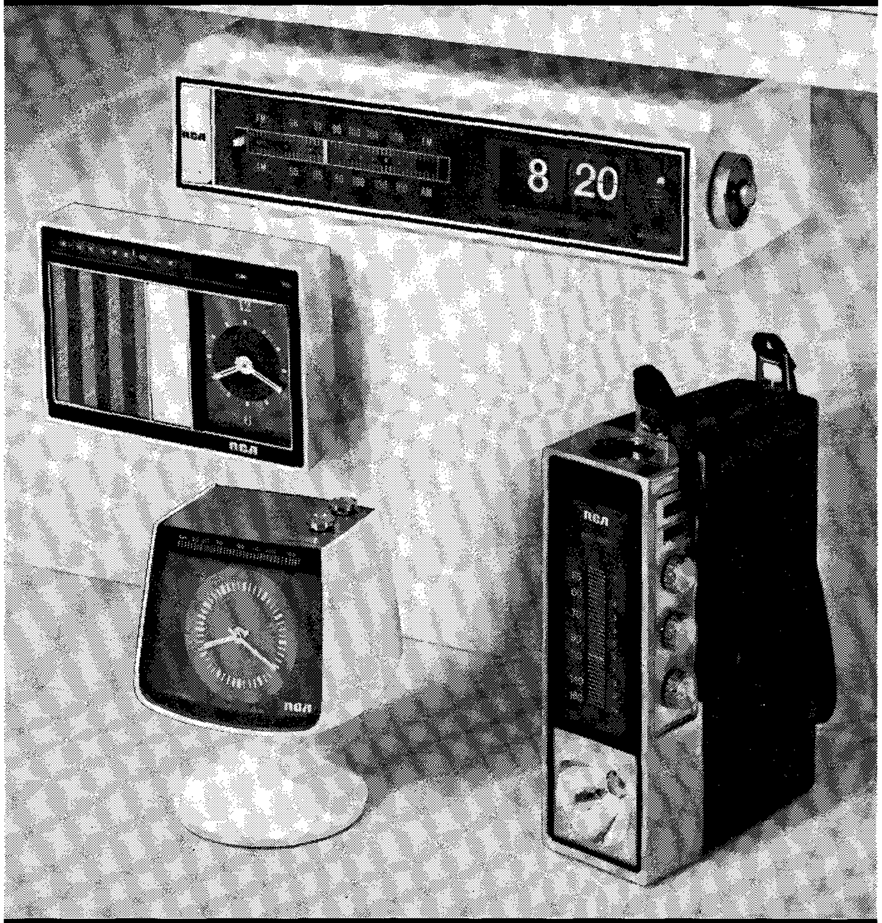
Fundador

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.

his alliance with Fulbright, whose stand against the war in Vietnam made him a traitor to the entire country in the eyes of the hawkish residents of Virginia.

While Spong's announcement offset the Saxbe letter—an accident of timing, as it happened—Senator Cook immediately offset Spong by announcing, that day, his intention to oppose recommittal. That created consternation in the anti-Carswell camp, because it suggested that Cook might also support confirmation. Actually, Cook had already made up his mind to vote against Carswell in the end, as he had told those at the Wednesday Club lunch, but he didn't want to reveal it publicly and provoke howls of protest back home. However, he had told the White House where he stood, and asked to be left alone. For a time, he was, apparently because the staff there realized how hard he had worked for them in leading the fight for Haynsworth, and because they knew that Cook's constituents would keep up the pressure on him anyway. Although Kentucky is a border state, it is intensely proud of its Southern heritage—rather like a man whose uncertainty about his forebears makes him a snob—and is deeply conservative in general. Republican county chairmen, the men who get out the vote on Election Day and who tend to be even more conservative than the average voter, could be expected to be infuriated by Cook's vote. If they were sufficiently angry, of course, they might take the step that all incumbents fear the most—a primary challenge the next time around, which divides one's potential supporters and invariably leads many of them to sit out the general election. But, like Spong, Cook was having trouble with his conscience. In the Haynsworth contest, he had set down standards for a Supreme Court nominee to demonstrate that his support for this one was by no means casual. One standard was that experience on the federal bench was not enough to qualify one for the Court unless it was accompanied by a record of distinction, and now Cook found that he was stuck with it, since Carswell clearly didn't measure up. His opinions were undistinguished, he had mistreated lawyers in his court, and his reversal rate was shocking, Cook concluded. Even in straightforward civil cases, as opposed to controversial civil-rights suits, in which the law was sometimes unclear, his reversal rate was almost twice as high as other judges'. "I tried to figure out how a federal judge could get himself overruled that often," Cook said later. "When you examine Carswell's cases, you have to conclude that really

More than radio radios.



You remember Radio. When the whole family gathered in the parlor to hear their President's fireside chats.

Those days are gone. But radio's not. Now RCA has More Than Radio Radios. The ones with a little something extra for every room, every family member.

Like the Cliffhanger. An FM/AM digital clock that tucks under a kitchen cabinet to save counter space.

Or our sculptured Goblet. An AM clock radio that's more like a Rodin.

The Big Switch is a bathroom wall model with a push on/off bar for the guy in a lather.

And for the man who wants to be alone but not lost, there's the Camper. With compass and flashlight.

You've come a long way, radio. And so have we.

New vibrations from an old master.

RCA

For your nearest RCA dealer, call this special number toll free 800-243-6000. (In Conn., 800-942-0655)

antartex
SHEEPSKIN
from Scotland

No. 34: $215
polished brown wool

All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women — 25 styles (four new this year), 12 colours — from $90.00. Also available in Antartex sheepskin — slippers, boots, hats, rugs, etc. Handmade knitwear. By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich, 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq. 868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath 60045. 312-CE4-9100
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 339-1276
Washington, DC: The Sheep Shop, 3220 'O' Street, N.W. 202-338-8078

Send $1 for your catalogue and real sheepskin samples with your name and address to:—
ANTARTEX MAIN SHOP,
(AT.1) 120 Greenwich Ave.
Greenwich, Conn. 06830.
Tel: 203-661-5788

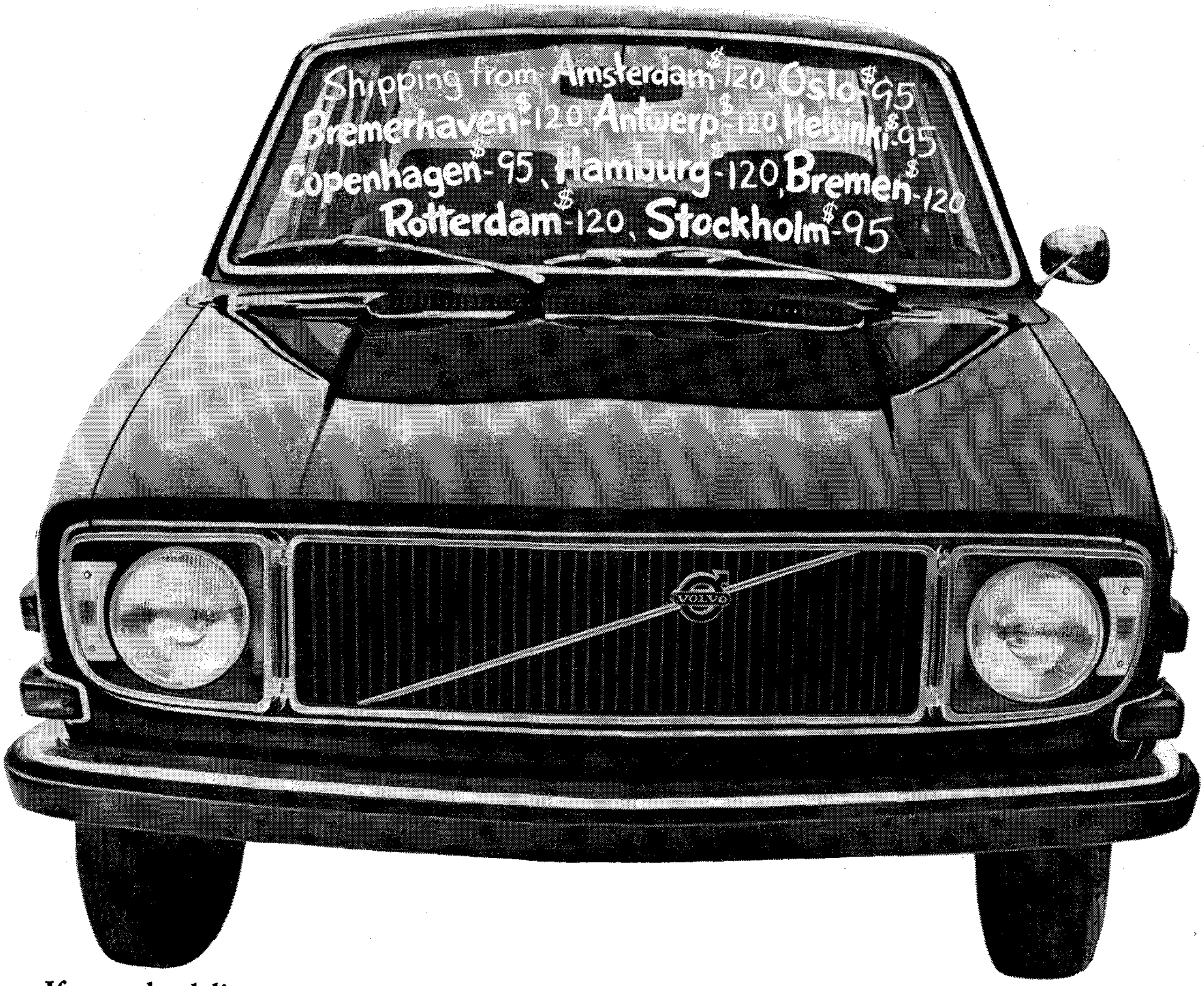
and truly the man must have some hang-up with the doctrine of *stare decisis*—that is, precedent. His failure, or refusal, to follow that rule, which is the basis of our judicial system, proved that he was the opposite of a strict constructionist.” Another factor that weighed heavily with Cook was Judge Carswell’s testimony at the hearings, which Cook, as a member of the Judiciary Committee, followed carefully. “I remember so vividly that on the first day Jim Eastland was reading Carswell’s biographical sketch, and asked him if it was correct,” Cook recalled. Taking a copy of the hearing record off his desk, he opened it and read the Judge’s answer: “ ‘Yes, Senator, [but] there is one small error in date. My present memory is that my military service should read 8-9-42 instead of 8-27-42, because I entered on active duty with the Navy in South Bend, Indiana, Notre Dame University, on August 9, 1942.’ ” Closing the volume, Cook went on, “Now, he remembered that twenty-eight years before he had gone into the Navy on August 9th, not August 27th. But then on the question of the incorporation of the golf club he suddenly didn’t remember anything. He had a twenty-eight-year memory, but he couldn’t remember that he had seen the incorporation papers the night before. He must have thought, ‘I signed some papers on some place that discriminated, and I have to get out of it.’ Instead, he should have pointed out that just about every golf club in the country discriminated then and many still do, that it was done in a place where the question never arose, and that, indeed, he had been wrong even so to sign it. If he had done that, he probably would be on the Supreme Court today.” Still another factor that had influenced him, Cook went on, was the warning—expressed earlier by Senator Goodell—that Carswell might be on the Court for thirty years or more, and the argument made by others that while undistinguished men had been put on the Court in past years, that was no reason that they should be now. “The errors of a legislator in Congress are only for two or six years’ duration,” Cook added. “Then, if the people don’t like what he did, they can recall him. But the errors of a Supreme Court justice can hurt a whole nation and can’t be remedied. I couldn’t be a party to allowing that and remain in the Senate.”

OVER the Easter recess, eight members of the Senate left Washington to attend a conference of the Interparliamentary Union in Monaco. Scott was among them, despite the pleas of Bryce N. Harlow, the President’s director of liaison with Congress, that he stay in town during the last crucial days before the vote on Carswell. Scott retorted that if the period wasn’t crucial enough to keep the President and the Attorney General from going to Florida, it wasn’t crucial enough to keep him from going to Monaco. Kleindienst also made the same plea, and got the same response—in somewhat harsher language. During the conference, however, Scott took advantage of the relaxed and amiable mood of his colleagues to work on a couple of uncommitted members of the official party. Bayh was also on hand, and he worked on them to cancel Scott’s effect. In any event, Scott remained in Monaco until April 4th, two days before the recommittal vote, but Bayh was too worried about what was happening in his absence to stay that long, and returned on April 1st. On his flight back to Washington, he received a message during a refuelling stop that his wife’s father had killed her stepmother and himself. When the plane landed in Washington, Bayh’s chief aide, Robert Keefe, was waiting for him with a car and immediately drove him to his home. Mrs. Bayh had decided to stay over in Monaco until the official party left on the fourth, and didn’t get word of the murder-suicide until after her husband had departed. By now, she had left, too, and was due in Washington early the next morning. Shaken by the family tragedy and deeply concerned about its effect on his wife, Bayh paced restlessly through the house for a long time, until he decided that he could do nothing about it until his wife arrived. With that, he turned his attention to the Saxbe letter, which had been released that afternoon and which Keefe had given him a copy of on the way back from the airport. Although the letter struck Bayh as an absurdly concocted gimmick, he was worried about the effect it might have not on members of the Senate but on the public. Finally, he called Bill Wise, his press officer, to talk it over and to get his views on whether it would be inexcusably bad taste, in view of the circumstances, to make a speech on the subject the following day, Thursday, April 2nd. Wise thought that could be handled by including a line in the speech to the effect that the importance of the issue overrode even the deepest personal concerns, and finally Bayh agreed and said, “O.K., let’s go.”

Wise telephoned his colleague P. J.

First we offer to ship your Volvo home free from the factory.

Then we make it worth your while to decline our generous offer.


Shipping from Amsterdam-$120, Oslo-$95
Bremerhaven-$120, Antwerp-$120, Helsinki-$95
Copenhagen-$95, Hamburg-$120, Bremen-$120
Rotterdam-$120, Stockholm-$95
VOLVO

If you take delivery on a Volvo in Europe and drop it off at our factory in Sweden, we'll ship it to New York, Baltimore or Norfolk for free.

This wonderful deal has just one drawback–you have to drive back to our factory to take advantage of it. And while our factory is bright, cheerful and modern, it may not be your idea of the perfect end to a European vacation.

So we offer an alternative to it: Drop your Volvo off at any one of the ten cities listed above, and we'll ship it back for either $95 or $120.* (Depending upon which city we ship it from.)

That's about one-third of what you'd have to pay if you did it yourself.

Either way you ship your Volvo back, you save money on it.

And either way, you get a car that lasts a long time. We can't guarantee how long, of course, but nine out of every ten Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

Which means that after three years, you can stop putting your money into car payments. And start putting it into other things.

Like more trips to Europe.

Write us for a free copy of our Tourist Sales brochure. Or ask any Volvo dealer.

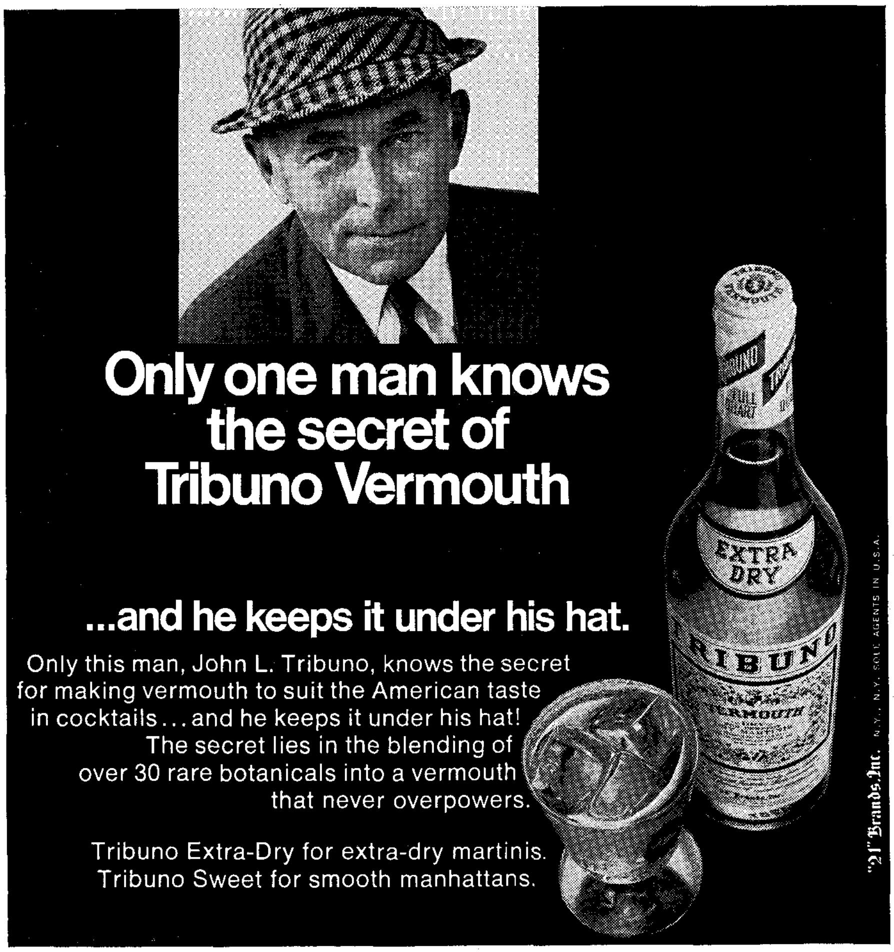
---

*Shipping prices higher to West Coast.

Volvo, Inc., Tourist Sales, Department 803, Rockleigh, N.J. 07647

VOLVO

© VOLVO, INC., 1970



Only one man knows the secret of Tribuno Vermouth

...and he keeps it under his hat.

Only this man, John L. Tribuno, knows the secret for making vermouth to suit the American taste in cocktails... and he keeps it under his hat! The secret lies in the blending of over 30 rare botanicals into a vermouth that never overpowers.

Tribuno Extra-Dry for extra-dry martinis.
Tribuno Sweet for smooth manhattans.

'21' Brands, Inc. N.Y., N.Y. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.

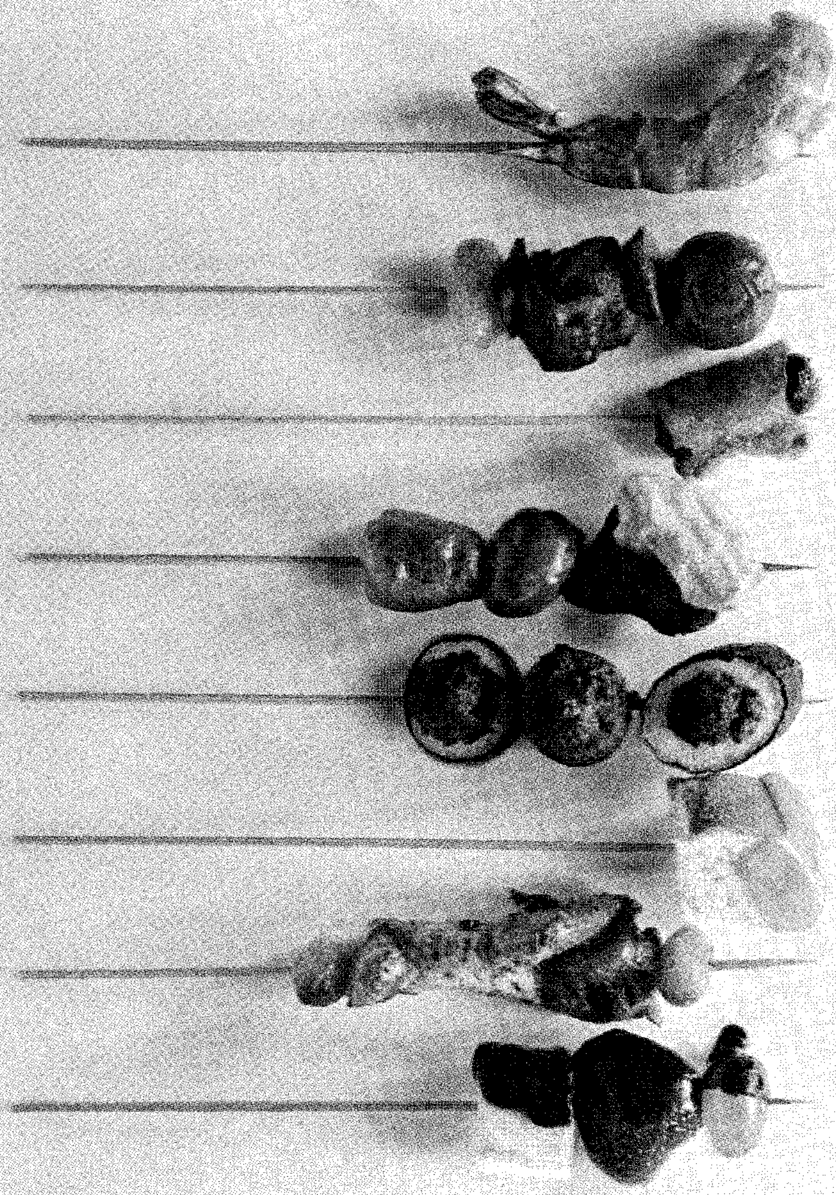
At Homerica we have helped over 51,000 relocating families select the communities and homes that best fit their particular mode of living. Choosing a home as far away as Hawaii can be just as easy as choosing a house in your own home town . . . if you do it the Homerica way. We know over 5,000 key communities intimately and we can tell you all you need to know to help you select those that are right for you. Then we'll screen them for homes that best fit your particular requirements. After this is done, arrangements are made for you to inspect each one, limiting your problems to a selection only. A selection that is sure to be a happy one, not a nervous ill-informed one.

THE NATION'S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMEQUITY, INC.
Write Dept. R1212
200 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 661-3111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111
© 1970, Homerica

Selecting a new home in New York, Washington, California, or Canada can be as easy as selecting the house next door.

Mode, who had just arrived at Senator Kennedy's home to attend a farewell party for one of his aides, and Mode left for his office at once. Shortly after he joined Wise there, Keefe and Joseph Rees, Keefe's deputy, arrived, and the four men worked throughout the night drafting a speech. At 6 A.M., they went home for a couple of hours' sleep, after which they returned to the office, went over the speech with Bayh, had some secretaries type up the draft, and mimeographed copies of it for the press. Although by this time everyone knew about Horsky's meeting with Carswell, the memorandum describing the details hadn't arrived yet. Informed early that morning by Tydings' office that it was expected momentarily, Wise inserted a couple of references to it in the speech so that Tydings would have an opening to engage Bayh in a colloquy on the subject and then put the memorandum into the record. Apparently, the other side got word that Bayh and Tydings now had Horsky's version of the meeting, for when Bayh finally got the floor, around four o'clock that afternoon, two Republican senators, Robert Dole, of Kansas, and Edward J. Gurney, of Florida, who was Carswell's original sponsor, continually interrupted him to delay Tydings' maneuver until after the press deadline for morning papers, which is normally around four-thirty. To outflank them, Wise gave key reporters copies of the memorandum, which had also been given to all members of the Senate, and copies of the speech, so that they could use them in their stories for the next morning, and promised that both documents would be a part of the record by adjournment time if Bayh and Tydings had to keep the Senate in session all night. To fulfill Wise's promise, they kept the Senate in session until well after nine o'clock. Although the Horsky memo was clearly the more important document, the next day's papers gave far more attention to Bayh's rebuttal of the President's letter to Saxbe.

It is impossible to assess the effect of the Horsky memo on the outcome, but certainly it was not as great as it would have been if Horsky had not temporized so long—until after most of those who were going to vote for Carswell had made their position known and thereby locked themselves in. One known effect, though, was that it gave those of Carswell's backers who were already uneasy about their stand a few bad hours. For instance, Senator Griffin said afterward, "I was bothered by the Horsky memo. For a whole



Easy Tempura—Skewer peeled raw shrimp. Dip in batter: 1 c. pancake mix, 1 c. water, 1 egg. Brown in cooker (oil at 360°)—3 min. wonder.

Mini Shish Kebabs—Alternate on skewers, cubes of lamb marinated in French dressing, vegetables—cook to taste 2-3 minutes at 360°.

Pigs in Blanket—Your own or frozen. Set control at 360°—your Panasonic browns them golden perfect! Dip into mustard, sweet-sour sauce.

Beef Fondue/Tempura—Double sirloin treat—dip one cube in batter, add olive or other garnish, plain beef cube. Easy-brown at 360°.

Meatball in Garden—Season ground beef, beat in egg. Stuff into cored zucchini, tiny tomatoes or onions. Skewer, cook tender—2 min. at 360°.

Golden Fondue—Heat 1 c. white wine, 180°. Gradually add ¾ lb. Cheddar cubes, 2 tbsps. flour, 1 tbsp. ea. Worcestershire, butter. Stir. Bread-dip.

Chicken Wing-Dings—Cut chicken wings at joints. Marinate in teriyaki sauce. Skewer with small fruit, glaze-crisp at 360° about 3 min. Make plenty.

Chocolate Fondue—Dipping dessert. Melt at 240° ¼ c. butter, 12 oz. chocolate bits, ⅓ c. sour cream. Add ⅓ c. coffee liqueur. Dip fruits.

Because you can't get by on your California Onion Dip forever.

Introducing the Tempura-Fondue Maker from Panasonic. To make Swiss Fondue, Japanese Tempura, Mongolian Shabu-Shabu. To cook Swedish Meatballs, Hungarian Goulash, Pot Roast—even Chicken Soup. To make wild and exotic food combinations. In minutes. And it's easy as putting a plug into the wall.

At your next get-together, just set out plenty of fixings (shrimp, beef, batter, vegetables or whatever) and watch your guests make their own hors d'oeuvres and appetizers. It's an evening's entertainment. While you sit back and enjoy your company. Or just your own family. In your living room. Den. Porch. Even your backyard.

Everything is automatic. Because there's a whole range of temperature settings to keep a cheese fondue simmering, a chocolate fondue warm, casseroles and covered dishes piping hot.

Nothing ever gets cold, undercooked or overcooked. And there's no smoke, no flame or odors from kerosene or candles to worry about.

One more thing. It's lined with Teflon®. Which means when the evening's over, your work doesn't just begin.

The Tempura-Fondue Maker. Two-quart capacity. Anti-spatter rim and drain. Removable cover. In avocado green, harvest gold or flaming red. With recipe booklet, 100 bamboo skewers and hundreds of delicious possibilities.

You'll say goodby to just getting by.

The Tempura-Fondue Maker from
PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

La Menthe c'est Get

say "pip-per-mint jet"

The Creme de Menthe

WILE
Imported from France
PIPPERMINT
GET
CREME DE MENTHE
PIPPERMINT
GET
CREME DE MENTHE
GET

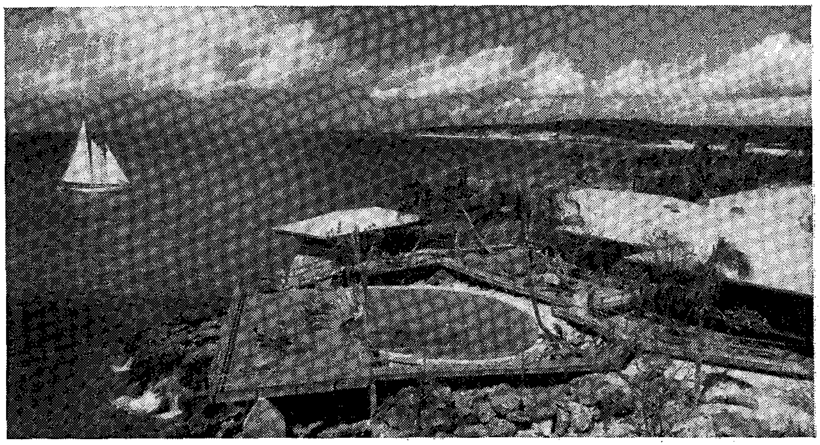
The creme de menthe the French have been sipping since 1796 is here. France, you've done it again.

Julius
WILE
SONS & CO.
INC.
NEW YORK

60 PROOF

weekend, I gave that a lot of thought." Some of his aides tried to persuade him that the memorandum was more than enough to justify him in retracting his support, and one of them said later, "He was within a hair of turning around. But the White House had him locked in, and finally he bit the bullet and said he would stay where he was." To justify *that*, Griffin instructed a lawyer on his staff to draw up a memorandum on the memorandum to show that it did not prove Carswell a liar. Over that weekend, Griffin also talked to Senator Cooper, of Kentucky, and Senator Williams, of Delaware, to see if the Horsky memo had forced them to withdraw their endorsements, which would have made it easier for him to follow the same course. When they replied that they meant to stick with the White House, he saw that he would have to go along with them. "He couldn't leave the kitchen when the heat was on if no one left with him," one of his assistants explained.

Despite his reservations, Griffin returned to the fray with the kind of determination that only a politician can summon under such circumstances, and began working harder than ever to persuade uncommitted colleagues to join Carswell's backers. The first was Senator Prouty, of Vermont, who was eager to support the President but was up for reëlection and was being hounded by critics of the nomination back home. Prouty's opponent was the former governor of Vermont, Philip Hoff, who had been approached by the anti-Carswell lobby in Washington and was now travelling around the state calling Prouty's earlier promise to vote for Carswell the act of a rubber stamp, not a senator. With independent-minded voters like Vermonters, the charge worked, and the mail opposing Carswell, and anyone who voted for him, began pouring into Prouty's office. Finally, he gave in, or so it seemed, and promised Brooke his vote. But now, when Griffin showed him the memorandum on the Horsky memo, Prouty promised to cast his vote for Carswell if it was needed. His intention, it appeared, was to vote for recommittal once it was sure to lose, which would allow him to tell his constituents that he wanted the matter reëxamined to make sure that the nominee was qualified and was treated fairly. When recommittal failed, he could then vote for confirmation and justify it by saying that the sense of the Senate had been to accept the nominee's credentials. "That was one of our basic mistakes—counting on Prouty," an outside lobbyist said later. "We put too



St. Maarten is the island that offers you two countries. And now, one truly great resort.

St. Maarten. Half-Dutch. Half-French. And wholly captivating. With soaring hills, magnificent white sand beaches, and the duty-free towns of Philipsburg and Marigot.

And now St. Maarten also has Mullet Bay Beach Hotel, a fabulous new resort on 150 acres with a gorgeous half-mile beach and a picturesque seawalk. How lucky can an island get?

At Mullet Bay, suites and rooms are delightfully secluded, with flowered courtyards and lanais. There's no high-rise, no honky-tonk. Just simple luxury all around you.

Three surfside restaurants, for instance. Cocktail lounges. A beach bar. An intimate casino. Complimentary wine with your dinner. (Stay a week or more MAP, and we also treat you to dinner at a marvelous French restaurant in Marigot.)

Swim, snorkel, sail, play tennis, or skim in our boats to other beaches. All free. Or take a trip to the romantic isle of Saba or St. Barth's. In the evening, dance beneath the Caribbean stars.

Non-stop KLM-ALM flights serve St. Maarten from New York. There is also frequent service from San Juan—half an hour away. Reservations? A brochure? Just ask your travel agent. Or call our New York Reservation Office: (212) JU 6-4500.

ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

Mullet Bay BEACH HOTEL

Old worlds for sale.

Worlds that stretch from the ruins of Persepolis to the Taj Mahal. From the storytellers' bazaars of Peshawar to the Bolshoi of Moscow. From the 5000-year-old-city of Moenjodaro to Kathmandu in the fairy tale kingdom of Nepal.

These are the old worlds offered in PIA's 16 Adventure Tours to Ancient Lands in Modern Comfort. Journeys that follow the Footsteps of Alexander the Great. Marco Polo. Genghis Khan and Omar Khayyam.

PIA's tours to antiquity start as low as $995 for 17 days. See your travel agent and ask to see the beautifully descriptive 120-page book, "The Other Side of the World." Or mail the coupon for free brochures.

Pakistan International Airlines
Box 505
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

I would like to see more information on PIA's 16 Adventure Tours to Ancient Lands in Modern Comfort. Please send me free brochures.

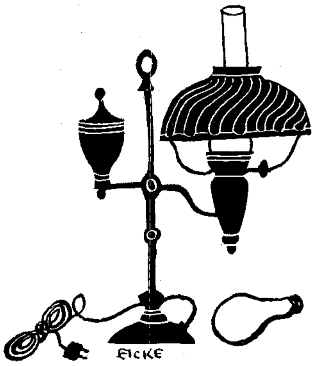
Name
Street
City State Zip
Telephone

The Airline to The Other Side of the World.

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES PIA
N.Y.-1201

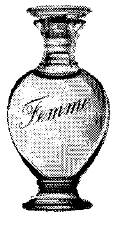
much work in and too much emphasis on him. We should have known all along that he would go whichever way the strongest wind blew." There was also some doubt about the firmness of a promise elicited from Senator Thomas J. Dodd, Democrat of Connecticut, to oppose confirmation. Not long before, the Justice Department had announced that it was dropping its case against Dodd for allegedly misusing campaign funds and misreporting his income, and many people concluded that this decision was half of a deal, the other half being Dodd's guarantee that he would support the Administration when it needed him. In the Haynsworth case, for instance, Dodd abstained on the first roll call, and then, when it was clear that the nomination was defeated, he cast his vote against it. He had voted for Carswell in the Judiciary Committee and showed every sign of planning to vote for him on the floor until one of his opponents in the forthcoming primary race in Connecticut, the Reverend Joseph Duffey, national chairman of the A.D.A., and local labor unions began going after him, whereupon Dodd reaffirmed his promise to oppose Carswell on the final vote.

As the date for the vote drew near and the Administration discovered the extent of the trouble it was in, panic ensued. To counter the effect of the Horsky memo, Deputy Attorney General Kleindienst enlisted the help of judges on District Courts in the Fifth Circuit, and persuaded fifty of the fifty-eight who were on the bench and seven of the thirteen who had retired to endorse Carswell by way of another telegram. In the press and in the Senate, Kleindienst's maneuver was put down as outright intimidation. Whatever the impropriety of his efforts, there could be no doubt about the impropriety of the judges' lobby, for the Judicial Conference, which is made up of federal judges representing all eleven circuits, specifically forbids any political activity by any federal judge for any reason. One judge who was charged with having ignored that was the highest of them all—Chief Justice Warren E. Burger. Although the Chief Justice has angrily denied the charge that he lobbied among several senators to get their votes for Carswell, at least one of them still asserts that he did.



A number of Republican senators observed that they had never seen such incompetent liaison work by an Administration as there was in the Haynsworth case—until the Carswell nomination. In at least one instance, the lines of communication broke down completely in the latter fight. Senator Mathias had been out of the country on Senate business during the Carswell hearings, and since he was a member of the Judiciary Committee, he felt obliged to read the record of the hearings when he got back. Afterward, he was dissatisfied, mainly because he had not had a chance to assess Carswell in person. "All my instincts were directed toward justifying a vote for Carswell," he said later. "I felt that another fight over the Court after Haynsworth was harmful to the Court, to the President, to the Senate, to the Republican Party, and to the country, and I didn't want to be the one who caused that harm if the vote was close, as everyone expected. But as I went into the record and the newspaper reports, I found it more and more difficult to reconcile myself to the nomination. Finally, I asked to meet Carswell." Mathias made his request to Hruska, and, when nothing happened, to Gurney, and, when nothing happened, to John Dean, the Justice Department's liaison man, who passed it on to Kleindienst. Still nothing happened. Perhaps Kleindienst decided that since Mathias had opposed Haynsworth, he would undoubtedly oppose Carswell and merely wanted to demonstrate to his constituents that he had done everything he could to bring himself to vote for the nominee. If this was the case, Kleindienst ignored the obvious indication that Mathias hadn't made up his mind. "If I had, I wouldn't have asked for a meeting, which was bound to be painfully embarrassing for both Carswell and me," he said. "Anyway, we were getting down to the wire, and I was becoming increasingly distressed, particularly about Carswell's abominable record on the bench. I was worried about the terrible position Scott was in, and wanted to help him if I could. I talked to Cooper, and he argued that Carswell was being held to unreasonable standards, but I couldn't see that. Finally, on April 1st, I renewed my request for a meeting, this time in writing, and sent it to the Justice Department. I never got an answer. That was unprecedented in something as critical as this, where one vote really mattered. I

We think you'll like this perfume. We named it after you.



PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS/NEW YORK

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Because unpacking is a pain in your vacation.

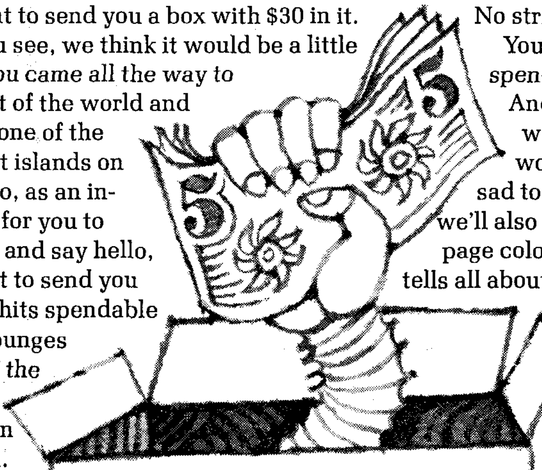
The Ventura Hangaway, from our deluxe "Stripes of Fashion" collection.

Made to be "lived out of." Has removable Hang-Away curtain and Shu-pak. Detachable pouches for blouses, lingerie, toiletries, etc. Holds 16 dresses within easy reach. See the complete His n' Her collection at fine stores everywhere. Open stock in 33 sizes, 12 colors.

For free "Tips on Packing," write Ventura, Dept. DS, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Ventura® So high in fashion . . . so light in weight.

FREE JACK IN A BOX.



We want to send you a box with $30 in it. No strings attached. You see, we think it would be a little sad if you came all the way to this part of the world and missed one of the prettiest islands on earth. So, as an incentive for you to drop by and say hello, we want to send you $30 in chits spendable in the lounges of six of the finest hotels on Antigua. You don't have to spend a dime here. And to show you why we think it would be a little sad to miss Antigua, we'll also enclose a 110-page color booklet that tells all about it. Plus color brochures from each of the six hotels. Now is that a nice deal or what?

The Great Hotels of Antigua
Nice island. Nice people. Nice deal.

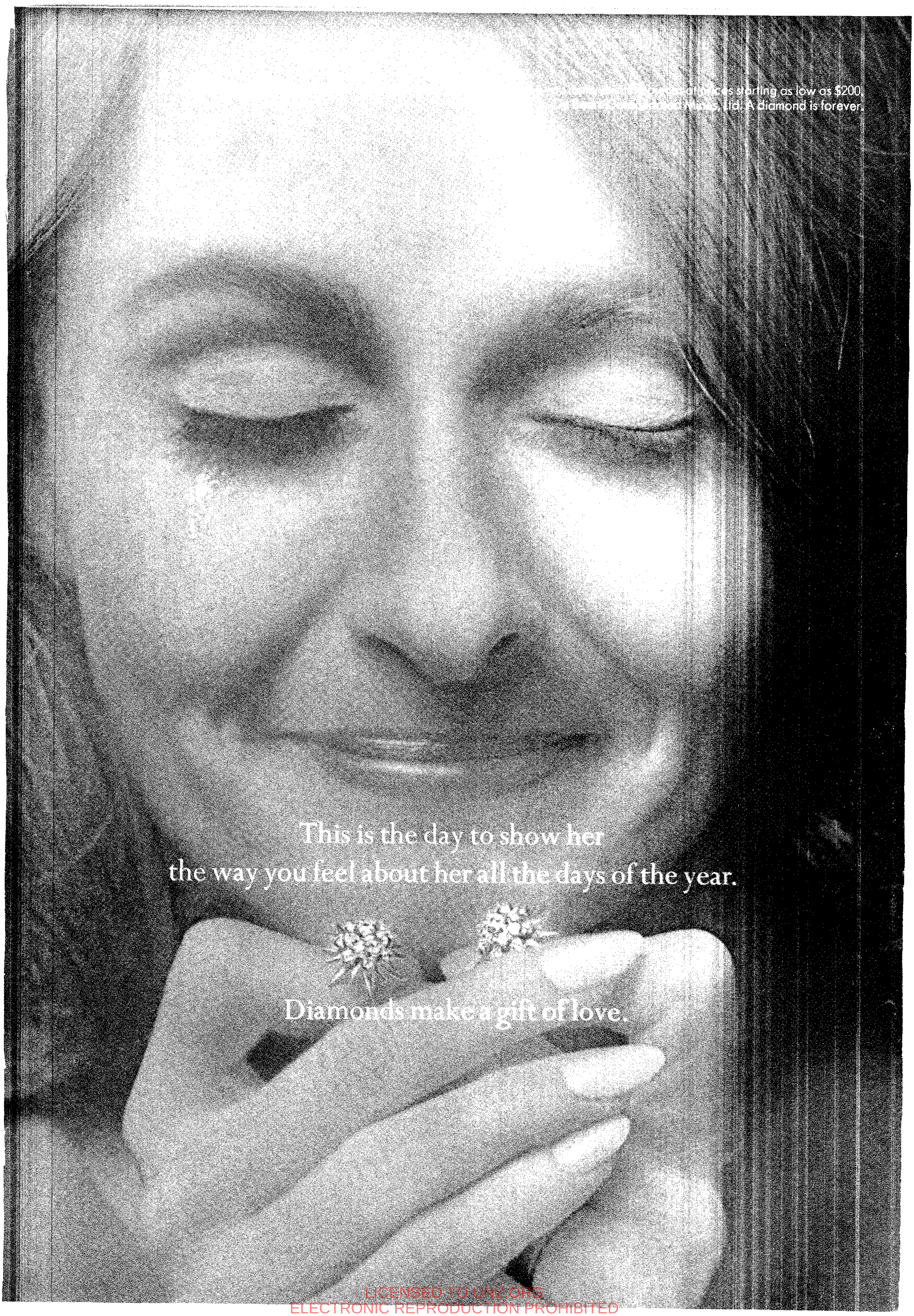
211 E. 43 St., New York, N.Y. 10017 B
Gentlemen: It does sound nice. Please send my free jack in a box, and the free brochures.

Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
City. . . . .
State. . . . . Zip. . . . .

"We're in the 8th Continent of the world."

didn't hear from a single person in the executive branch—not from the President, not from the Attorney General or his Deputy, not from anyone lower down—even though I had asked for information and guidance." Finally, Mathias mentioned this to Gurney, who was stunned by the Administration's bumbling, and he called the White House and demanded that it make amends. Almost immediately, Mathias got a call from an aide there who offered to have Carswell flown up from Florida for a meeting with him the night before the vote. Mathias turned down the offer. "I told him that clandestine midnight meetings on judgeships were not in our tradition," he recalled afterward. "Obviously, a meeting under such strained conditions could not have been helpful."

ONCE the Administration realized that if it lost on the motion to recommit the nomination it would, unlike the opposition, have no second chance, it let fly with everything in its arsenal. By the day before the recommittal vote, the mood in the White House was buoyant, and the press secretary confidently announced that, with four senators being absent, the vote would be fifty to forty-six against the motion. Unknown to the White House, Bayh fully agreed with its expectation of victory and estimated its winning margin would be even larger. Also unknown to the White House, he had given up any hope of recommitting the nomination and, in a secret tactical switch, had turned his attention to the final vote, which the White House, in its frantic concern about recommittal, was ignoring. Late in the week before the first vote—set for Monday, April 6th—Bayh had concluded that his side would probably lose that because of all the pressures applied by the Administration. He discussed this with Mansfield, who suggested that he might dispense with the recommittal motion and move to take a vote on confirmation in its place. After thinking that over, Bayh finally disagreed, on the ground that many senators who wanted to see Carswell lose also wanted to vote for him in some way—in the case of Republicans, to soothe the President and, in the case of Democrats, to soothe those of their constituents who were for Carswell—and that if the recommittal motion was dropped that would close the door to any token support. No sooner had Bayh made this point than he discovered the solution to his problem—allowing these senators to meet their political needs by releasing them from their commitments to vote for recommittal as long as they



[illegible] at prices starting as low as $200.
[illegible] Mines, Ltd. A diamond is forever.
This is the day to show her
the way you feel about her all the days of the year.
Diamonds make a gift of love.

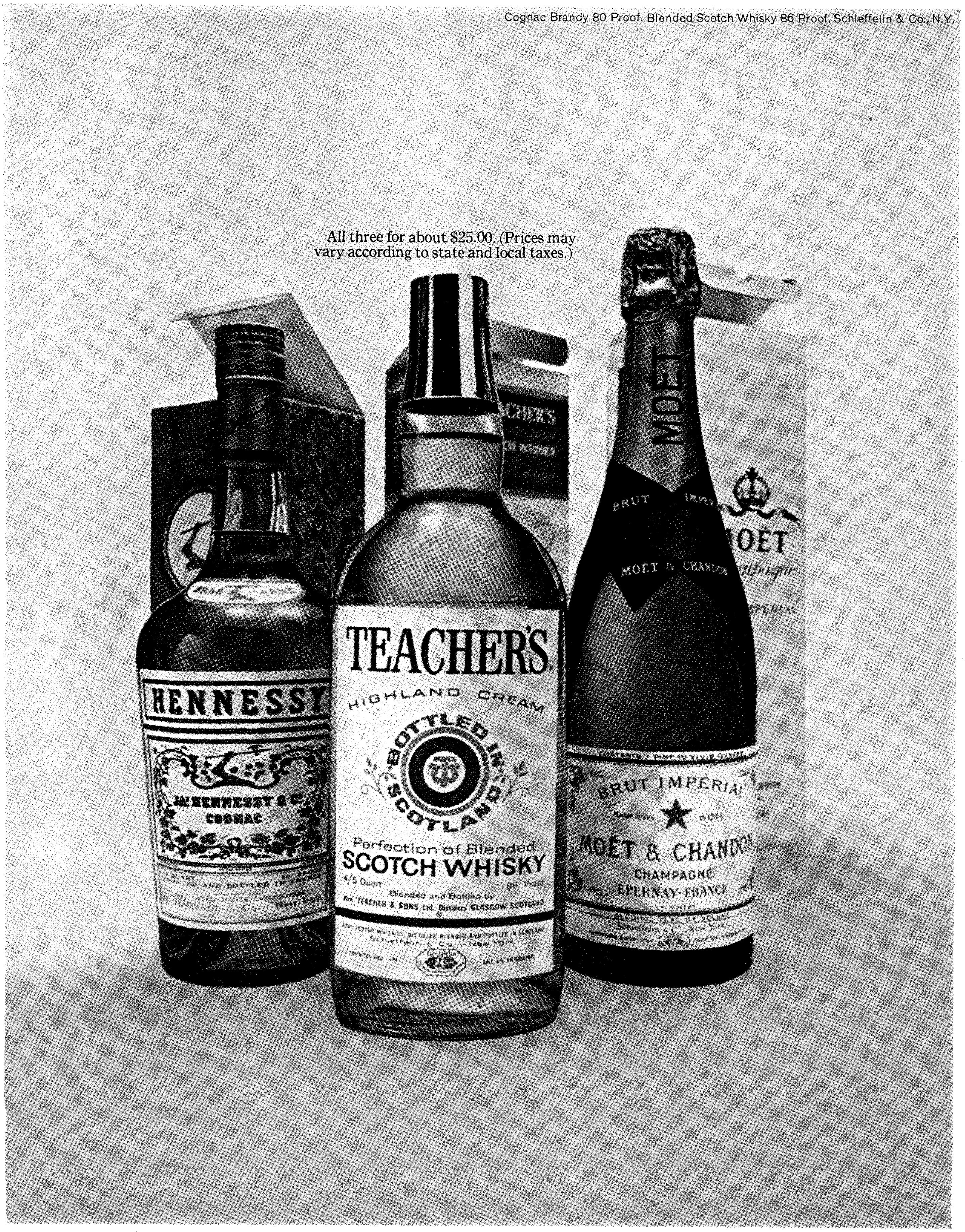
Hennessy Bras Armé, the cognac savoured by connoisseurs since 1765. About $8.69 a fifth.

Teacher's, the Scotch that made Tuesday famous. About $7.39 a fifth.

Moët & Chandon, the world's largest selling French champagne. Made in the tradition of Dom Perignon since 1743. About $8.62 a bottle.

COGNAC
HENNESSY
TEACHER'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
MOËT
MOËT
Champagne
BRUT IMPÉRIAL
MOËT & CHANDON
Fondée en 1743

This Christmas make three people happy.



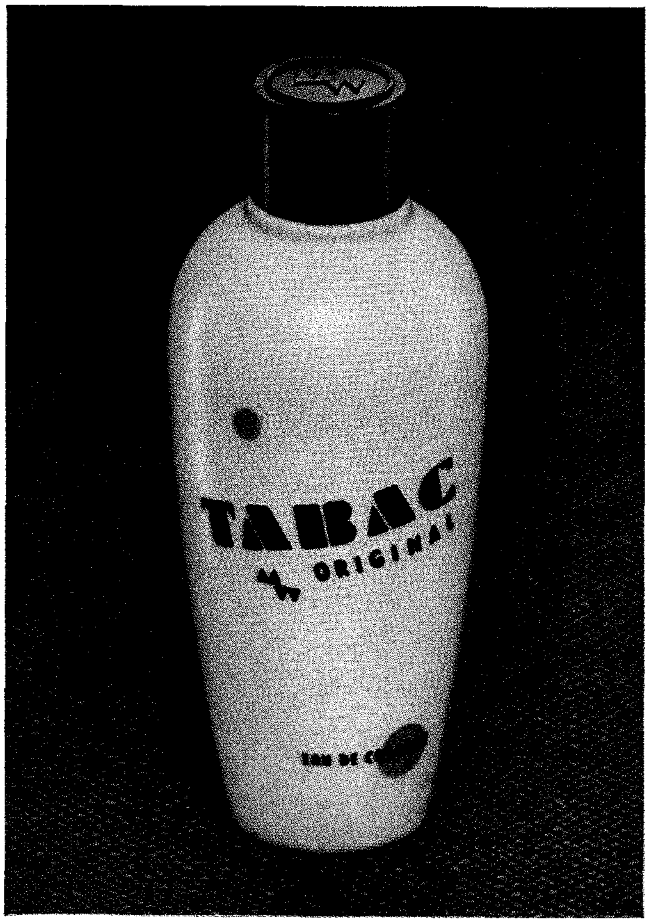
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY
4/5 Quart
86° Proof
Blended and Bottled by
Wm. TEACHER & SONS Ltd. Distillers GLASGOW SCOTLAND
HENNESSY
Jas. HENNESSY & Co.
COGNAC
MOËT
BRUT IMPERIAL
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
EPERNAY-FRANCE

Cognac Brandy 80 Proof. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof. Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

All three for about $25.00. (Prices may vary according to state and local taxes.)

Or one person ecstatic.

Where will your men's cologne be a few hours after you put it on?



A men's cologne is only good as long as the fragrance stays with you.

Once the fragrance is gone, no matter how good it was, it's gone.

We thought very hard about this when we made Tabac Original.™ We made it to last.

Put it on in the morning and it will stay with you all day. And far into the night.

From this, you would expect Tabac Original's fragrance to be exceedingly strong. It's not. The fragrance is subtle. Smoky. And most certainly masculine.

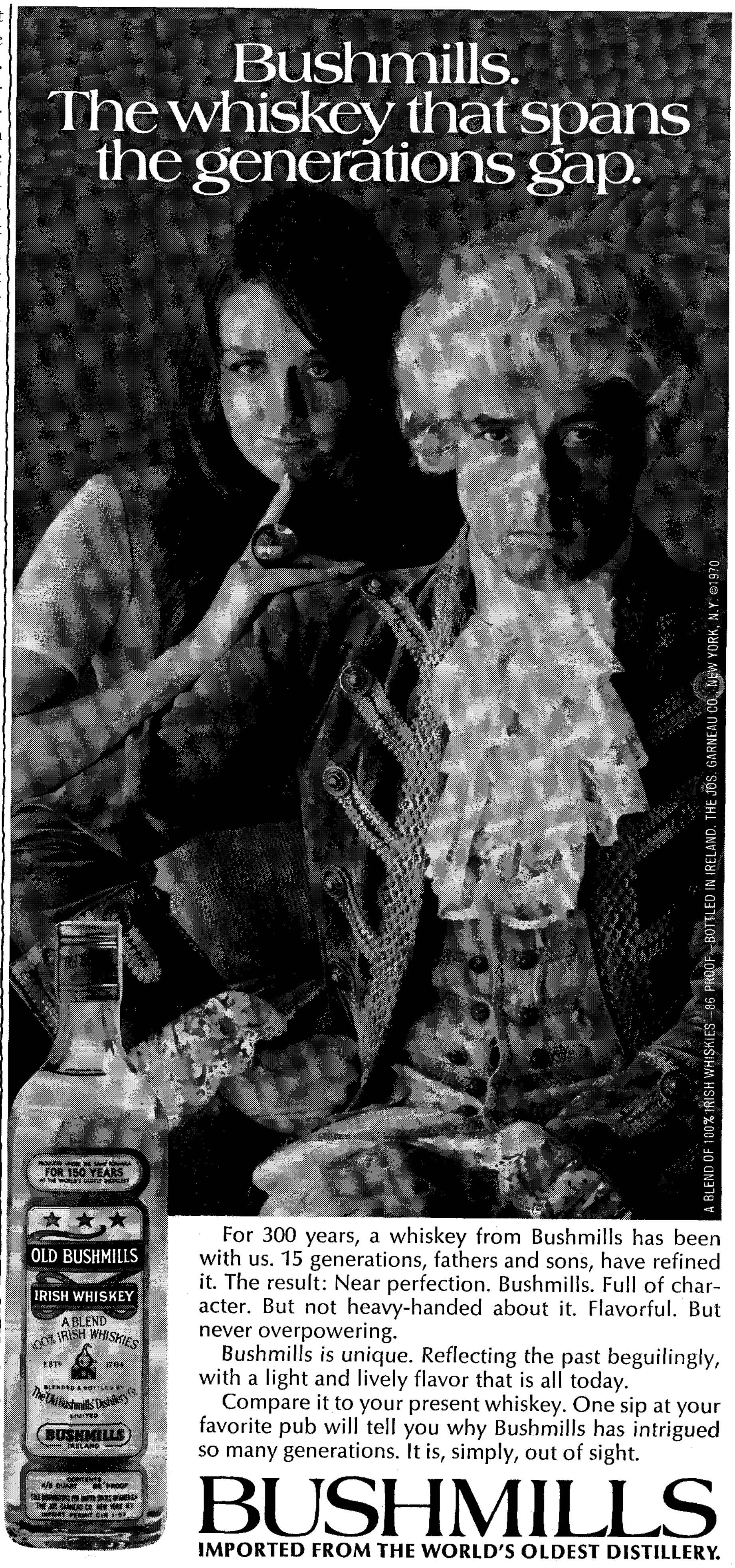
For these reasons, Tabac Original cologne, as well as our after-shave, soaps and Hair Tabac, have become the most sought-after men's line in the world. **TABAC ORIGINAL**

©1970 TOILETRIES EUROPA INC.

TOILETRIES EUROPA INC., 565 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 kept their commitments to vote against confirmation. "It was one of those split-second decisions," Bayh said later. "I saw that the Administration had assumed that the recommittal and confirmation votes would be pretty much the same. In its panic, the White House had pursued a policy of overkill to win on recommittal, and I realized that we could use this to undercut it on the final vote." Accordingly, Bayh, Brooke, Kennedy, Tydings, and Hart quietly let the others on their side know that it was all right to vote as they pleased on Monday if they voted against confirmation on Wednesday.

The shift in strategy was an amazingly well-kept secret, and the White House staff members, blindly pursuing their course, stumbled into the trap. To assure victory on the recommittal motion, they went after four key votes—those of Fong, Dodd, Packwood, and Percy—and won them with what should have seemed suspicious ease. "That meant the White House had the Monday vote sewed up," Bayh's aide Rees recalled later. "By then, we were delighted to let them expend all their steam on that, because, although the White House didn't know it, those four men had promised to be with us on Wednesday. That gave us forty-seven votes to forty-five for Carswell on the Wednesday vote. Four senators would be absent, and four more were unknown quantities. If we kept Quentin Burdick, of North Dakota, who seemed to be leaning our way, it would be forty-eight. If Cook, Prouty, and Mrs. Smith all went with the Administration, that would make it a tie, which, of course, the Vice-President would break in favor of the nominee. But while the White House needed all three to win, we needed only one to give us the magic number—forty-nine." It was generally assumed, however, that these three Republicans would vote alike, in order to protect themselves and each other by creating a margin that they could take refuge in; otherwise, of course, the one who cast the deciding vote would be open to attack, whichever way he or she cast it, by political opponents at home.

THE recommittal vote was set for one o'clock Monday afternoon, and shortly before the roll was called, disaster nearly befell the anti-Carswell cause. Bayh happened to run into Senator Burdick, and learned that through an oversight no one had told him about the new strategy. Burdick was one of those who felt they had to vote once for Carswell, and he was still planning to vote for recommittal and, if that


Bushmills.
The whiskey that spans the generations gap.
A BLEND OF 100% IRISH WHISKIES—86 PROOF—BOTTLED IN IRELAND. THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©1970
FOR 150 YEARS
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND 100% IRISH WHISKIES
ESTD 1784
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co.
BUSHMILLS IRELAND

For 300 years, a whiskey from Bushmills has been with us. 15 generations, fathers and sons, have refined it. The result: Near perfection. Bushmills. Full of character. But not heavy-handed about it. Flavorful. But never overpowering.

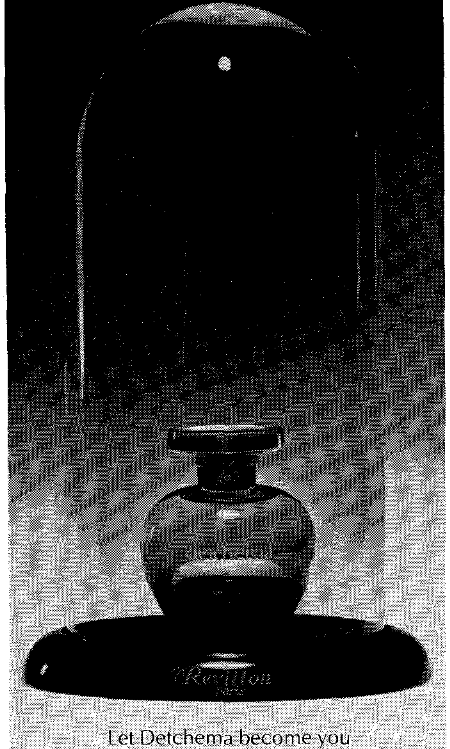
Bushmills is unique. Reflecting the past beguilingly, with a light and lively flavor that is all today.

Compare it to your present whiskey. One sip at your favorite pub will tell you why Bushmills has intrigued so many generations. It is, simply, out of sight.

BUSHMILLS
IMPORTED FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY.

We
set out
to create
the finest
perfume
in the
world.

We call it
Detchema.

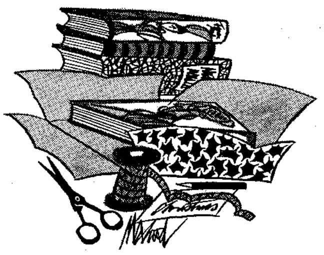


Let Detchema become you
in parfum, parfum de toilette
and poudre. By Parfums Revillon.

failed, for confirmation. Stunned to learn this, Bayh hastily told him that the plans had been changed, and asked him to switch his votes around. Burdick listened to his plea, nodded as if to indicate that he would go along, but refused to commit himself openly. To a degree, his was the key vote that afternoon, and when he cast it against recommittal, Bayh and Brooke turned and grinned at each other, for now it was clear that he would be with them on the final vote. Another senator who was watched closely that afternoon was Prouty; as expected, he abstained the first time the roll was called, and then, when it was clear that the motion had lost, voted for it. By this time, the vote was anticlimactic, except that the final tally—fifty-two to forty-four against the motion—showed that the White House staff couldn't count any better when it won than when it lost. That also surprised no one, and about the only unexpected occurrence took place during the debate preceding the vote, as Senator Aiken rose and put in question his reputation for sagacity by delivering a one-sentence speech on behalf of the nomination: "We need some law and order and to stop apologizing to every criminal." Afterward, a Republican colleague shook his head in disbelief and said, "George must have got a new speechwriter—Strom Thurmond."

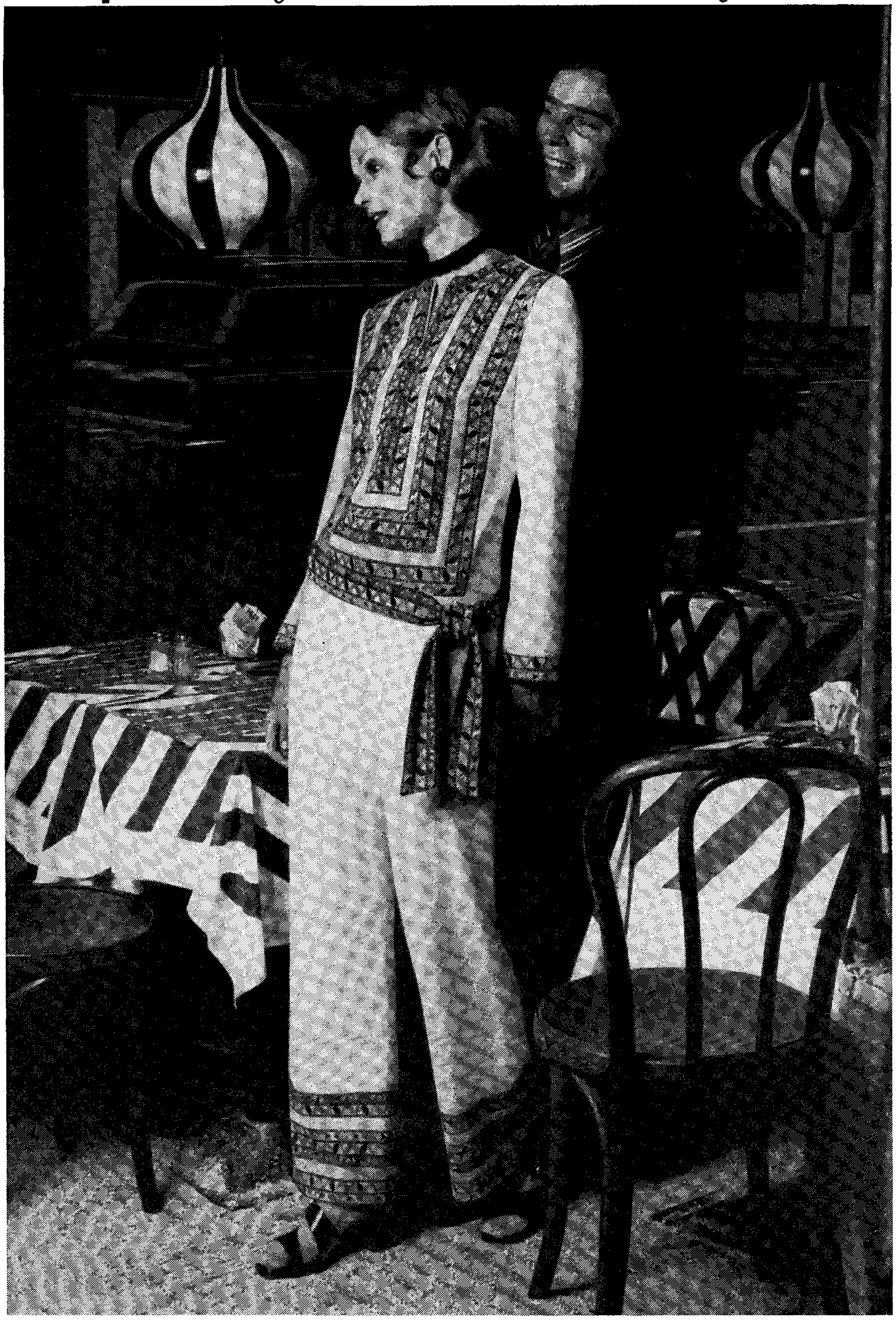
In the course of the debate, Scott casually remarked to Mansfield that the anti-Carswell forces now clearly had the votes to defeat the nomination on Wednesday. Nodding, Mansfield went over to Bayh and suggested that after the recommittal motion failed he move to take an up-or-down vote on the nomination not two days later but two hours later. Bayh liked the idea, and as soon as the votes were counted and the result was announced he rose and asked for a unanimous-consent agreement to take a final vote at three o'clock that afternoon. Hruska was so flabbergasted by the proposal—a clear sign that Scott hadn't mentioned it to *him*—that he jumped up and shouted, "The Nebraska from Senator objects!" The objection may have been backwards—it was later reversed in the *Congressional Record* by one of Hruska's aides, since senators are allowed to edit their remarks on the floor—but it was enough to kill the motion. After the session broke up, Hruska confidently assured reporters that the Administration would win the contest on Wednesday by at least three, and perhaps four, votes. At lunch in the Senate dining room a little later, Brooke stopped at Hruska's table and twitted him about the remark, saying, "Roman, you can count, and so can I. If you had the votes, you would have agreed to Birch's motion on the spot."

That afternoon, everyone's attention turned to Cook, Prouty, and Mrs. Smith. Although Cook had been in the Senate only a couple of years and wasn't well known there, he was regarded as a man of honor, and Brooke considered his promise as being firm. However, Cook was also known for his exceedingly complicated nature, and there was always the possibility that the White House would find some way of appealing to a part of it that others were unaware of. Prouty, it was assumed, would take the least thorny path of political expediency. And, as usual, no one had any idea what Mrs. Smith might do. At the age of seventy-two, with twenty-two years in the Senate, Mrs. Smith is known, variously, as "the grand old lady from Maine," "the Senate's most independent member," and "the best argument against women's liberation in town." She has carefully nurtured a reputation of fiercely resenting any pressure exerted on her, whatever the motive and whatever the issue. Her unapproachable stand has long been highly popular with her Down East constituents and rather unpopular with many of her colleagues who, unlike her, have polyglot constituencies and have to bargain and compromise endlessly to hold on to their seats. Mrs. Smith plays her role with the skill of a great actress. When an issue of moment is before the Senate, she invariably holds off announcing her decision, and then when the time comes for the vote she demurely enters the Senate chamber, which falls utterly silent as her name is called, and in a small, soft voice she makes her will known.



Just about everyone was afraid to give any appearance of violating the sanctity of Mrs. Smith's independence openly, but now a couple of moves were made to violate it covertly. Toward the end of the contest, Sellers, who had worked so hard to bring Fong around, happened to mention to Bayh's staff that if Carswell was confirmed he would be the justice who oversaw the First Circuit, which took in Maine, and would have jurisdiction over stays of execution, contested federal actions in the region, and other legal affairs that would be of concern to a politician with

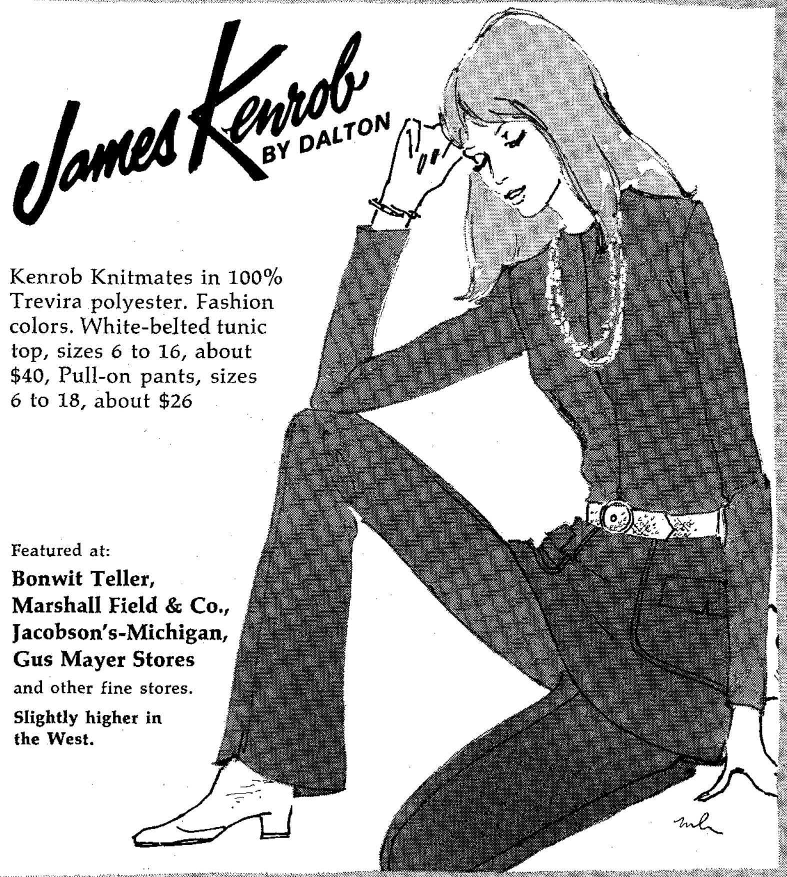
Posh peasantry about town in Fortrel by Mr. Dino



Mr. Dino creates a bright-bordered jumpsuit with Old World charm. In a modern-as-this-minute *doubleknit by Hargro of* 100% Fortrel polyester. Tan with orange print, black with lime, or blue with royal. In 6-16. About $70. Slightly higher on the West Coast. At: Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
A fashion fiber in tested fabrics



Kenrob Knitmates in 100% Trevira polyester. Fashion colors. White-belted tunic top, sizes 6 to 16, about $40, Pull-on pants, sizes 6 to 18, about $26

Featured at:
Bonwit Teller,
Marshall Field & Co.,
Jacobson's-Michigan,
Gus Mayer Stores
and other fine stores.

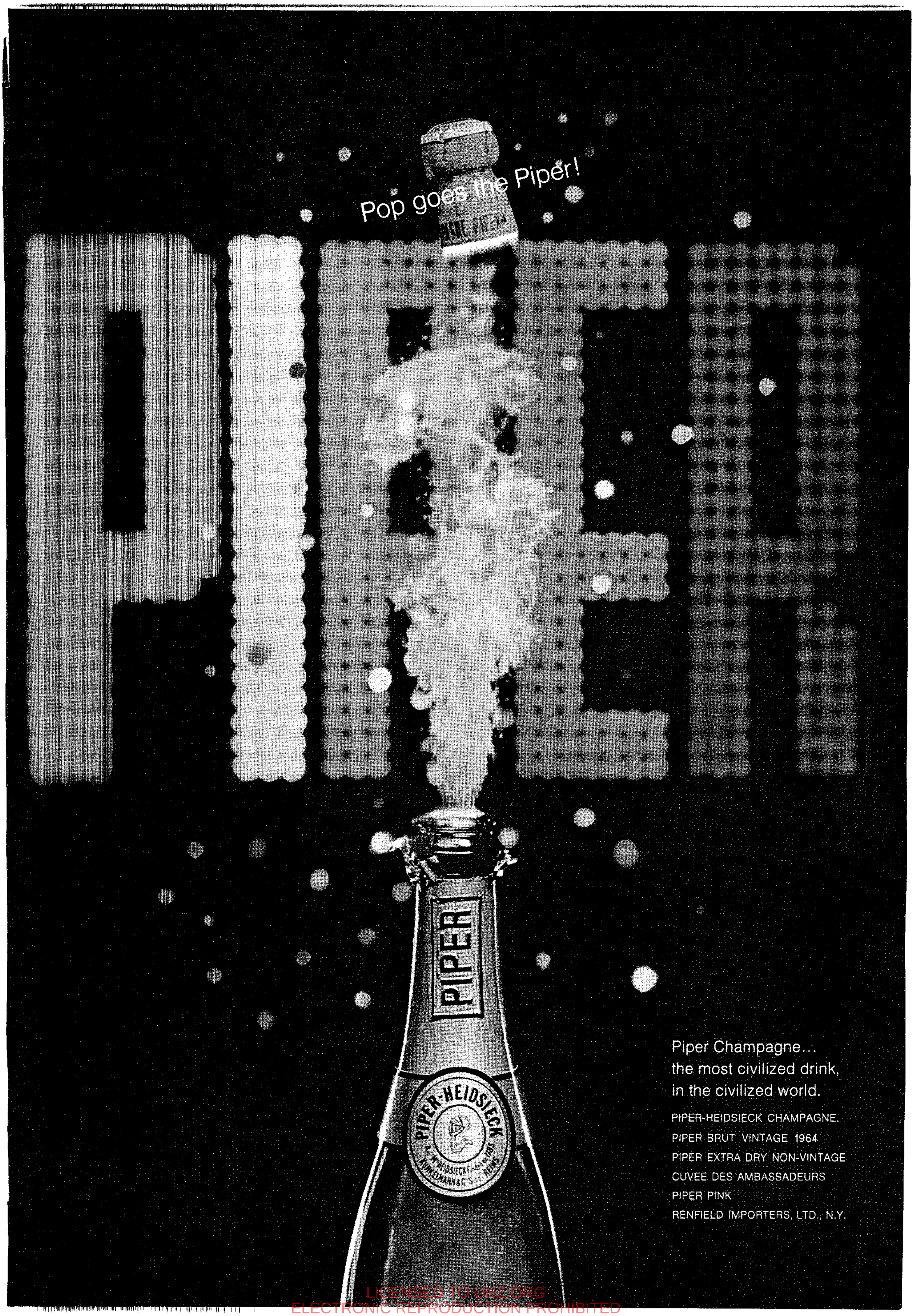
Slightly higher in the West.

DOXA
a product of
SYNCHRON SA
SWITZERLAND
Fabrics of Gold
DOXA
the watch the Swiss
have kept for themselves.

L. to r., **lace $240, silk** with 28 diamonds **$675, brocade $275, lamé** with 30 diamonds **$1200. At Sogno,** Rockefeller Center, N.Y.C., **Martin Busch,** 80 William Street, N.Y.C., **Wm. Wise & Son,** Brooklyn, Garden City, Bay Shore, N.Y., **Rose,** Patchogue, Riverhead, Southampton, N.Y., **Cornell,** Newburgh, N.Y., **E. J. Scheer,** Rochester, N.Y., **H. J. Howe,** Syracuse, N.Y., **Van Cott,** Binghamton, N.Y., **Lennon's,** Utica, N.Y., **Long's,** Boston, Mass., **Chas. Schwartz & Son,** Washington, D.C., **Hardy & Hayes,** Pittsburgh, Pa., **Bixler's,** Easton, Pa., **Schwarzschild Bros.,** Richmond, Va., **Argo & Lehne,** Columbus, O., **Newstedt Loring Andrews,** Cincinnati, O., **Raymond Brenner,** Youngstown, O., **Windsor,** Indianapolis, Ind., **Albert Marcus,** East Chicago, Ind., **Kruckemeyer & Cohn,** Evansville, Ind., **Halls,** Kansas City, Mo., **Lake,** Birmingham, Mich., **Thorpe & Co.,** Sioux City, Ia., **Siebke & Hoyt,** Cedar Rapids, Ia., **Schneff,** Davenport, Ia., **Borsheim,** Omaha, Neb., **Sartor-Hamann,** Lincoln, Neb., **Royal,** Fargo, N. Dak., **Gildemeister,** San Antonio, Tex., **Coleman E. Adler,** New Orleans, La., **Judd,** Albuquerque, N.M., **Zell,** Portland, Ore., **Dodson,** Spokane, Wash., **Gleim,** Palo Alto, Cal. For free brochure write **DOXA, Syosset, N.Y. 11791.**

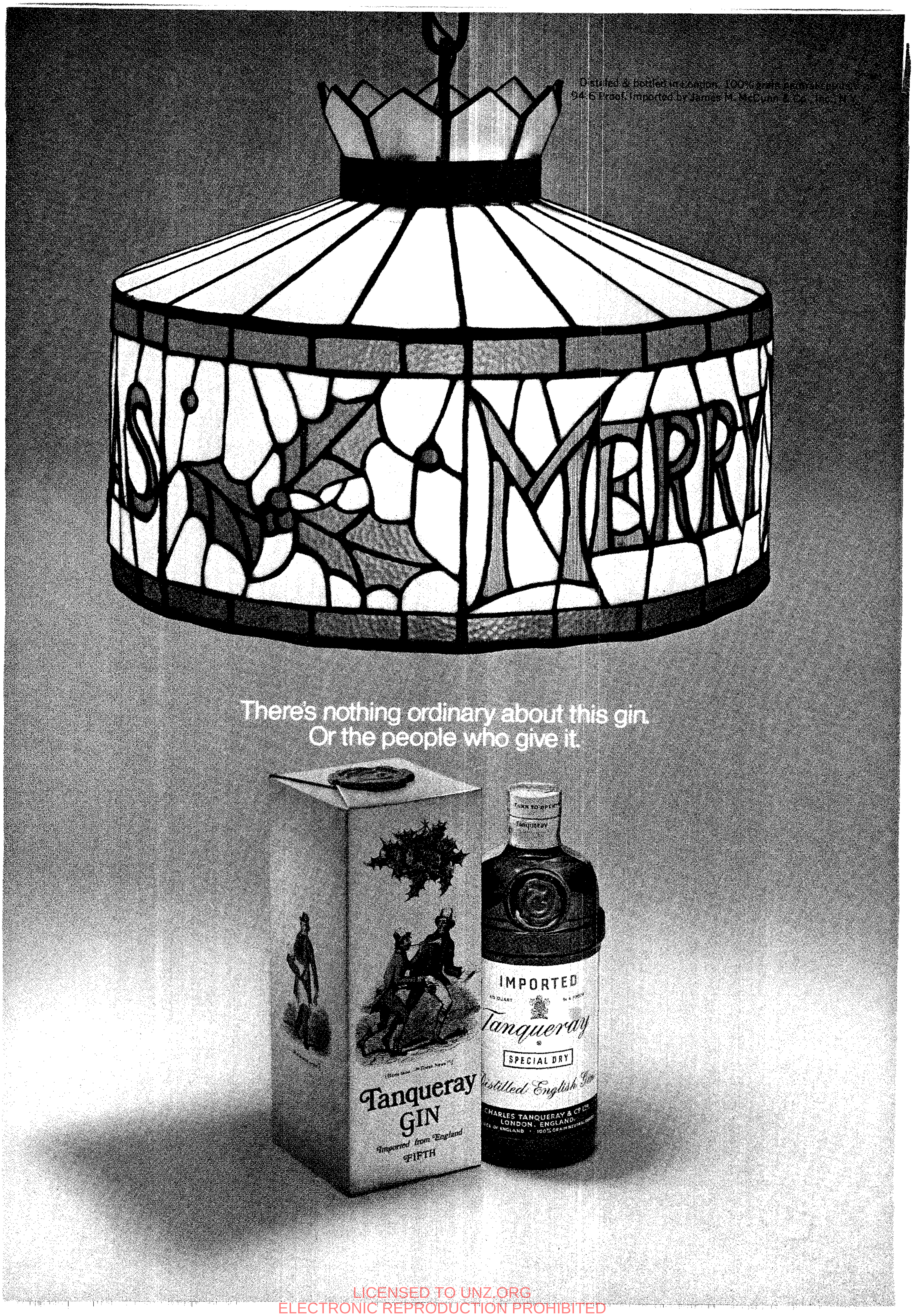
both local and national responsibilities. Sellers was asked for a memorandum on this, and when it arrived Wise, Bayh's press officer, telephoned the Boston office of the A.P., where the news was rejected by the acting night editor, who told him that it was "a Washington story," and then the Boston *Globe*, where the assistant managing editor was very interested (and rather put out that his staff hadn't thought of it). Wise dictated the information contained in Sellers' memorandum, and a story on it appeared on the front page of the next day's edition. That was said to have impressed Mrs. Smith, who had been unaware that Carswell would have such an effect on her domain if he reached the Court.

A surprising number of other senators turned out to be unaware of even the latest and hottest news, including the Horsky memo and Tuttle's withdrawal, which were the most important stories of all. When aides to the leaders of the opposition discovered this, they quickly alerted the press, which set out to inform senators who had neglected to inform themselves. For instance, the Washington *Post* ran a lengthy article on the memo's implications, which was believed to have impressed a number of senators who were wavering. Then Hruska, who had a long history of being unable to remain silent when anything he said could only make a bad case worse, wrote the paper an angry and inaccurate letter denying the charges, which prompted the *Post* to run a persuasive point-by-point rebuttal of his claims, and that impressed the undecided senators even more. Mrs. Smith was also unaware of the Horsky memorandum's meaning, it appeared, for after the recommittal vote she told Brooke that she was troubled by the charge that Carswell had been less than frank with the Judiciary Committee and wanted to know more about it. Brooke promised to send her some material on it, and called Bayh's office for help. The job fell to Mode, who drew up a four-page document describing the situation in the simplest terms, underlined the relevant passages in the hearing record and placed paper clips on the pages where these appeared, and then appended copies of the affidavits submitted by Tallahassee residents stating that everyone in town who knew anything knew that the golf course was incorporated privately to get around the recent Supreme Court desegregation ruling. Brooke sent the material to Mrs. Smith early the following morning. By then, he was deeply apprehensive, because he had just learned that the President had summoned her to the White


Pop goes the Piper!
PIPER
PIPER
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
REIMS

Piper Champagne...
the most civilized drink,
in the civilized world.

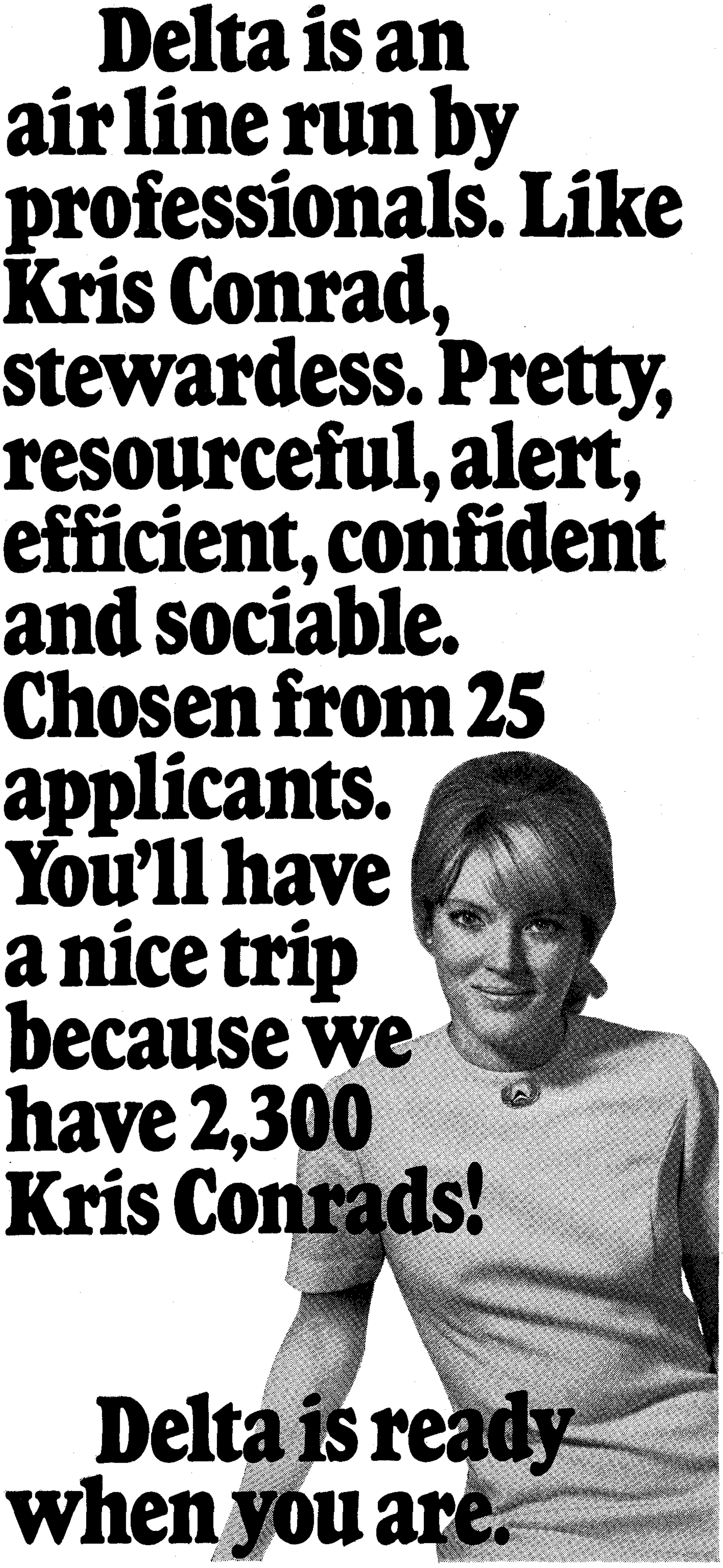
PIPER-HEIDSIECK CHAMPAGNE.
PIPER BRUT VINTAGE 1964
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS
PIPER PINK
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.


Distilled & bottled in London. 100% grain neutral spirits.
94.6 Proof. Imported by James M. McGunn & Co., Inc., N.Y.
MERRY
There's nothing ordinary about this gin.
Or the people who give it.
Tanqueray
GIN
Imported from England
FIFTH
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
CHARLES TANQUERAY & CO LTD
LONDON, ENGLAND.

House the night before and presented *his* case for Carswell. It was reported that she had refused to tell Mr. Nixon how she would vote, and the next morning, a few hours before the roll was called, she told Brooke that she wouldn't decide until her name came up.

"WHEN we agreed to a two-day delay between the votes on recommittal and confirmation, we hadn't thought the latter was important at all," Keefe, Bayh's chief aide, said later. "Like the Administration, we figured the big vote would be on whether the nomination should be sent back to committee. But when our strategy changed, those two days became nerve-rackingly vital, because the White House was turning on everything it had." One thing it didn't have was any chance to persuade the four senators who had promised to vote against recommittal to vote its way on confirmation, too. Before the Administration saw what was happening, the four publicly stated that they would oppose both recommittal and confirmation. Finally seeing the trap, the White House appealed to them to vote for Carswell on Wednesday, but they pointed out that all they had been asked for was their support on the first vote, and that since they had told their constituents where they stood on confirmation, they couldn't back down now and let it appear that they didn't know their own minds.

The Administration apparently also imagined that Fulbright had merely made a gesture toward his liberal friends in voting for the recommittal motion, and that his vote would be in its column when the motion to confirm the nomination came up. Once again, the White House intelligence system had broken down, because several developments in Fulbright's political life clearly pointed in the opposite direction. For one, in his 1968 Democratic primary campaign against Jim Johnson, a white-supremacist, Fulbright for the first time openly appealed for black votes, because he believed that he couldn't win without them and that the "seggies," who hated him for his stand on the war in Vietnam, would vote against him no matter what he did. Then, at the beginning of 1969, Fulbright was the only Southern senator to support the nomination of Dr. James Allen, a Northern integrationist, as Commissioner of Education, and was one of only three Southerners to support the Voting Rights Act back in March. While various arguments against Carswell had impressed Ful-



Delta is an air line run by professionals. Like Kris Conrad, stewardess. Pretty, resourceful, alert, efficient, confident and sociable. Chosen from 25 applicants. You'll have a nice trip because we have 2,300 Kris Conrads!

Delta is ready when you are.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

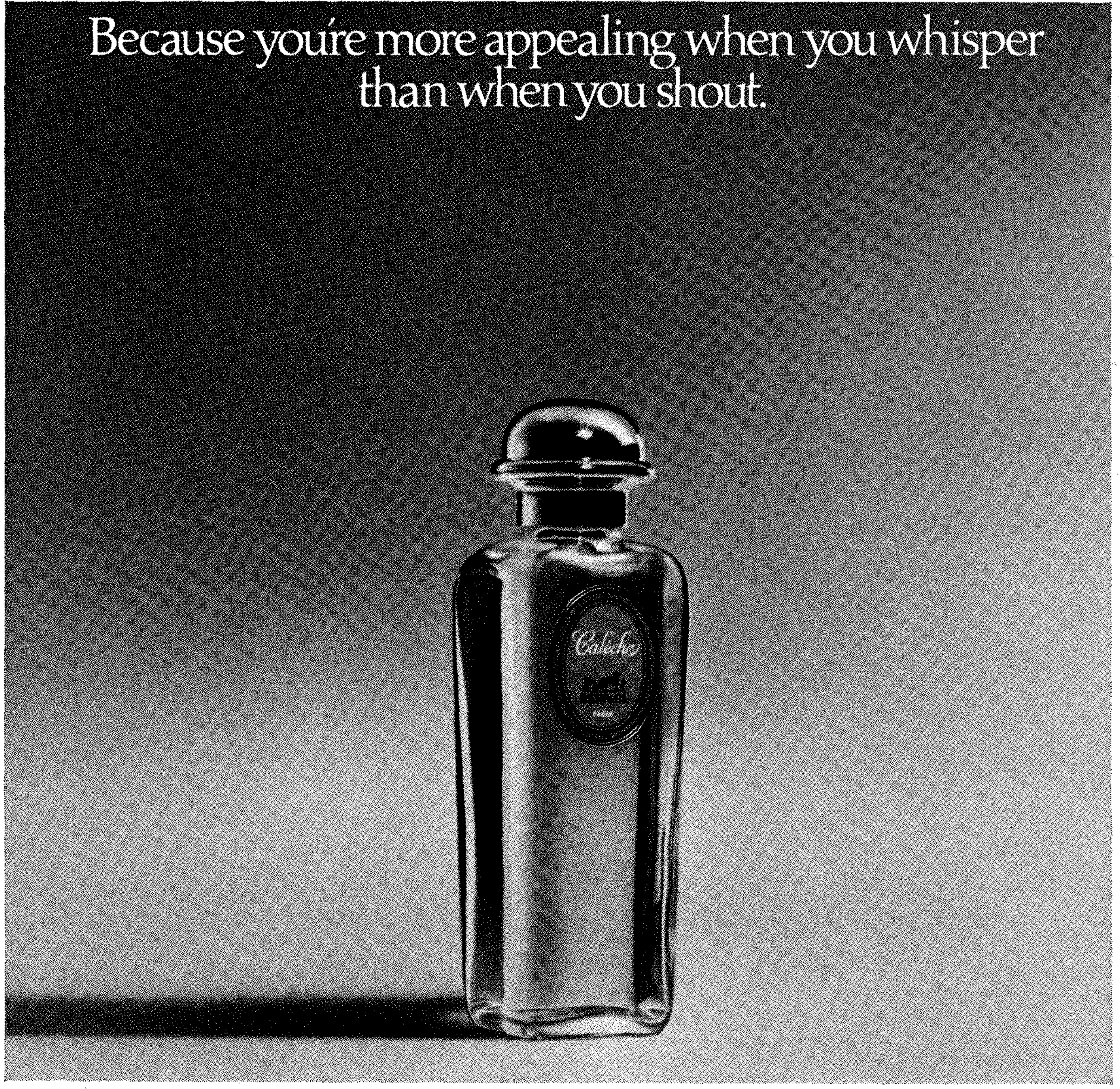
Fishing up a batch of sunshine. Our soft, long shirt of nylon jersey is hand-screened in a piscatorial print, matched to polyester knit pants of navy or red. Our very own Lisa Cobb exclusive for 8 to 16 sizes, $50, in our Sportdress Collections. Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

bright, probably more important to his thinking was the case made by Dr. Robert Leflar, who had formerly held the deanship of the University of Arkansas Law School, a post that Fulbright had held before becoming president of the university and then senator. Most of the law school's faculty came out against Carswell, and then Leflar, who knew and had supported Haynsworth, flatly told Fulbright that Carswell simply was not fit to sit on the Supreme Court. That, plus the outpouring of protests against the nomination from other law-school deans, jurists, and prominent legal scholars, convinced Fulbright that he had no choice but to join them. The White House intelligence operators finally got wind of this—several days after everyone else knew it—and set out to recapture the vote they had never had. Their principal tactic was to ask friends and contributors to Fulbright's past campaigns who were indebted to the Nixon Administration—for its slowdown on school desegregation, say, or for government contracts—to demand that he change his mind. But when these people called Fulbright, they were reluctant to demand anything, and made it clear that they were calling only because the White House wanted them to. Of course, that drained off any strength their appeals might otherwise have had. Still another influence on Fulbright was his wife, who had been astonished and infuriated during the squabble over Haynsworth when Attorney General Mitchell's wife telephoned her and threatened to organize members of the Cabinet to campaign against Fulbright if he betrayed that nominee. As it turned out, Fulbright voted for Haynsworth, but the threat left his wife so embittered that she let him know she wouldn't mind at all if he came down against Carswell, whatever the reprisals.

Another Southerner, Senator Albert Gore, Democrat of Tennessee, had long stood as one of the few exceptions to the racist mood among Southerners in the Senate, and had voted for almost all of the civil-rights measures that counted. But this year his problem was compounded by the fact that he was up for reëlection and was in graver danger of defeat than ever before in his thirty-two years in Congress, because the President had made his seat the prime target in his Southern strategy and his attempt to take over the Senate. Gore was as resistant to outside influence as Mrs. Smith—but never waved the banner of his independence as she did—and lobbyists on both sides in the Carswell fight were careful not to let their work in Tennessee be visible. Halfway through the contest, they got the impression that Gore had not made an announcement on the Carswell nomination because he had not heard from the labor unions back home. At one of the strategy meetings that were held every few days in Bayh's office, the union representatives were told that they had fallen down on the job, and they immediately mounted an anti-Carswell mail campaign among workers in Tennessee. In all likelihood, the mail had little effect, for Gore must have known that the labor vote would be in his corner as usual. Probably he waited for the mail to come in not so much to be sure before he made a commitment as to make sure that he would be able to call on the unions for help the following fall. In any event, it was believed that both Fulbright and Gore relied chiefly on Hruska to help them out of any difficulties they could expect from angry voters at home. His astonishing defense of mediocrity provided a likely solution, for now they could tell their constituents that they, too, wanted a Southerner and a strict constructionist on the Court, but not one who wasn't smart enough to deal with the damn Yankees.

Out in Texas, Senator Ralph Yarborough, a liberal Democrat of the old-fashioned populist variety, was also faced with the strongest challenge of his career—a formidable primary contender and, if he got through the primary, a formidable Republican opponent in the fall. The contest over Carswell was largely an underground matter in Texas, for all that mattered to many people there was that he was a Southerner, which to them meant a segregationist. That was seldom mentioned—not nearly as often, for instance, as the prayer-in-the-schools issue, which was entirely aboveground and was being used to great effect against Yarborough, who stood by the Constitutional dictum separating church and state despite the bitter resentment that created at home. None of those on the anti-Carswell side had any doubt about where Yarborough would stand if he voted as he wanted to. His greatest fear was that if he opposed the nomination he might end up as one of the usual ten or twelve liberals who could be counted on to vote their consciences; if that had been the

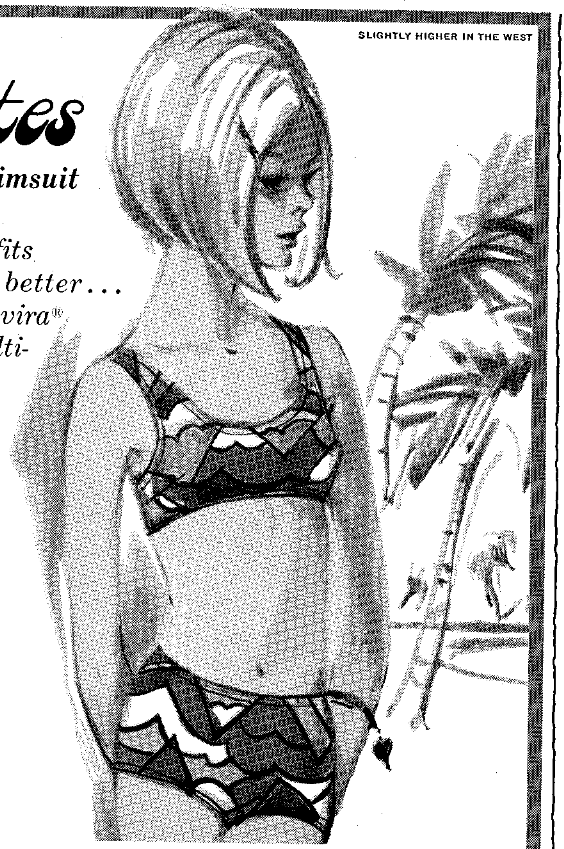
Calèche, a subtle fragrance.


Because you're more appealing when you whisper than when you shout.
Calèche

Calèche by **Hermès**/Paris

case, he would have found great difficulty in taking the risk of joining them. Above all, he needed concealment—enough other votes against Carswell to make his own seem commonplace. As soon as that happened, he was prepared to vote with them. Once he made this decision, Yarborough turned to local labor leaders, who had pressed him to make that choice—after the anti-Carswell labor lobby in Washington had pressed *them*—and asked that they now protect him by convincing the ordinary workingman that Carswell's presence on the Court would be against his interests. But the union heads, whose support has increasingly proved in recent years to be less help than hindrance in political campaigns, were more worried about harming themselves among their followers than about Yarborough's harming himself among his, and they failed to do the job. The final vote on the nomination was due a couple of weeks before the primary election in Texas, and as it approached it became clear that Yarborough would probably lose. No one, it appeared, could help him if he voted against Carswell. Even Hruska was of little use, for, as one of Yarborough's closest associates said later, "mediocrity isn't a marketable issue in Texas."

THE day before the final vote, the Administration once more demonstrated its capacity for ineptitude by dispatching Eugene Cowen, a White House liaison man with Congress, in search of an anti-Carswell senator who would agree to pair his vote with Senator Karl E. Mundt, a conservative Republican from South Dakota, who had been hospitalized for several months following a severe stroke and who presumably would be in favor of the nomination. (The other absentees were Clinton P. Anderson, Democrat of New Mexico, who had just undergone an operation for glaucoma, and Claiborne Pell, Democrat of Rhode Island, and Wallace F. Bennett, Republican of Utah, both of whom were in the Far East on Senate business. The absence of the four was understood to have no effect on the vote, since two were for Carswell and two were against him.) Pairing is a parliamentary procedure by which votes are recorded but don't count in the final tally—that is, it gives those who are not able to be present when the roll is called a chance to state how they would vote if they were. Anyone who is present and agrees to vote in a pair ordinarily does so because he knows that his vote won't matter anyway or because he wants to sidestep, at least formally, an issue that is par-



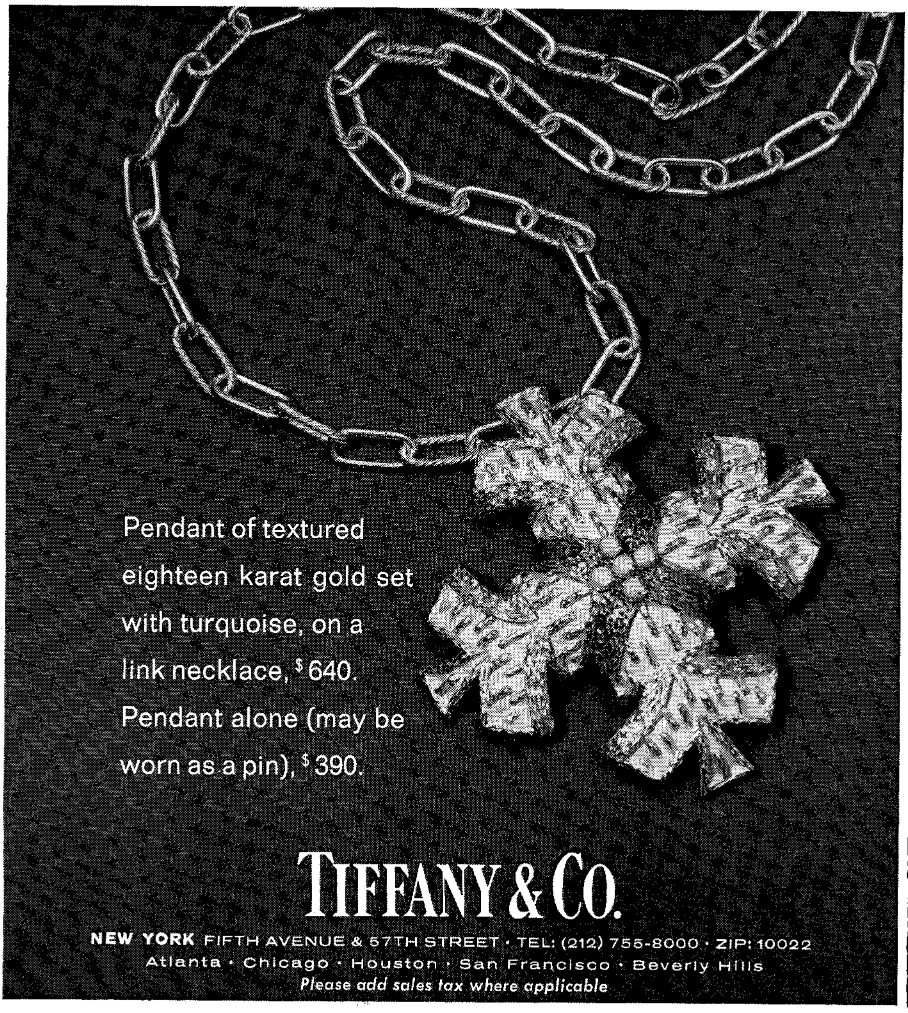
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Dive-ettes

the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better... by specialists. In the Trevira® era... an exuberant multi-color print by Soptra. 8 to 16 preteen, about $13.

At Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; and all their branches; and other fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 West 34th St., New York 10001.



Pendant of textured eighteen karat gold set with turquoise, on a link necklace, $640. Pendant alone (may be worn as a pin), $390.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET · TEL: (212) 755-8000 · ZIP: 10022
Atlanta · Chicago · Houston · San Francisco · Beverly Hills
Please add sales tax where applicable

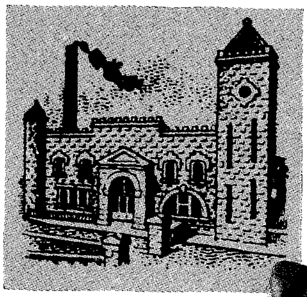
EXECUTIVE TIMBER

IN ACTUAL BLACK WALNUT, AS SHOWN, OR BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD. NEW AND EXCLUSIVELY BY HALLMARK. HANDCRAFTED FOR THE PERSON WHOSE SIGNATURE IS A MASTER STROKE. MATCHING PEN AND PENCIL, $25. ALSO GOLD FILLED OR STERLING SILVER MODELS.

Hallmark

E. H. Taylor Jr & Sons

Old Taylor is a signed original. Just one of the steps the Colonel took to foil would-be imitators.



We still make Old Taylor in this castle because it's near the limestone spring the Colonel discovered in 1887. Taste Old Taylor and you'll know why it's the Bourbon worth giving.

Old Taylor was the crowning achievement of Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., foremost Bourbon distiller of the late 1800's. Old Taylor was his gift to Bourbon lovers. Today, it's the best-selling, premium-priced Bourbon in America.

OLD TAYLOR
86 PROOF
OLD TAYLOR
86 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

The luxurious holiday gift-wrap is our gift to you.

Give Old Taylor for all it's worth.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY.

ticularly delicate for him. Of course, in this instance the vote was particularly delicate for half the members of the Senate, and anyone who threw his vote away on a pair would be open to the bitterest criticism from constituents and political enemies. That circumstance aside, Cowen's search was still futile, for Mundt was thought to be almost totally incapacitated, and if a paired vote had been announced in his name several senators would have demanded an official investigation to make sure that it hadn't been cast by one of Mundt's or the White House's aides.

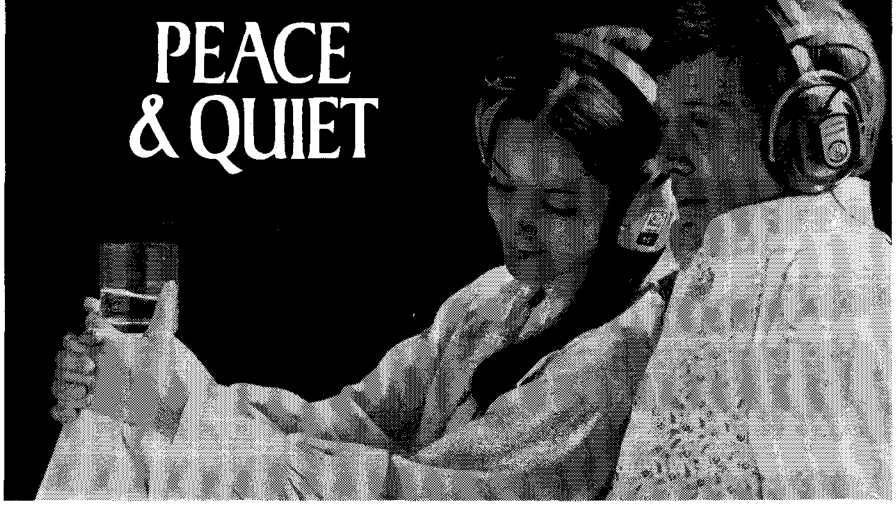
While Cowen was frantically looking for someone to pair with Mundt, others on the White House staff were frantically trying to persuade Senator Howard W. Cannon, Democrat of Nevada, to come over to the Administration's side. Nevada is a deeply conservative state, and its residents tend to be most conservative of all on the law-and-order issue, focussing a great deal of resentment against the Supreme Court's rulings on the rights of defendants. (Probably nowhere in the country is the breakdown of order more difficult to attribute to the Court than in Nevada, where the high general crime rate is largely due to legalized gambling, which has brought hordes of organized and unorganized criminals into the state, and where the high murder rate is largely due to the absence of any statewide gun laws.) Cannon had won his last race by only eighty-four votes, and since he was up for reëlection in the fall, there was every reason for him to share whatever of his constituents' strongest views he could. He had chosen, above all, to share their views on the Supreme Court. "Frankly, I would like to see the Court more conservative, so Carswell seemed fine at first," he explained later. "I felt that the President was entitled to a man with any philosophy he wants. But in time it became clear that his choice wasn't an outstanding jurist. I was influenced by the failure of Carswell's colleagues to support him. Then came Hruska's statement defending mediocrity, which made it much easier for all of us to oppose the nominee. Then came the reversal rate. Then came the Horsky memo. Still, I had a lot of hard decisions to make and was subjected to a lot of pressure from both sides. Anyway, I was on the fence until the day of the vote." To bring him down on the Carswell side, an Administration spokesman called and promised that if he voted for the nominee he would get "a free ride" in the fall—that is, a weak Republican opponent.

In the last days before the vote, the

KOSS Stereophones
Koss Electronics, Inc., 4129 N. Port Washington Rd., Milwaukee, Wis. 53212
Koss Electronics S.r.l., Via Valtorta, 21 20127, Milan, Italy

A gift you can share . . . the Koss "His & Her" Stereophone Set for intimate listening. Two separate headsets . . . the KO-727B and the K-6. One for you. One for your favorite music lover. So the two of you can share the experience of breath-taking, full-dimensional sound . . . and enjoy stunning, concert hall realism in total privacy. The Koss "His & Her" Stereophone Set is a gift that will set you apart . . . and bring the two of you closer together. Beautifully packaged in an attractive carrying case. Let your hi-fi dealer introduce you to the Sound of Koss . . . and demonstrate the "His & Her" Stereophone Set. It's a gift your music lover will love you for. Only $59.95.

SHARE A LITTLE



Afrique.
Questions and answers

1 "What's the difference between Africa and Afrique?"

Afrique is the best of Africa: the exotic French and English-speaking nations along Africa's lush West Coast. Afrique is also the part of Africa that's closest to the U.S. It costs $292* less to get there and back than to the remote East Coast; yet the jungle is just as exotic, the food and climate are much better, and the cities are among the world's most cosmopolitan.

2 "What language do I need to know if I'm traveling through Afrique?"

Surprisingly enough, English is spoken with great frequency in most of the major cities. If your English isn't good, then a year or two of high school French will stand you in good stead. French is the major language in most of the places we fly to. So if you don't "parlez-vous Ouolof", don't worry about it. There are over 100 Africain dialects. And not even the Africains can master them all.

3 "When is the best time to plan a trip to Afrique?"

Almost any time of the year is good. The weather in Afrique is generally mild and temperate. We suggest the winter months especially. We also suggest our 6:00 p.m. Afro-Jet Spécial leaving every Saturday from New York nonstop to Dakar and on to all of Afrique.

Afrique RK-NY-12-12
Air France, Box 747, New York, New York 10011
I have more questions. Please send me the answers.
Name
Address
City State Zip
My travel agent is
AIR AFRIQUE

Starting January 2, Air Afrique's Afro-Jet Spécial.
Nonstop flights from New York to Dakar and beyond.

*Based on 14/35 day economy excursion fare from New York to Dakar vs. New York to Nairobi.

Where you find elegance in the accustomed

(AND UNACCUSTOMED)

places

Why do many of the world's most distinguished and discriminating people prefer The Colony? They enjoy elegant living. The Colony, in the most fashionable part of Palm Beach, is the center of social life, both day and night.

By day, socialize on a sun-drenched patio. Tan beside the shimmering pool. Drink in the shade of The Pool Patio.

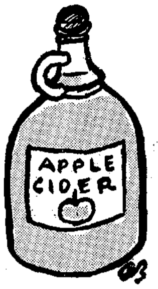
At night, dine in the sumptuous Pool Room, the most fashionable gathering place in all Palm Beach. Enjoy superb French cuisine and rare wines. Dance 'til dawn to a famous orchestra.

If you enjoy true elegance, especially in unaccustomed places, like palm tree extension phones to keep in touch with home or office and impeccable service that absolutely respects your privacy, then you will enjoy The Colony. *Why not stay where everyone ends up?*

THE
Colony
HOTEL
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
A McConnell, Wetenhall
Prestige Property
Tel. (305) 655-5430. Cable: Prestige, Palm Beach
Contact your Travel Agent or
Ledyard D. Gardner, Vice President

White House also worked hard on Senator Burdick by promising that *his* opponent in the fall in North Dakota would be left on his own if Burdick voted right, but that President Nixon and Vice-President Agnew would campaign for the challenger if Burdick voted wrong. Confident that his opponent would be too weak to benefit from such help, Burdick held fast—as he undoubtedly would have in any case. Then the Administration turned to Senator Schweiker, of Pennsylvania, whose defection from both the President and Scott it found impossible to believe. In one of the crudest miscalculations of the entire battle, the Administration released to a reporter from *Newsweek* a list of the people it had called in Pennsylvania to bring pressure to bear on Schweiker, among them large campaign contributors, county chairmen, mayors, state legislators, federal judges, and personal friends. This clumsy attempt to browbeat Schweiker infuriated him. He was also bewildered by the move, and said later, "If they knew anything at all about me, they wouldn't have been so stupid, because it was bound to boomerang." When an anti-Carswell lobbyist heard about the maneuver, he laughed and said, "They figured that since this sort of gambit works with Scott it should work with Schweiker, too. Of course, they forgot one elementary point—Scott is up for reëlection and Schweiker isn't."

While the Administration's repeated blunders created a good bit of amusement, some people were alarmed by its persistent inability to understand what was going on—a failure that could be calamitous in an international crisis, for instance. Senator Cook, who visited the White House on both Monday and Tuesday before the vote and was frequently telephoned by aides there when he wasn't on the premises, was reported to have come away convinced that none of them could believe anyone in Congress could ever behave in anything but a purely political way. In Cook's view, it was far too late to expect a last-minute switch by a senator with the least notion of his public responsibility. "I don't think that someone who deals with an issue as serious as the elevation of a man to the Supreme Court can accept the idea that he is open to a switch at a crucial time," he said. "It just isn't that fluid once you've studied and thought about it." Above all, the Administration's apparent conviction that in politics there could be no principle led it to persistently overestimate the effects of pressure on members of the Senate and to ignore their consciences. "There's probably not a man here who is unaware that in our system one Supreme Court justice is equal to eleven senators," an aide to a Republican senator who was *not* close to the White House said later. "Those who were most concerned about Carswell's fitness to serve on the Court were also aware that he would probably be there a lot longer than most of them will be here, and might do irreparable damage to our country. Even more important, as these men viewed it, was the likelihood that Carswell's confirmation might well be the final blow for the blacks, and that if the Senate turned its back on them their moderate leaders would lose any chance of keeping them within the system."



BAYH had flown out to Houston to keep a speaking engagement before the Texas League of Women Voters the afternoon before the final vote, and when he returned the next morning and went to his office, around nine o'clock, Keefe and Rees filled him in on the latest rumors that were swirling about the Capitol. He calmly shrugged off the stories that Carswell would win, and said that the vote would be fifty-one to forty-five against the nomination. Rees, who believed that forty-nine votes were the most they could hope for, remarked that the Senator was obviously very tired, and suggested that he get some sleep. But Bayh had another pressing family matter to attend to; his father had been hospitalized with an angina attack the day before in Washington, while Bayh was in Texas, so he set off for the hospital, saying that he would meet them on the floor of the Senate at ten-thirty, shortly after the beginning of the three-hour debate that was to precede the vote. Another aide, Mode, rode with him to the hospital and then to the Capitol, and went over with him all the papers he might need, including a secret memorandum that Bayh had asked Mode to prepare in the event of a tie vote. The first part was entitled "Scenario for Tie Vote on Carswell." It began, "*Upon Announcement of Tie Vote*—rise trying loudly to raise question of order. This fails since can't be raised until division complete (Rule XX, Sec. 1). . . . *When the Vice-President Votes*—rise shouting 'I raise the point of order that the Vice-President cannot vote to advise and consent to a nomination to the Supreme Court.' " The

THE TOYOTA CORONA got along fine last year with 90 horsepower.

This year, it gets along even better with 108 horsepower. It accelerates faster. Has a higher top speed. But despite all this extra zip, the new Toyota Corona manages to use up gas at a snail's pace. About a gallon every 25 miles.

In addition, the Toyota Corona is a bit larger than before. A bit heavier than before. Yet, the Corona hangs in there, right around the 25 mpg mark.

Still, all the Corona's new-found power isn't under the hood. The Toyota Corona has a new power braking system. A power braking system with front discs. For quick, safe, straight-line stops. Without fading or swerving.

Disc brakes are just one example of the new no-skimp Corona. The body of the Corona is welded into one solid, durable piece. And the chassis is protected by undersealing.

In the engine compartment, you'll find a lot of aluminum. Where aluminum makes sense. Because aluminum dissipates heat faster than cast iron.

The engine fan has six blades instead of the common four. Because six blades cut down heat better than the common four.

And when you cut down heat, you cut down wear.

The look of the new Corona is somewhat different, too. Outside, it's a little more sporty than before. Inside, you get a choice of where you sit and how you drive. Bucket seats and a 4-on-the-floor stick shift. Or a bench seat with an optional column-mounted, 3-speed automatic.

Standard items include white sidewall tires, electric clock, tinted glass, snap-down nylon carpets, steering column lock, fully lined trunk, a trouble light, cigarette lighter and a locking glove box. With options like factory air conditioning, AM/FM radio and stereo tape deck.

The new Toyota Corona is a lot of car. But not a lot of money.

$2126*

Strange.

TOYOTA
We're quality oriented

Strange, but when we made the car go faster, we made the gas go slower.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. 4 Dr. Sedan $2126. Accessories, options, dealer preparation, freight and taxes extra.

memorandum went on to suggest what to do "if he ignores point of order," "if we're lucky," "if he's on the ball," "after the parliamentary hassle," "if they move to reconsider," and finally "if they move to notify the President immediately." Attached to this document was a three-page speech presenting the case against the right of the Vice-President to cast the deciding vote in such a situation. In short, the argument was that while his implicit Constitutional authority to break a tie vote in a legislative matter or a nomination to the executive branch was well established, there had never been a test of his authority to break a tie in nominations to the federal courts. The argument was more ingenious than legally sound, but no one expected it to prevail anyway. It was merely part of a parliamentary maneuver by which Bayh might force the Vice-President to delay his tie-breaking vote. If that worked, then Bayh was to filibuster until Andrew Biemiller, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. lobbyist, could fly out to New Mexico in a chartered jet, snatch Senator Anderson out of his sickbed, and fly him back to Washington to cast the deciding vote against Carswell.

Early on the morning of April 6th, Senator Cook telephoned Mrs. Smith and told her that he was going to vote against Carswell, and that since she and Prouty held the other swing votes, he thought they should know what he would do when the roll was called. She thanked him, and remarked that perhaps her vote wasn't needed then. Cook also talked to Prouty, who said that he, too, intended to vote against the nomination. Then Cook telephoned the White House and told them what he intended to do. To soften the blow, he mentioned that apparently they could now get Mrs. Smith's vote, and added that with Prouty's vote, which everyone knew was available if needed, the White House would have to find only one other vote to create a tie. With that, Bryce Harlow and his staff set to work—or, as others saw it, they panicked.

On Harlow's orders, Cowen got on the line to Schweiker and told him that Mrs. Smith had promised to support the nomination, that Prouty would, too, and that now his own vote was the one that counted, the one that could save the President from a humiliating defeat. Schweiker hadn't announced his intention to vote against confirmation, because he believed that would bring immediate demands from Pennsylvania for Scott to take the same course. By not revealing his intention, Schweiker also made the decision ap-

The Art of Random Selection

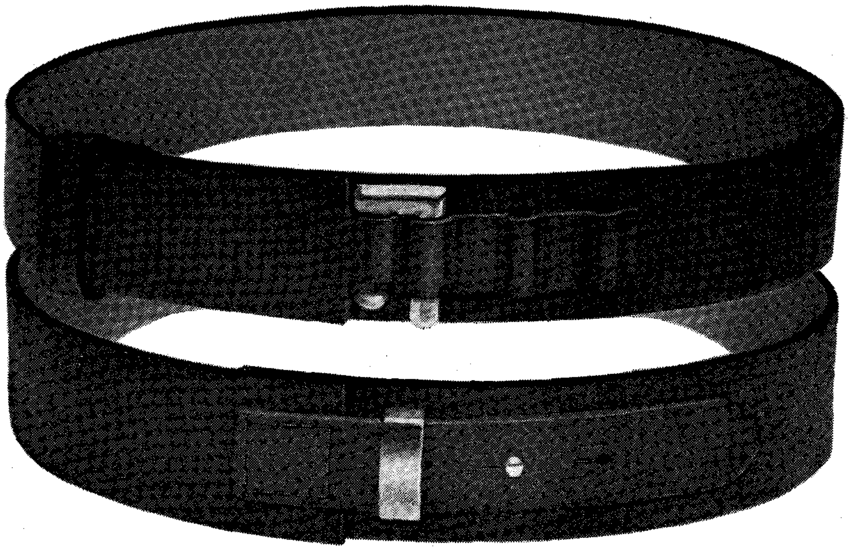
Our Scottish Shetland wool outer shirt ($38) goes beautifully with our English cotton lisle turtleneck ($11), with wide wale corduroy slacks ($26.50), and wide rep cloth belt ($8).

But they also go exceptionally well with other exclusive Paul Stuart items. Which, in turn, can be worn with other items. Etcetera.

Paul Stuart
Madison Avenue at 45th St.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please add $1.00 per order for delivery, and add tax where applicable.

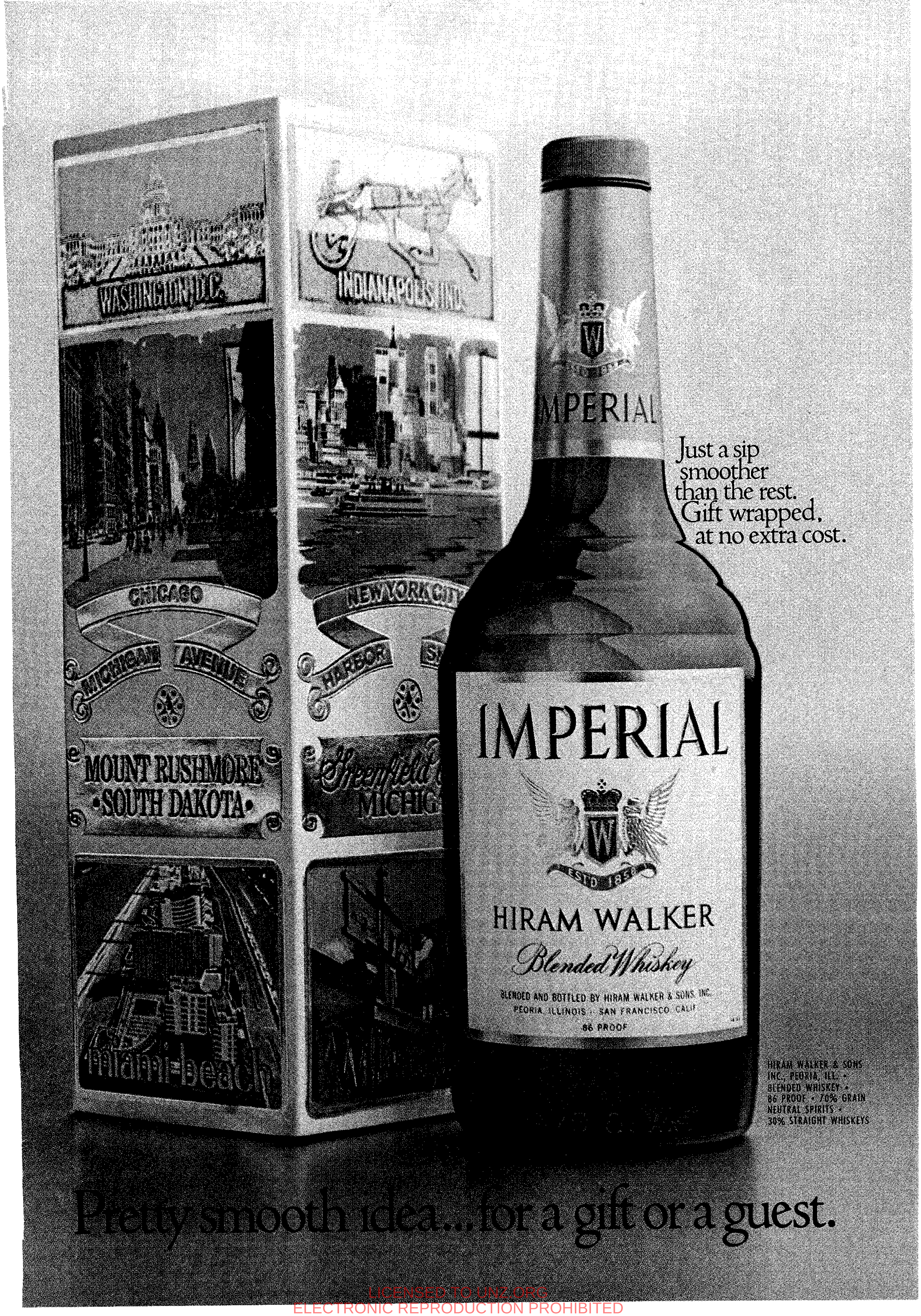
Just what you'd expect from John Weitz.



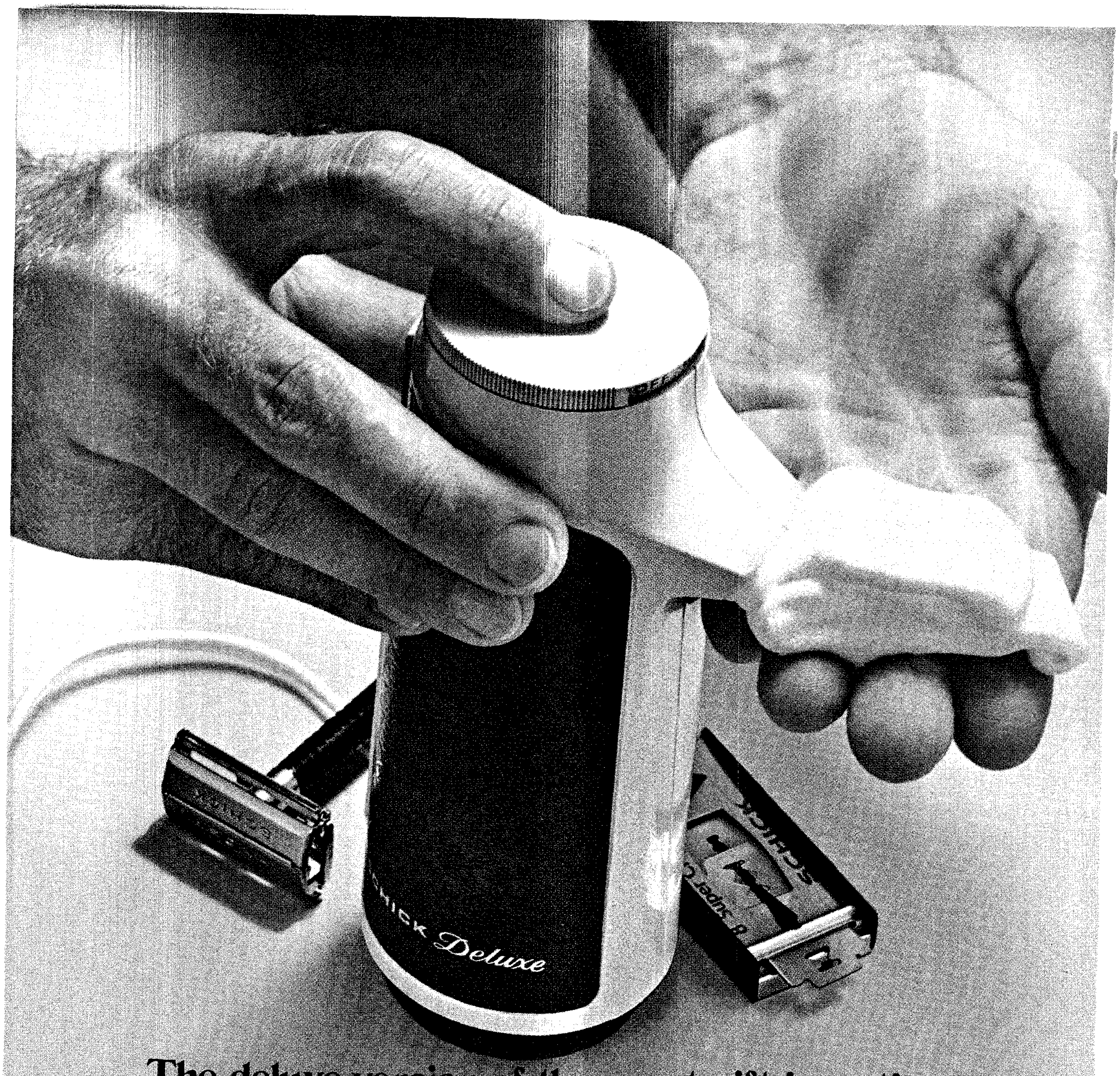
First beltwear by America's foremost men's designer. Typically atypical.

TOP: 1-½" WESTERN STEERHIDE WITH NEW HOOK CLOSURE $7. BOTTOM: 1-¾" GLOVE TANNED COWHIDE WITH RED LINING AND STUD CLOSURE $10. WALLETS TOO. WITH THE JOHN WEITZ ATYPICAL TOUCH.

JOHN WEITZ
ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR PARIS


WASHINGTON, D.C.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
CHICAGO
MICHIGAN AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY
HARBOR
MOUNT RUSHMORE
•SOUTH DAKOTA•
MICHIG
miami beach
IMPERIAL
Just a sip
smoother
than the rest.
Gift wrapped,
at no extra cost.
IMPERIAL
ESTD 1858
HIRAM WALKER
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS · SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
86 PROOF
Pretty smooth idea...for a gift or a guest.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS



The deluxe version of the great gift invention for the deluxe man on your list.

Schick's Electronic Hot Lather Dispenser is available this Christmas in a discriminating new deluxe version.

Contour designed with a brown leather finish, the dispenser gives a man steaming hot lather. Like in a barber shop. In seconds, the lather is heated electrically. Without chemicals. Without tricks.

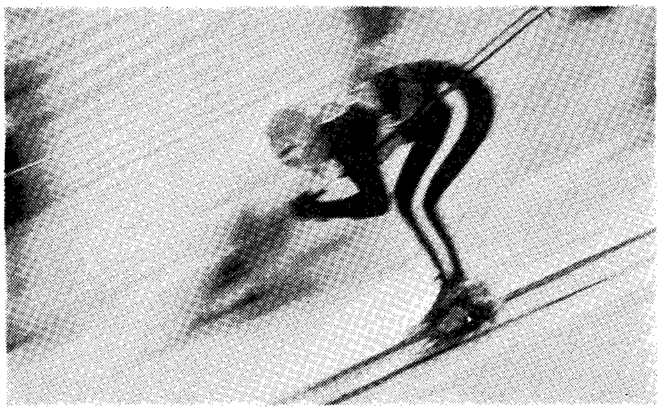
The new unit comes in a handsome attaché case. Lemon/lime, regular and menthol refills are included.

If there's a deluxe man in your life, give him this year's really great gift.

Schick's Deluxe Electronic Hot Lather Dispenser.

pear more difficult than it was—another maneuver to protect Scott as much as he could. Apparently, the White House mistook these adroit precautions for indecision, and decided to apply all the pressure it could. In any case, the call left Schweiker reeling. "The President clearly was making personal loyalty the final test," he said later. "I knew that whatever the vote was in the end, it would really be a one-vote decision, because the balance of the margin would simply be made up of the votes cast after the swing man cast his. That made my responsibility deeper than ever when I realized that my one vote could turn it around." As it happened, Senators Percy and Mathias got identical calls from the White House—a tactic known in the political trade as "pancaking," or, as Mathias called it, "a case of multiple uniqueness." Percy was in a quandary about which side he should vote with. He had campaigned for the Senate in 1966 on a liberal platform, but much of his support came from voters in the conservative southern portion of Illinois, who were convinced that he had to appear liberal in order to beat the noted liberal incumbent, Paul Douglas; they were also convinced that Percy would be a different man once he got into office, and were embittered to discover that he voted almost as liberally as he talked. Illinois was also strong Nixon country, and the Republican governor, Richard B. Ogilvie, a Nixon stalwart, had threatened Percy with a primary opponent in 1972 if he let the President down this time. On the other side, Brooke kept after Percy following the recommittal vote, and pointed out that whatever the leaders of the Party in Illinois said now, they would discover later on that they needed him more than he needed them. In the end, Percy agreed with Brooke's reasoning. In the case of Mathias, he had decided to follow his conscience and vote against Carswell. "My decision created hideous political problems for me at home," he said afterward. "Orthodox Republicans, Democrats who voted for me last time on the ground that a Republican would be more pro-South than a Democrat, and many of my personal friends were aghast at my even thinking about voting against the nomination. They were bound to be furious with me when I did. Of course, that could mean a primary opponent next time around and far less in the way of money and help." But Schweiker was undoubtedly the most distressed of the three who heard from the White House. "Half an hour before the time for the vote, I still had the problem," he recalled later. "Final-

You'd be a faster downhill racer, if you could follow yourself in slow motion.



A Minolta Autopak® super-8 movie camera, with its slow motion feature and 2-speed power zoom, can teach you to ski faster and better in no-time-at-all.

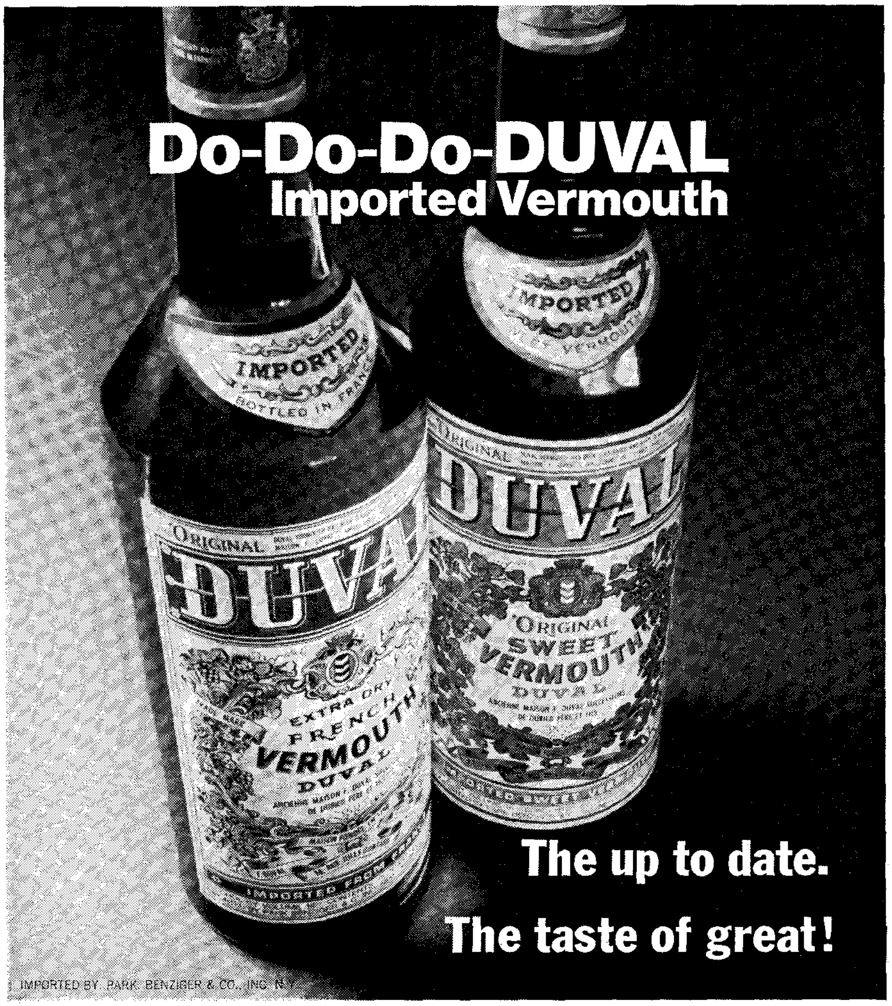
But that's just the beginning. With the Autopak's unique features and system of accessories, you can turn your child's drawings into a cartoon, or make a flower seem to bloom in two minutes.

No matter what the shot, an Autopak gives you the correct exposure automatically. Instantly.

The Minolta Autopak-8 D6 with optical-glass Rokkor zoom lens costs less than $220, plus case. Accessories extra.

For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., Montreal 376.

Start to see life differently with a Minolta Autopak.



Welcome to the Age of Vicarious

EAU DE COLOGNE
HAWAIIAN SURF® 4 FL. OZ.

with the clean fresh sea-spray cool of

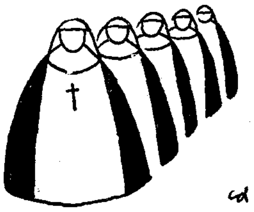
HAWAIIAN SURF®

Eau de Cologne
...instant exhilaration in natural cork canisters. Great gifting!

Also — After Shave Cologne...
Spray Cologne...Deodorant Stick...
Deodorant Spray...Body Powder...
Rope Soap — solo or tandem sets

ly, I forced myself to put aside the responsibility of what one vote could do and tried to judge the issue solely on its merits. I had to convince myself in the few remaining minutes that the one-vote idea was irrelevant to my decision. Once I did that, I saw that in all conscience I had to vote no."

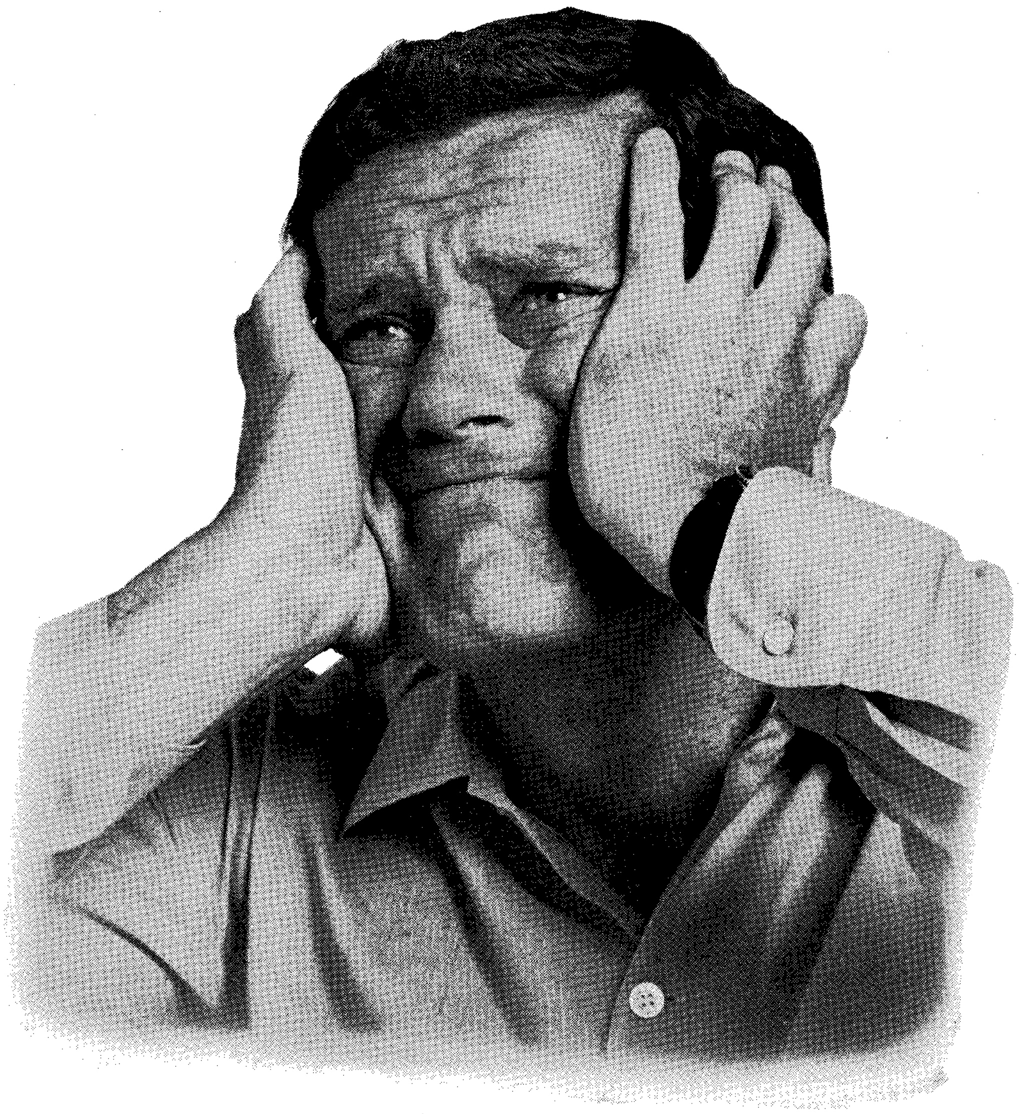
Shortly after eleven o'clock, as the final debate on the nomination was in progress, a woman on Brooke's staff told him that she had just learned from the Minority Leader's office that Mrs. Smith had promised the White House her vote. Brooke began looking for Mrs. Smith at once, but it was over an hour before he found her—at lunch in the Senate dining room, just below the Senate chamber, where Senators Cooper and Tydings were engaged in a bitter floor debate about which side had misrepresented Carswell's record. Brooke reminded her that she had told him she would not decide how she would cast her vote until the time came, and asked if it was true, as the White House was claiming, that she had promised to vote for Carswell. She colored, and he hastily added that he had no intention of trying to influence her one way or the other but thought she should know what was happening if indeed she had not made up her mind yet. Furious at this development, Mrs. Smith went to a telephone, called Harlow, and demanded to know whether he had told other senators she would support the nomination. Harlow tried to sidestep the question, whereupon Mrs. Smith cursed him, slammed down the receiver, and hurried off to the Senate chamber. She went first to Schweiker and asked if he had got such a call, and he assured her that he had. Then she asked Mathias the same question and got the same answer. With that, she went to her desk and sat, tight-lipped, waiting for the roll call to begin.



AT a little before one o'clock, two deep buzzer signals—for a quorum call, the preliminary step to a vote—rang throughout the Senate office buildings across the broad lawns of the Capitol to summon those who were not already on the floor or in the cloakrooms. Even elevator boys and the greenest secretaries knew what this particular signal meant, and everyone watched solemnly as senators, followed by batteries of aides, emerged from their offices and walked down the long marble-floored corridors toward the elevators and thence to the subways connecting the office buildings to the Capitol. The Senate chamber was more crowded than anyone could remember seeing it. The galleries were packed with the lobbyists who had fought for and against the nomination, and with Senate assistants and secretaries. The rear of the Senate floor was jammed with rows of aides who had floor passes, congressmen who had taken advantage of the exchange of floor privileges between the Senate and the House, and even a couple of former senators, who retain for life the right to visit the Senate. Outside, the corridors were filled with people who hadn't been able to get inside.

Promptly at one o'clock, a single buzzer rang, signalling the beginning of a roll-call vote. The first four votes were for Carswell, and then the clerk called, in his deep, resonant voice, "Mr. Bayh," and Bayh had the privilege of casting the first negative vote. Echoing his "No" with a long-drawn-out "No-o-o-o," the clerk resumed the roll, and it stood at nine to four in favor of the nomination when he called, "Mr. Cook." Cook faced the front of the chamber, where Vice-President Agnew was seated as presiding officer, and thundered, "No!" A gasp rose from the audience, for most of those on hand knew that this was the crucial vote, unless the White House had managed to break loose someone who had been thought to be locked in with the opposition. Then some of the votes that might have been changed—Dodd, Fong, and Fulbright—came in quick succession, and as each of them called out, "No," another gasp rose from the audience. When the clerk got to Prouty and he registered a "No," applause burst out briefly, but the Vice-President quickly silenced it with a rap of his gavel. Then Schweiker voted his conscience, and everyone turned to watch Mrs. Smith, who was seated impassively, wearing her usual red rose. The clerk called her name, and she answered, in a quiet, utterly unemotional voice, "No." That brought a roar of approval from the galleries and more applause, for her vote made twelve Republicans opposed—the number necessary to defeat the nomination.

At the end of the first roll call, the tally stood at forty-six to forty-four against the nomination; six senators either had not voted the first time around or had not reached the chamber in time to answer when their names were called. But there was no question about the outcome now, since it would



Is this how you listen to music in your house?

The kids' music getting on your nerves? Then put a London **phase 4 stereo** LP on that stereo equipment of yours, uncover your ears, and listen to something refreshing. We've come to your rescue with music *you* can listen to . . . music that will make you calm, not jangle your nerves.

London **phase 4 stereo** has just about all the music you *haven't* been hearing for a long time: Latin, show tunes, film themes, standards, mood music (MY GOD! MOOD MUSIC!) and a whole concert series of the great composers performed by renowned contemporary conductors. You'll even like the sound of rock music the way we do it . . . .

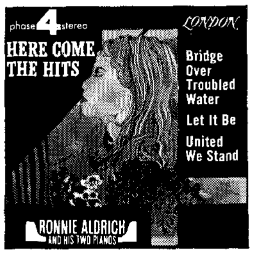
And while you're listening to London **phase 4 stereo** you'll notice something else that's different . . . the *sound* . . . Personal Sound . . . the result of the world's finest engineering techniques and equipment.

So, when you want to relax and just listen to some great sounds, put on a London **phase 4 stereo** LP. And if you want to do some slow, quiet dancing—the kind of dancing where you *hold* your partner—listen to London phase 4 stereo —its *your* sound.

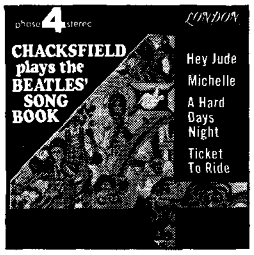
For complete phase 4 catalog please write to:

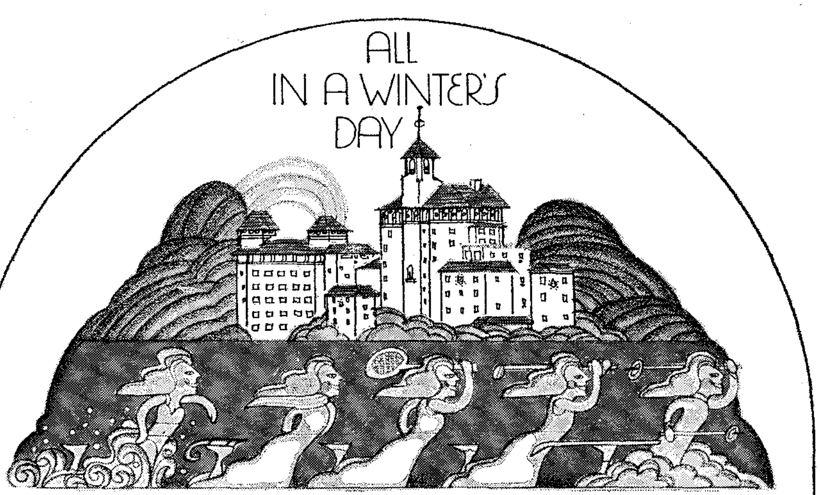
LONDON phase 4 stereo

London Records, Inc. 539-J West 25 Street, New York, N.Y. 10001


phase 4 stereo
LONDON
HERE COME THE HITS
Bridge Over Troubled Water
Let It Be
United We Stand
RONNIE ALDRICH
AND HIS TWO PIANOS

4
CONCERT SERIES
LONDON
GEMS FOR ORCHESTRA
STANLEY BLACK


phase 4 stereo
LONDON
CHACKSFIELD plays the BEATLES' SONG BOOK
Hey Jude
Michelle
A Hard Days Night
Ticket To Ride


ALL IN A WINTER'S DAY

All. The whole smiling face of winter. The world's finest resort facilities in a Thanksgiving-through-Easter gift package. Golf, tennis, swimming, skiing, skating—at no extra charge in a remarkable two-day vacation. "Winterplay."

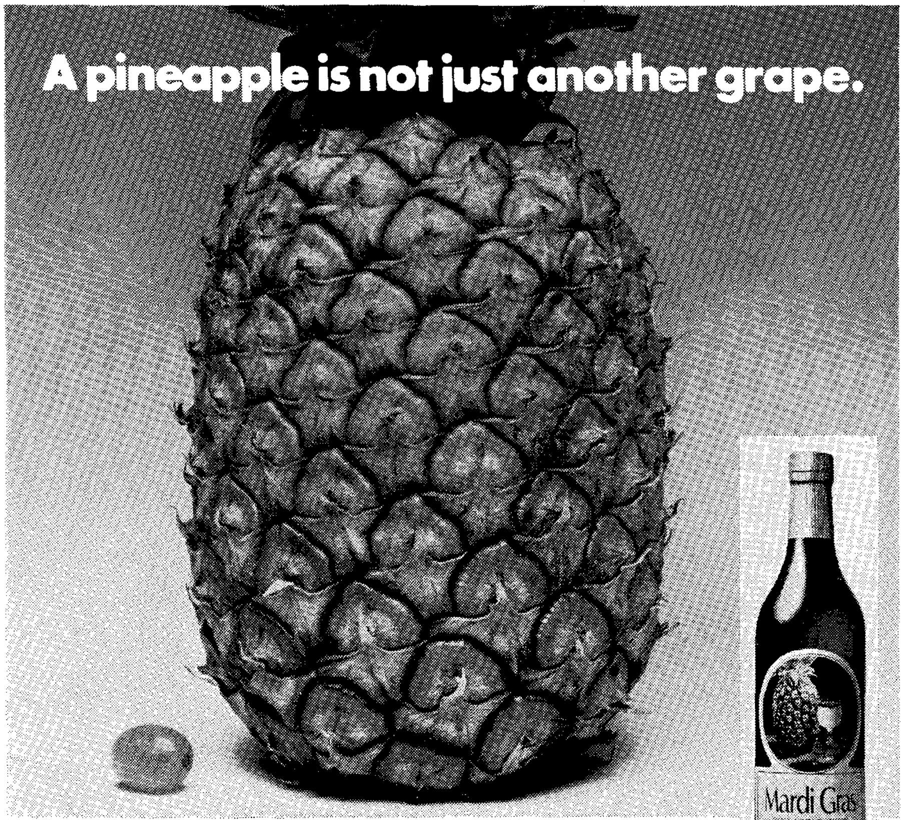
First night, champagne dinner for two. Superb breakfast in your room. Lunch at your choice of seven gracious restaurants, and dinner at the magnificent Penrose Room. A second lavish night of Broadmoor luxury will lead to a multi-course breakfast. And you always select from our full guest menu.

Compliments of
The BROADMOOR
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Here, where blue sky spends the winter, you can rather neatly budget ahead. "Winterplay" is only $54.50 per person, double occupancy. Gratuities included.

Tee up, ski down, break out. The fun is on the green, on the slopes, and on the house.

For brochure and reservations write or call 303/634-7711.



And our pineapple wine is not just another wine. Mardi Gras is made from Puerto Rican pineapples, the richest, juiciest, most delicious in the world. So Mardi Gras is surprisingly dry and light. Smooth. Subtly tangy. It's an aperitif wine. A cocktail on the rocks. A table wine (wait till you try it with ham, or Chinese and polynesian dishes!). So next time, make it Mardi Gras wine. The wine for people who don't have to develop a taste for something different.

Puerto Rico Distillers, Inc. Arecibo, Puerto Rico

take four votes for Carswell out of the six to produce a tie, and three of the six were firmly opposed. In the end, five of the six went against the nomination, and one went for it. Precisely as Bayh had predicted, the final tally was fifty-one to forty-five. When Vice-President Agnew announced the result, the galleries burst into applause, whistles, and shouts, with a scattering of catcalls and boos. Senator Richard B. Russell, the Democratic patriarch from Georgia, who had originally suggested Carswell's name to Senator Gurney, angrily demanded that the galleries be cleared. The Vice-President obeyed, and the guards tried to carry out his order, but by then, of course, everyone was leaving anyway. Among the aides in the back of the chamber, James Flug was laughing and weeping at the same time. "I just can't believe it!" he kept saying. "It's too good to believe." John Conyers, a black congressman from Michigan who had worked hard to defeat the nomination from the House side, was present on the floor, and when he emerged from the chamber he had an expression compounded of disbelief and delight. "Carswell's defeat is an incredible symbol of how public sentiment can work its will even in this insulated system called Congress," he said when he finally collected himself. "It was a terrific psychological victory to show that the people can still have their way."

LATER that day, Senator Cook, the hero or villain of the hour, held a press conference to explain why he had voted against the nomination—principally, he said, because Judge Carswell did not have the support of all the judges on the Fifth Circuit and because his "extraordinarily high reversal percentage" refuted the claim that he was a strict constructionist. Cook also took this opportunity to explain why he had not revealed his position earlier, saying that in light of his leadership in the Haynsworth fight his opposition to Carswell might have influenced others to go along with him and he had not wanted to affect the outcome in any way except by his own vote. "Consequently, I have kept my own counsel and have now cast what I consider to be the most politically dangerous vote of my public career," he added. "I say this because I know that the people of my state are anxious for a Southern judge to be put on the Supreme Court. Well, so am I. I know that our people would like to see a conservative approved for the Court, and so would I. But, most of all, I know the people of Kentucky want an

©American Tourister, Warren, R.I.

"The luggage fell end over end, and smashed on the dock below..."

"They were loading it onto the ship and we saw the whole thing happen. We almost fainted."

The brutal truth about travel is, people don't take care of your suitcase the way they take care of you.

So we build an American Tourister that can take care of itself.

We pack sixteen different strong materials into every single case.

We wrap it all up with a tough stainless steel frame.

We reinforce American Touristers with fiber glass. (All over. Not just on the corners.)

And give each bag non-spring locks. The kind that don't spring open on impact.

"It seems incredible, but the locks held tight. And none of my clothes got hurt at all."

We do everything we can to make sure every American Tourister has a long, hard life.

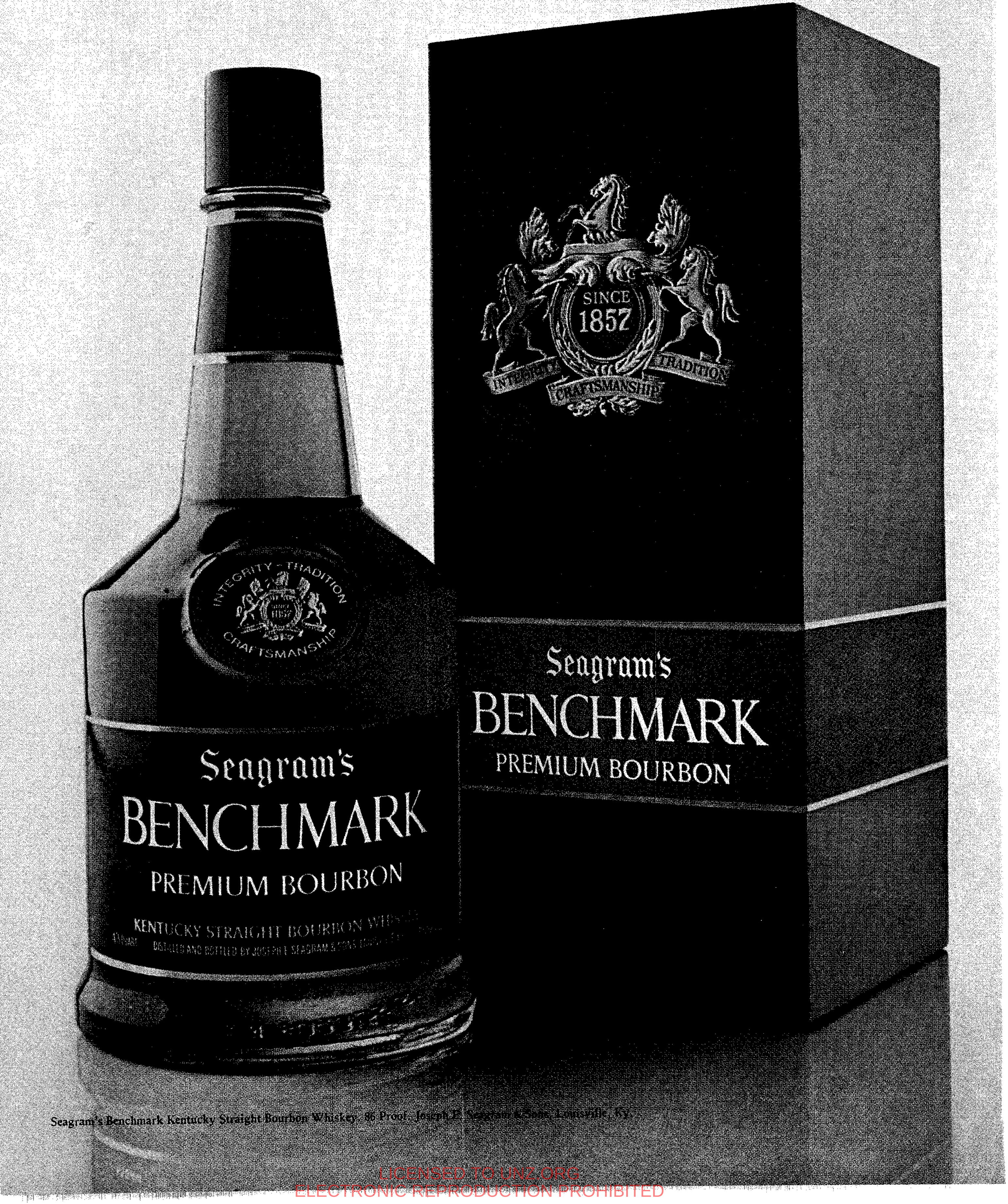
"When I think what might have happened with a lesser bag, I feel like fainting again."

Mrs. Allyn Gerds
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

American Tourister

Give a little craftsmanship for Christmas.

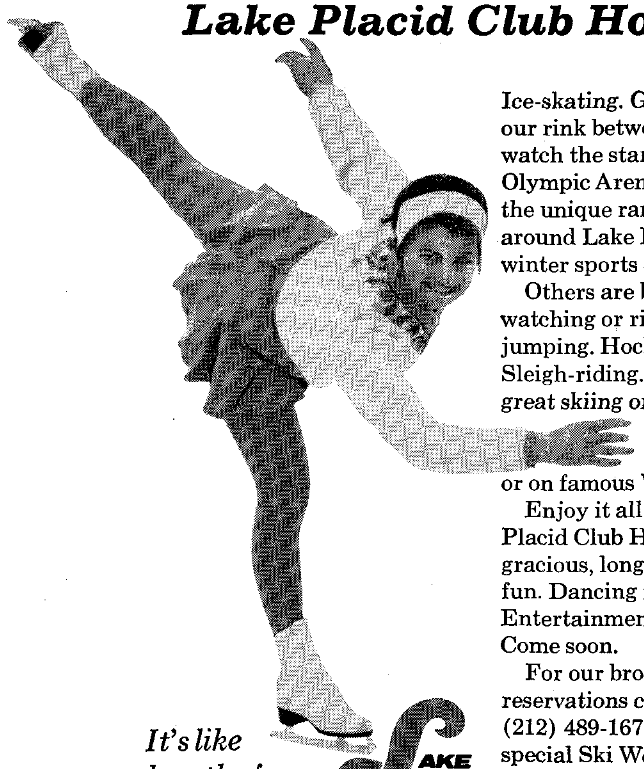
The men who make Seagram's Benchmark still believe a job should be done the old-fashioned way—with skill, dedication, great care. Craftsmanship like this has to make a pretty special Bourbon. Don't you think it should make a pretty special gift, too?


SINCE
1857
INTEGRITY
TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
INTEGRITY · TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS

Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

outstanding Southern conservative on the Supreme Court, and so do I. . . . I do not see that man in Harrold Carswell. Therefore, I cast my vote as I did because I could not in good conscience do otherwise." Afterward, an aide to a Democratic leader of the opposition to Carswell said, "Cook was a pillar of strength. His decision must have been excruciatingly difficult." It was. Knowing that most of his constituents would be enraged by his act and would fail to see that he must have known he would incur their wrath but *had* to vote as he did, Cook took a further step to mollify them by recounting how he had finally made up his mind the day before the vote after attending a White House ceremony at which President Nixon awarded twenty-one Medals of Honor posthumously. "When I came back from the White House, I thought, Those were men who did their best and lost their lives. And all of a sudden I thought that we were going to vote for someone who didn't fulfill the degree of excellence in the legal field that I thought those men deserved." Most people in Washington dismissed this statement as a piece of sentimental hokum. Harlow, for instance, asked him, "Marlow, are you *serious*?" Cook assured him that he was. That night, Cook stayed in his office late to catch up on his work, and when he left he ran into a group of Senate aides who were winding up their celebration over Carswell's defeat. He stopped to talk with them for a few moments, and mentioned that one of the influences he had not revealed in his press conference was a letter from a former law partner in Kentucky, who had appealed to him to reject Carswell as the only way to stop the deep discontent among Negroes from bursting into a bloody upheaval. Cook paused thoughtfully, then grinned and added, "I hope they send the Attorney General's name up next, so we can turn him down, too."

SENATOR YARBOROUGH was beaten in his primary by about a hundred thousand votes out of one and a half million cast, and he was convinced that his stand against Carswell had cost him his seat. News of Yarborough's defeat was received with dismay by most of his fellow-Democrats in the Senate, especially by those who had voted the same way and were also facing reëlection contests. Few were more dismayed than Senator Cannon, who soon learned that instead of the free ride promised by the White House if he supported Carswell he was in for the costliest ride of his political life for opposing



Another reason to go skiing at Lake Placid Club House:

Ice-skating. Give it a spin on our rink between ski runs, or watch the stars perform in the Olympic Arena. It's just one of the unique range of activities around Lake Placid, U.S. winter sports capital.

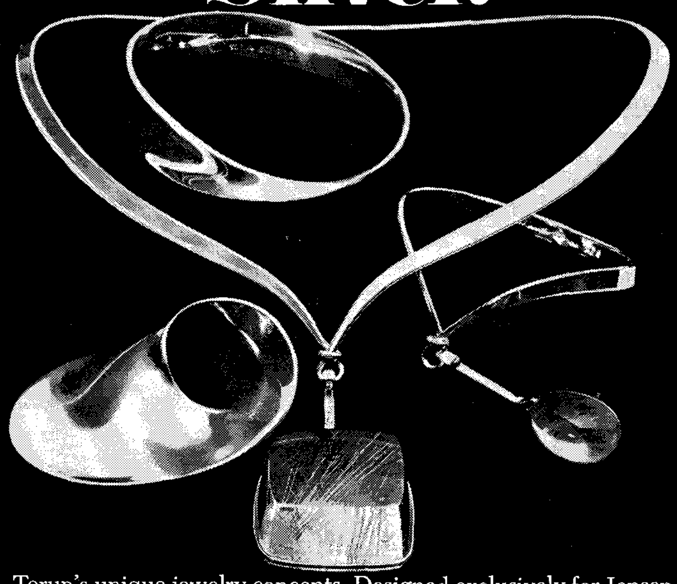
Others are bob-sledding—watching or riding. Ski-jumping. Hockey games. Sleigh-riding. And of course great skiing on our own uncrowded Mt. Whitney or on famous Whiteface Mt.

Enjoy it all from Lake Placid Club House: spacious, gracious, long-established, fun. Dancing nightly. Movies. Entertainment. Superb food. Come soon.

For our brochure or reservations call, in New York: (212) 489-1675. And ask about special Ski Weeks

It's like a breath of fresh air.

LAKE PLACID CLUB HOUSE
LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK



Georg Jensen Silver.

Torun's unique jewelry concepts. Designed exclusively for Jensen.

Art you use.

At fine stores everywhere. From the collection of GEORG JENSEN
601 Madison Ave. at 57 St., New York, N.Y. 10022

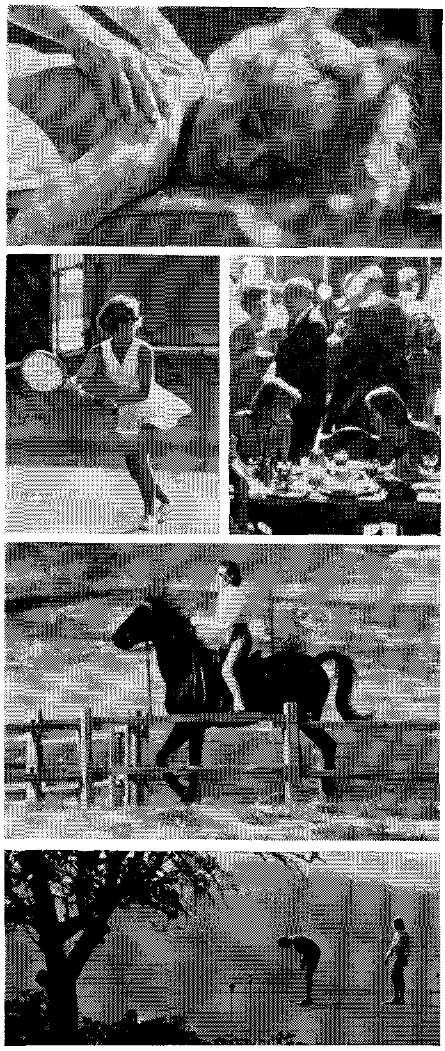
At La Costa, we believe it's not how long you stay. But how fully you enjoy.

So we surround you with enjoyments. Our own championship golf course. Tennis. Swimming. Horseback riding. Entertainment and dancing nightly. A trip to romantic Old Mexico. Or to San Diego for sports.

Not to mention our own magnificent Spa, with facilities to invigorate the body and renew the spirit.

Come to La Costa in Southern California. Let us show you how to live.

Come to La Costa.
We'll show
you how to live.



LA COSTA
Resort-Hotel and Spa
Rancho La Costa, Calif. 92008 (714) 729-7111
For reservations or our brochure, call your travel agent. Or our nearest reservation office.

New York	757-6805
Boston	LI 2-2036
Chicago	FI 6-2979
Dallas	RI 7-3610
Los Angeles	DU 8-1151
San Francisco	434-0660
Seattle	MU 2-1981
Miami	FR 9-8331
Montreal	VI 2-2969
Toronto	366-2941

Home of the Tournament of Champions

him. At the time of the vote, it had appeared that the Republicans would be unable to find a powerful candidate to run against him, because the two strongest Republican figures in Nevada were vying with each other for a crack at the governorship. Now, however, the White House interceded, and Vice-President Agnew, on instructions from the President, persuaded one of them—William Raggio, the district attorney of Washoe County, which includes Reno—to run against Cannon, and promised that both he and the President would campaign for him. Even more unsettling to Cannon was the Republican Party's promise to spend half a million dollars on Raggio's campaign, an enormous sum for a small state like Nevada. "The Administration has said that it can win a Senate seat at less cost in Nevada than anywhere else in the country," Cannon explained. Of course, he could not hope to raise that kind of money, nor could the Democratic Party in Nevada or the Democratic National Committee, both of which were deeply in debt already. As it turned out, though, Cannon fought a hard campaign—in the opinion of some, abetted by the Vice-President's and the President's intercession, which was resented by the voters—and won by nearly three to two. At the start of his campaign, Senator Scott tried to soothe his liberal and black constituents by saying publicly, "Perhaps I erred in judgment on the Carswell case." As for the Judge's defeat in his primary race for the Senate, Scott remarked that it was "fortunate that Florida has not nominated a racist." Scott won with fifty-two per cent of the vote.

Senator Gore, who had always played the underdog in election campaigns and had won seven terms in the House and three in the Senate, discovered that he was an authentic underdog at last. Although the President unwittingly came to his aid during the primary by threatening to personally campaign against him, thereby showing the independent-minded voters of Tennessee that Gore was in trouble because he was independent, he won that election by the narrow margin of thirty thousand votes. That was only a third of what he, and others, felt he needed to beat his Republican opponent in the fall. Toward the close of that campaign, his votes against Haynsworth and Carswell became one of the four main issues his opponent concentrated on. In the end, Gore lost by less than fifty thousand votes out of more than a million cast, and it was believed in his camp that if he had voted in favor

Webster's Third New International Dictionary
UNABRIDGED

Available at these and other fine stores, or write for names of ones near you.

Atlanta
Ivan Allen Company
Cokesbury
Miller's Book & Office Supply
Rich's
Baltimore
Doubleday Book Shop
Gordon's Booksellers
Hochschild Kohn
Hutzler
Remington Book Stores
Berkeley
Books Unlimited
J.F. Hink & Son
Birmingham
Loveman's
Smith & Hardwick Bookstore
Boston
Jordan Marsh
Lauriat's
Old Corner Book Store
Buffalo
Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Ulbrich's
Chicago
Carson Pirie Scott
Cokesbury
Kroch's & Brentano's
Horder's
Marshall Field
Utility Stationers
Cincinnati
Kidd's
McAlpin's
H. & S. Pogue
Shillito's
Cleveland
Burrows
Halle Bros. Co.
Higbee Company
May Company
Columbus, Ohio
Fleming's Book Store
Lazarus
Dallas-Ft. Worth
Cokesbury
R.E. Cox & Co.
Doubleday Book Shop
Sanger-Harris
Titche-Goettinger Co.
Dayton
McLean's Booksellers
Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver
Denver Dry Goods Co.
Hatch's Card Shops
May D & F
Detroit
Doubleday Book Shops
J.L. Hudson
Hartford
Doubleday Book Shop
G. Fox
Huntington's Book Store
Houston
Books Inc.
Brown's Book Shop
B. Dalton Bookseller
Foley's
Indianapolis
L.S. Ayres
Kansas City
Baptist Book Store
The Jones Store
Macy's
Los Angeles
Broadway Dept. Stores
Bullock's
Campbell's Book Store
Martindale's Book Stores
The May Company
Pickwick Bookshops
J.W. Robinson
Louisville
W.K. Stewart
Stewart Dry Goods
Miami
Burdine's
Doubleday Book Shops
Mr. Foster's Store
Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee
Des Forges
Gimbel's
Harry W. Schwartz Book Shop
Minneapolis-St. Paul
B. Dalton Booksellers
Dayton's
Donaldson's
St. Paul Book & Stationery Co.
Nashville
Baptist Book Store
Cokesbury
New Orleans
Doubleday Book Shop
D.H. Holmes Co.
Maison Blanche
New York
Abraham & Straus-Brooklyn
B. Altman & Co.
Bloomingdale's
Brentano's
Doubleday Book Shops
Gimbel's
Goldsmith Bros.
Macy's
Scribner's
Newark-Paramus
Bamberger's
Brentano's
Oakland
Capwell's
Holmes Book Co.
Omaha
J.L. Brandeis & Sons, Inc.
Matthew's Book Store
Pasadena
A.C. Vroman
Philadelphia
Charles Sessler
Strawbridge & Clothier
John Wanamaker
Whitman Book Shop
Phoenix
Diamond's
Doubleday Book Shop
Martindale's Book Stores
Pittsburgh
Gimbel's
Joseph Horne Company
Kaufmann's
Walleck's Book Store
Richmond
Cokesbury
Miller & Rhoads
Rochester
McCurdy's
Scrantom's
Salt Lake City
Auerbach's
Deseret Book Co.
Sam Weller's
ZCMI
San Antonio
Dillard's
Joske's
San Francisco
City of Paris
Cokesbury
The Emporium
Macy's
Tro Harper Books, Inc.
San Diego
May Company
Pickwick Bookshops
Seattle
Bon Marche
St. Louis
Doubleday Book Shop
Famous Barr
Stix Baer & Fuller
Toledo
Eriksen's Inc.
Hirsch's Book Store
Lamson Bros.
Tulsa
Rector's Book Stores
Vandever's
Washington, D.C.
Brentano's
Doubleday Book Shops
Hecht Company
Woodward & Lothrop

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101.

This Christmas give the Cadillac of dictionaries.

A dictionary of such scope, we built a special table to hold it! It's the ultimate in dictionary ownership — the ultimate in word information. More than an unabridged, Webster's Third New International is a fascinating record of our language as it is written and spoken today. The one used by libraries, schools, offices and courts everywhere . . . because it includes nearly everything.

Anyone who reads a lot, writes a lot — anyone who enjoys word games and puzzles — would give anything to own this great library of the English language. Ask for Webster's *Third* New International, from Merriam-Webster, the leading name in dictionaries since 1847. $54.50 at leading book, department and stationery stores. Deluxe bindings in India paper to $67.50; dictionary table $37.50.

Four wheels and all.

©G.&C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101.

MORE AND MORE
PEOPLE ARE
CHECKING
INTO

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY... ONLY
HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH
COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED
(with vibrator)
AND LOUNGER CHAIR
IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

FOR THE LOVE TO MUNCH BUNCH

India Sweetmeats

curried california raisins besprinkled with tender sliced almonds ... a curry condiment especiale ... salubrious in fruit salad ... unexpectedly exciting in rice! or just to nibble.

two *10 oz. paislied tins incl. tax and p.p.* $5.00
send money order or check (no C.O.D.s please) to

the Keeping Room's Cannery
6 Pilot Road, Carmel Valley Village, California 93924
Attn: Dept. N

of either nominee, that would probably have been enough to switch twenty-five thousand votes and reëlect him. Senator Tydings also went down to defeat in November, and he believed that he lost because of his support for the civil-rights cause, which, of course, included his vote against Carswell. Senator Fulbright was also in difficulty at home for his vote against Carswell, but since he wasn't up for reëlection until 1974, and rumor had it that he meant to retire then, he didn't need any help from the Administration. He got it anyway. At two o'clock on the morning following the vote, Attorney General Mitchell's wife telephoned the *Arkansas Gazette*, said, "I'm little Martha Mitchell," rambled on for a few minutes about her childhood in Arkansas, and added, "I want you to crucify Fulbright, and that's it." The *Gazette*, which had opposed Carswell from the start, printed an account of her call on the front page of the next edition, and Fulbright's stock soared in Arkansas. A senator from the Deep South who confessed to having some admiration for the idea of the Southern strategy cited the Administration's failure to implement it by way of the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations to prove that it would never succeed. "Mr. Nixon has no feeling for, and no understanding of, the South," he said shortly after Carswell was defeated. "One of the things he doesn't understand is that among Southerners' many antediluvian attitudes is the attitude of fierce independence."

Carswell's announcement that he was resigning from the bench to run for the Senate in Florida led even some of his staunchest defenders to conclude that his enemies had been right in charging that he was more politician than judge and lacked the temperament to serve on any high court. That his sponsor was the governor of Florida, Claude Kirk, a white-supremacist, also convinced many of them that the racial charges against Carswell were true. In addition, some senators were puzzled by his desire to join a club that had already blackballed him. After his stunning defeat in the primary—by nearly two to one—Carswell apparently retired from public life. He was obviously an embittered man.

But no one seemed as embittered as the President who had nominated him. Summoning the White House press corps the day after the Senate vote on Carswell, Mr. Nixon, with Attorney General Mitchell at his side, delivered a tirade against the Senate. "I have reluctantly concluded—with the Senate presently constituted—I

The Extraordinary Brandy

ROTHSCHILD
Extra Fine Brandy
NAPOLEON
V.S.O.P.

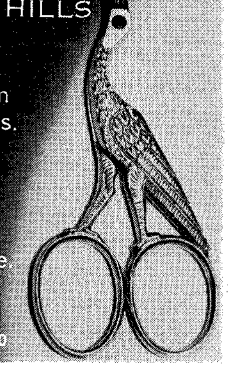
ROTHSCHILD NAPOLEON V.S.O.P.
Maison Fondée en 1875

Sole Agents, U.S.A., Les Caves, M.A.R. & Co., Cleveland, 0.80 Proof

HOTEL EL CONVENTO
IN OLD SAN JUAN.
SWITCHED-ON SPAIN.

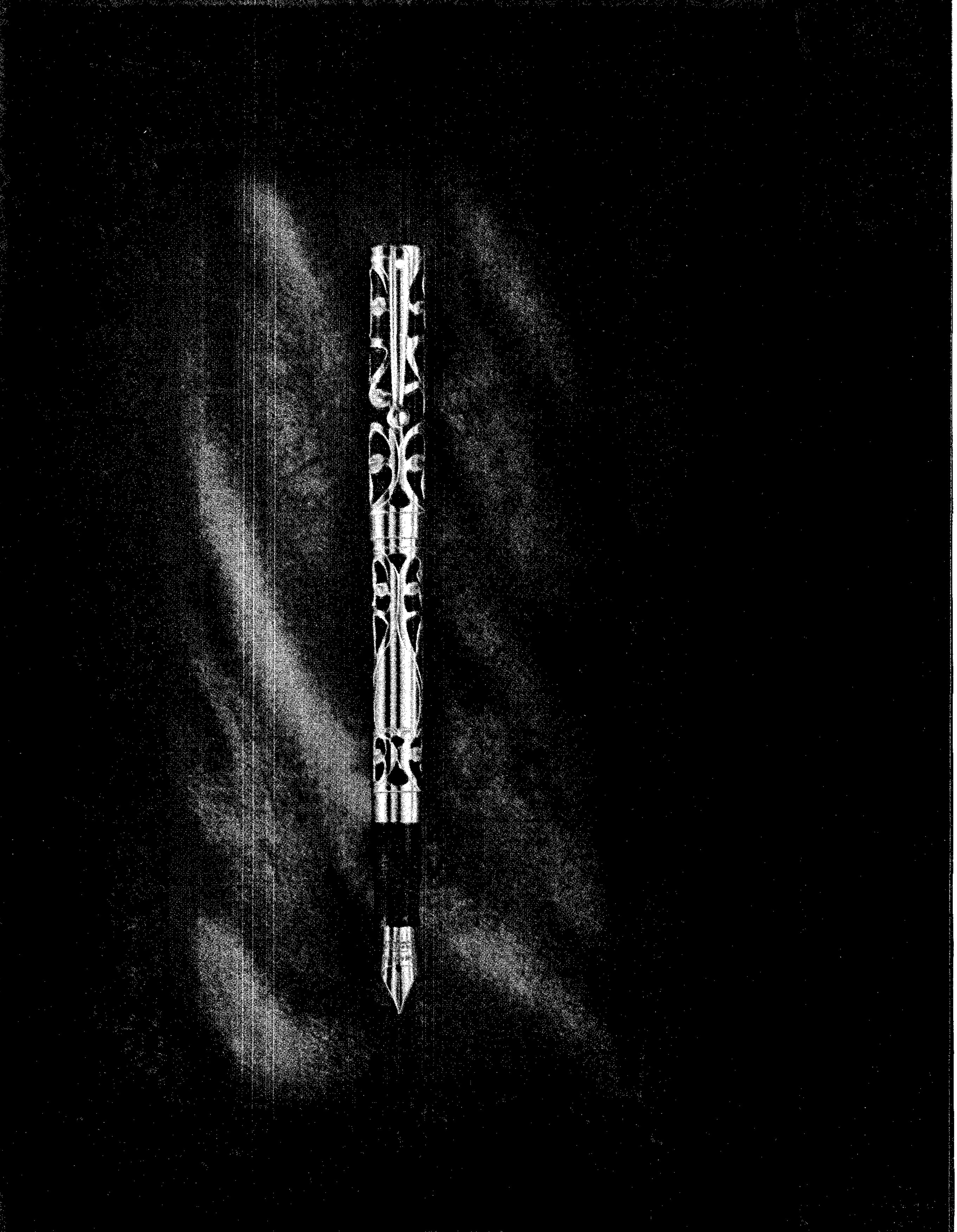
Listen. To the cool sound of laughter. The warm sound of fun. The sizzle of paella stirred in its chafing dish. The splash of a fountain in the courtyard. The tinkle of ice at cocktail time on the terrace. The soft rustle of attentive service. And the click of castanets. Tune in. Switch on. Come down. See your travel agent or call: in New York (212) TN 7-1450; in Los Angeles (213) 461-3541.

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS



Stork Scissors of finest Solingen stainless steel, with gold plated handles. They're honed to razor sharpness.
3½-inch size 5.00
4½-inch size 6.50
35¢ delivery charge.
Plus tax in California.

351 N. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210



A limited edition of this commemorative White Dot Pen available at selected stores.
Each with registered serial number. 14K gold or silver filigree. From $180.00

NOSTALGIA/1924

SHEAFFER® • still the proud craftsmen

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, A Textron COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA 52627

Marnier-Lapostolle
Liqueur
PRODUCE of FRANCE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Triple Orange
Triple Orange
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PARIS — FRANCE
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80° PROOF — NET CONTENTS 67/128 GALLON
Grand Marnier

The Spirit of Grand Marnier . . . always captivating . . . exciting . . . alive with every sip! If you enjoy a Sour, you must try the Grand Marnier Sour . . . 2 ounces Grand Marnier, juice of 1/2 lemon . . . shake and serve on the rocks. You may want to taste the very elegant Coffee Grand Marnier . . . one ounce of Grand Marnier in hot black coffee, topped with whipped cream, and voila! Delicious. Grand Marnier flames in magical ways in many fine recipes, excels in cocktails . . . or in a snifter. It has spirit! For cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free booklet.

PRODUCT OF FRANCE / MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. NY4 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 10022 cannot successfully nominate to the Supreme Court any federal appellate judge from the South who believes as I do in the strict construction of the Constitution," he began. Going on to charge that the vote had been the result of "vicious assaults," "malicious character assassination," and an "act of regional discrimination," he wound up by saying that he would be compelled to find his next nominee in the North.

Many people felt that this was merely a political statement, but one prominent lawyer who was deeply involved in the Carswell fight said, "He meant it. Those of us who raised our heads out of the trenches in this fight will never be forgiven. As far as the President is concerned, anyone who was against him on this one is just plain against him."

In the Senate, the reaction to the President's remarks ranged from outrage to disbelief to amusement. Republicans, by and large, were the angriest—with good reason, as Bayh saw it. "These senators felt that the President had handed them two lemons, had gone to the mat for his choices when he didn't have to, and then had attacked the Senate for doing its job," he said. Schweiker was particularly distressed by the President's attack, and called it "a total misreading of the mood, the temper, and the meaning of what the debate was about." Brooke found it "incredible that the President would make such a mistaken and unfortunate statement." And Tydings rose on the Senate floor and ticked off a list of federal judges in the South whom he and just about everybody else would have been happy to confirm. When tempers had subsided a little, a senator who had worked and voted for Carswell—John Sherman Cooper, the Senate's most courtly member—attempted to put the furious charges and countercharges into perspective. "That's all part of the way we do business here," he said with a smile. "It's just politics. I don't see how the attacks have hurt anybody. Whatever I may personally feel about the outcome, I'm sure the debate showed the people, including the people in Congress, what the Supreme Court should be and what the Senate could be."

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

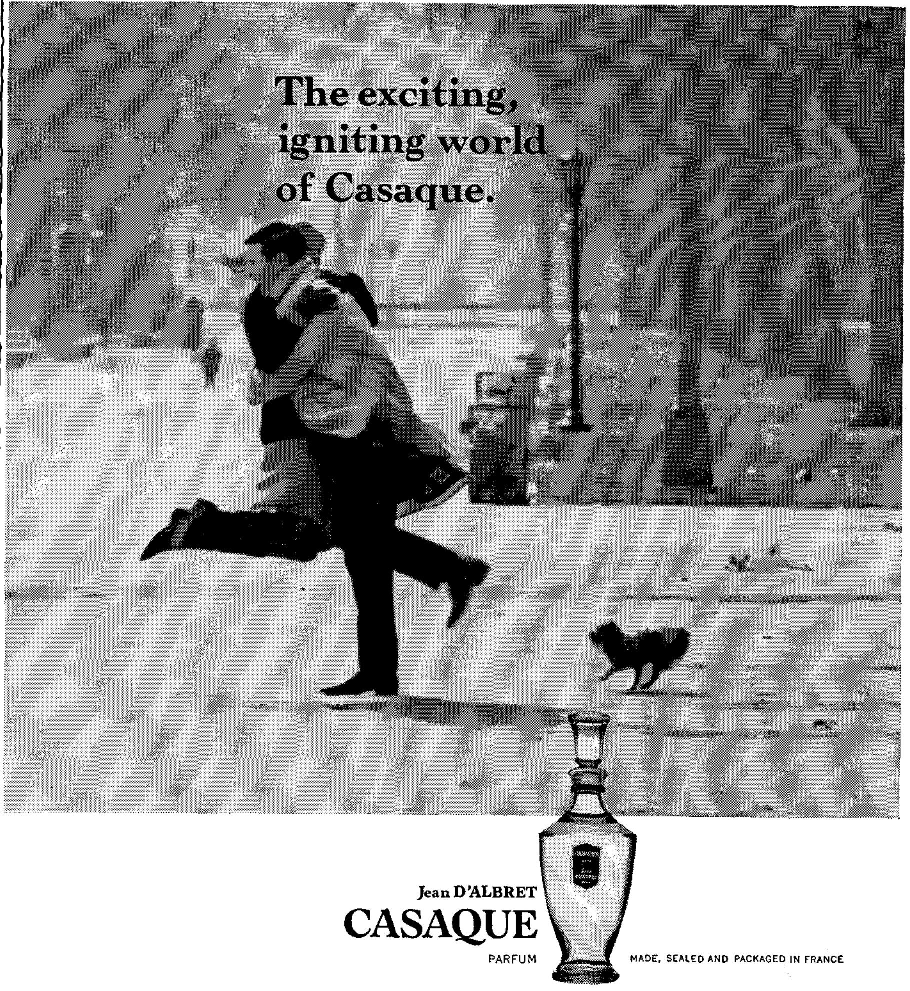
•

N. J. EDUCATORS MISSING

ATLANTIS CITY (AP)—The New Jersey Education Assn. will begin its annual convention here today.—*The Post.*

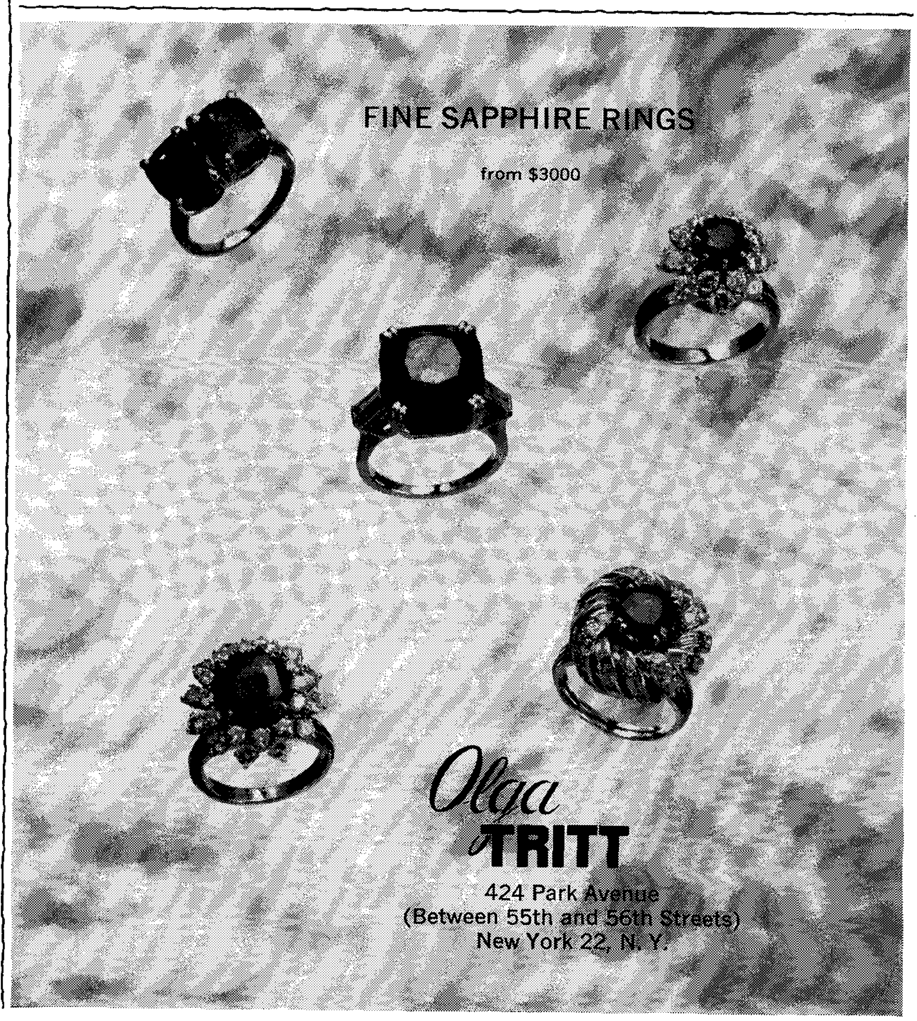
Of course they're missing. They're in Davy Jones' locker.

Importer Jean D'ALBRET® Div., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019



The exciting, igniting world of Casaque.

Jean D'ALBRET
CASAQUE
PARFUM
MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE



Olga
TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE New Lafayette, an Off Off Broadway company, was founded by Robert Macbeth in 1966 and moved to its present theatre, at 137th Street and Seventh Avenue, in 1968. The current production there is "The Devil Catchers," by an anonymous hand; no credit for authorship—or, for that matter, for individual performances or settings—is given either on the posters in the lobby or in the program. "The Devil Catchers" is a ritualistic work, full of symbolism, and certainly full—too full, I think—of writing. At times, it seems almost to drown in words, and yet quite a lot of feeling and mockery and self-mockery are tucked into the incantation. Through it all runs a fable, or allegory, about the black warriors of the Sun People, who go off every thirty years to hunt and destroy the Devils and bring back a Devil skin. (The skin of the Devils, I need hardly say, is gray white.) The Devils are protected by the black warriors of the Devil Guides, who serve the Devils for their own ends. When the Sun People and the Devil Guides confront each other, their fierceness melts as soon as they realize that they have much in common, and that they are merely using separate ways to deal with the same situation. What promised to be a battle becomes a party and a standoff. And there is more to the story than that.

Much of what took place on the stage was bewildering to me, though the rest of the audience seemed to sense every shift in mood. At the end of the first act, for instance, the warriors of the Sun People, after considerable pontificating, push a frightened young man through a trapdoor leading to the Devils' country, and the roar of laughter from the house was my first indication that anything but solemnity was intended. (The frightened young man, who had a number of chivalrous ideals about courage and wisdom and human decency, was the butt of several other jokes that I didn't care for much.) After that, the second act seemed easier. At least it was more varied, taking in a funny imitation of a white pop singer in orbit, as well as a haunting speech by a woman seer and healer. The settings—a couple of blasted heaths to which black people have been exiled by the Devils—are extremely effective, and so is the lighting. The auditorium itself, with its ingenious arrangement of bleachers around three sides of an open stage, is as handsome as any in town.

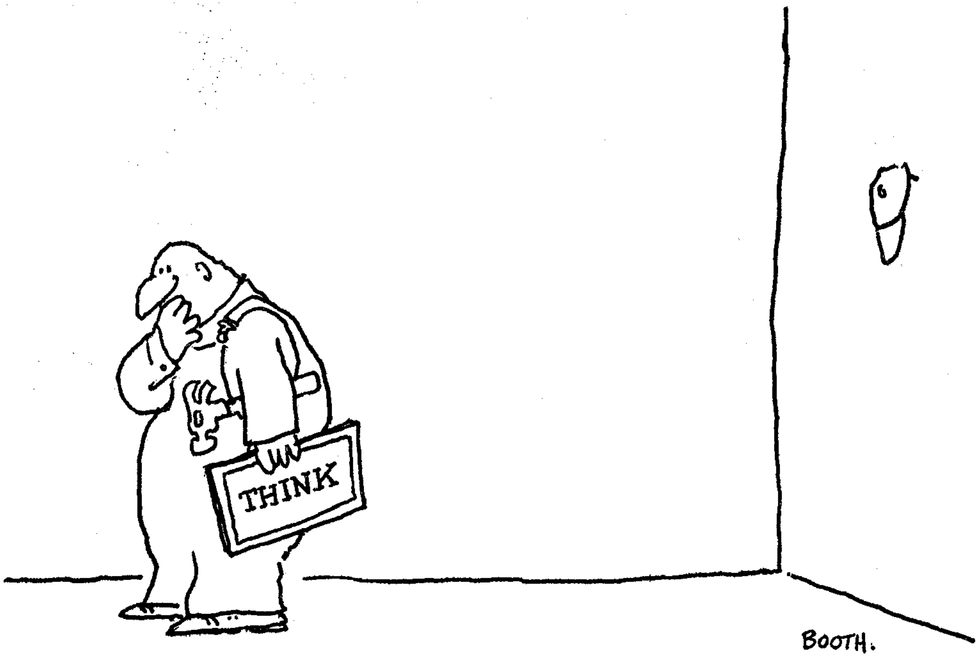
Along with my invitation, I was sent a copy of a magazine, *Black Theatre*, in which I found these words by Mr. Macbeth:

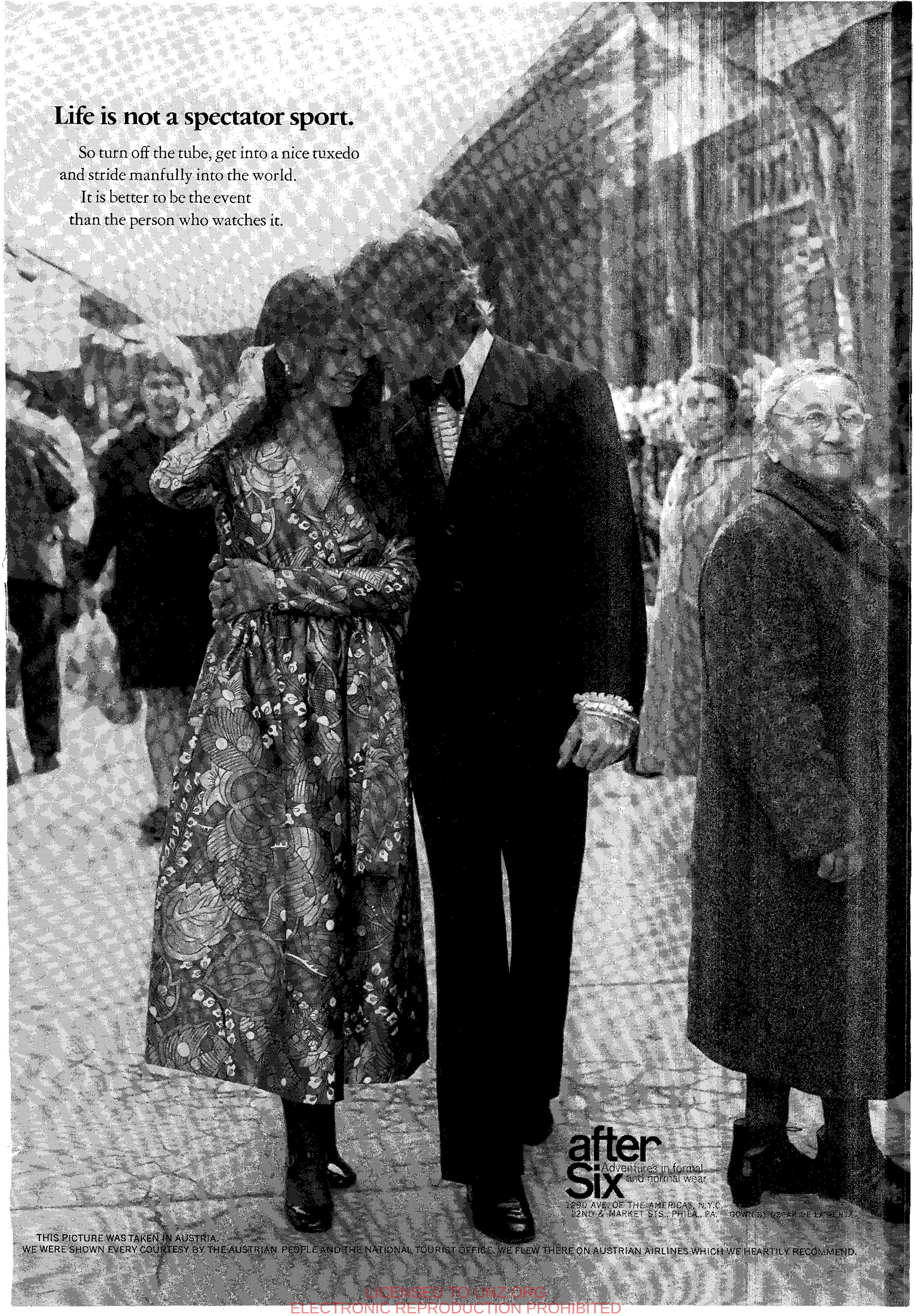
> But the [play] form is limited. It doesn't really work. The Western white form is a drawing-room form. They sit around and they jive. They sit there and they talk to each other. Nothing really happens the way you want it to.

A quest for a new form is taking place at the Lafayette, and no appraisal of any play or performance there is possible after just one visit to the theatre. I hope to bring you further reports on other productions.

THE Off Broadway strike continues, but a few shows whose casts have special arrangements with Actors' Equity, or whose casts are non-Equity, quietly open and close or open and run. "Touch," which has been running for several weeks now at the Village Arena, is an easy little musical imported from a summer theatre called the Plowright, near Warren, Pennsylvania. Everyone concerned is very young. Kenn Long, who wrote the music, lyrics, and book, is twenty-four. Jim Crozier, who collaborated with him, is nineteen. The members of the company presumably are all theatrical débutantes in New York; there are no biographies in the program. I doubt whether you could spend an evening with a more engaging troupe. "Touch," which calls itself "a communal musical," is about a group of dropouts, whom we meet, singly or two by two, in city streets and parks in Act I, and who in Act II have come together in a deserted farmhouse to form a commune and live an idyllic life. It is all very romantic, and its innocence (true innocence is rare in the theatre) is irresistible—certainly while it is going on; the questions come later. The characters include an Army deserter (exceptionally well sung and played by Norman Jacob), a pregnant girl whose lover has left her, a girl who has had to leave her lover, a guitarist-composer from Texas (exceptionally well sung and played by Mr. Long), and a number of other loners. Mr. Long's score sounded more like show tunes than like folk songs or rock to me, but, whatever it is, I enjoyed it. As for the book, gentleness and affection prevail. The players may be relatively inexperienced, but they have the invaluable knack of making every note, every word, and every movement seem impulsive, and their singing is charming. They move up and down the aisles of the little theatre, occasionally talking to the audience. At one point, in the first act, they even panhandle the audience (which may explain the title). It must be said that there is a complacency about the whole show that you could find irritating but that you could just as easily find pleasing and contagious.

—EDITH OLIVER



**Life is not a spectator sport.**

So turn off the tube, get into a nice tuxedo
and stride manfully into the world.
It is better to be the event
than the person who watches it.

after
Six
Adventures in formal
and normal wear

1290 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y.C.
22ND & MARKET STS., PHILA., PA.   GOWN BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA

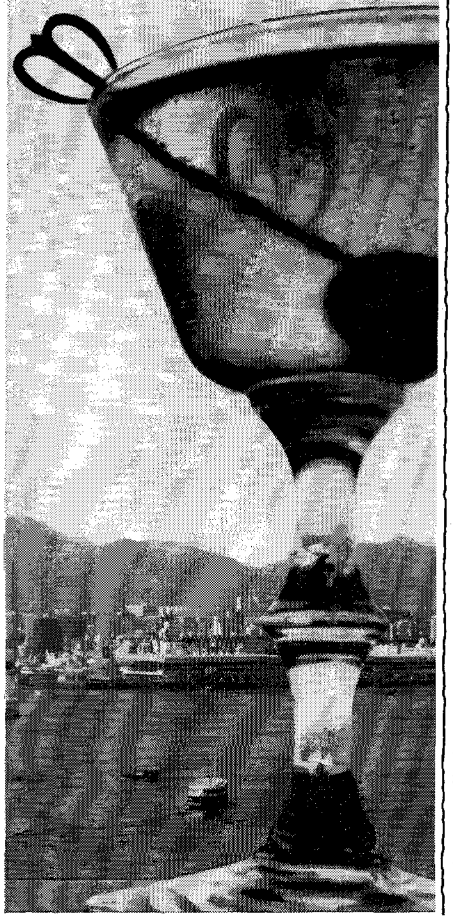
THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN AUSTRIA.
WE WERE SHOWN EVERY COURTESY BY THE AUSTRIAN PEOPLE AND THE NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE. WE FLEW THERE ON AUSTRIAN AIRLINES WHICH WE HEARTILY RECOMMEND.

In Hong Kong, The Mandarin.

From your room in The Mandarin, you'll look out over one of the most beautiful sights in the world. A harbour of rich blue-green waters, dotted with junks and sampans and ocean liners and ferries. Beyond lies bustling Kowloon and the string of mountains which separate the skyscrapers from the farmlands of the New Territories.
Far below is the heart of Hong Kong's commercial district; banks and offices, shopping arcades and department stores.
The truly great hotels of the world are few and far between.
In Hong Kong it's The Mandarin.

The Mandarin
HONG KONG

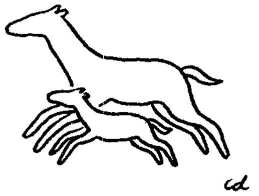
General Manager: Peter Stafford.
Member: Inter-Continental Hotels.
Cables: MANDARIN Hong Kong.



THE RACE TRACK

Heil Hitchcock

THE Display Handicap, at two miles, the last big stakes race of the season on Long Island, was run off at Aqueduct on Saturday, and it could hardly have worked out better for Hitchcock if it had followed a script. In fact, it was almost a carbon copy of the Gallant Fox Handicap he won a fortnight before. Taking the lead on the turn for home, he beat Chompion by a neck (they had run one, two in the Gallant Fox), but it looked even closer than that, for the tiring Chompion had swerved far to the right, and as the two flashed past the post, viewers were misled by that old deceptive angle. Up II, a newcomer from Argentina, was third, a couple of lengths behind. Seven ran, and at the break Judgable popped off in front. He led for more than a mile, but then he faded and finished last. Chompion, for whom John Fieramosca paid $107,000 at a recent sale of horses in training, gave his new owner a run for his money.



Hitchcock was always in a good position, and Belmonte handled him with confidence and judgment, and he won fair and square. A handsome dark-bay four-year-old by Waidmannsheil out of Humorada (by Fante), he was foaled at the Gestut Fohlenhof, in the Rhineland-Palatinate, and he's all German except his name. (His first owner was crazy about Alfred Hitchcock's movies.) The colt won several stakes in West Germany and one in France, and he ran in last year's Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, finishing fourth. After that, Sigmund Sommer, a Long Island contractor, bought him for $130,000 and turned him over to Frank Martin to train. He started fifteen times for Martin before he clicked in the Gallant Fox; now it looks as if he were on his way.

Though Saturday wasn't the Big A's biggest day, it wasn't half bad; a crowd of forty-eight thousand bet $5,670,542 in the tote.

IT was hardly a surprise that Fort Marcy came out Horse of the Year in the *Morning Telegraph-Daily Racing Form's* annual poll. After all, he was by far the best—the most consistent and courageous—of all the racers under colors this season. He was voted best of the handicap division, too, and best of the runners on the grass, which has always been his forte. This put him on top of the list in three categories—something that no other horse has achieved since the poll was inaugurated, in 1936. It's the second time that the season's highest honor has gone to a horse from Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable (Arts and Letters was tapped a year ago) and the third such distinction for his trainer, Elliott Burch, who handled both Fort Marcy and Arts and Letters, and also Sword Dancer, the Brookmeade Stable star who was Horse of the Year in 1959. And I'm told that if the Old Man—as Fort Marcy is called around the barn, though he's only six—continues to do as well as he has been doing, he'll return to the races next year. That's something to look forward to.

Personality was named the best three-year-old colt, Shuvee the best of the fillies and mares (no doubt for winning the Jockey Club Gold Cup), and Ta Wee the best sprinter (for the second year in succession). Frankly, I thought the two-year-olds of 1970 were the most mediocre lot I'd seen in a long time. Well, the experts gave the nod in that division, overwhelmingly, to Hoist the Flag, who won his first three starts and then had his number taken down in his fourth, the Champagne Stakes, for roughing his opposition. No doubt they're right.

BY the way, all but two of forty British racing writers recently named Nijinsky England's Racehorse of the Year.

AND in Philadelphia they're making big plans to attract footloose horseplayers to Liberty Bell Park now that the Big A has closed. A fifty-thousand-dollar race for two-year-olds—the Heritage Stakes—is scheduled there this weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

"Job Finding Techniques for Mature Women" costs 30 cents at the office of the Superintendent of Documents, United States government printing office, Washington, D.C. 20402. It contains some very practical tips on preparing letters of supplication.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Starting, "We humbly beseech thee, from the depths of our maturity . . ."

This ad will lose us customers.

True

Ernest Dichter, Ph.D. President,
Inst. for Motivational Research, Inc.

"Few Americans now drink your 170-year-old English gin. But many of these people have the feeling of belonging to an elite inner circle. They will resent it if a product that was once theirs exclusively is made available to a wider market.

In an attempt to increase your sales you could run the risk of losing this extremely loyal group of customers who will object to Plymouth Gin being advertised. **Conclusion: Do not advertise."**

False

E. H. Demby, Ph.D.
President, Psychographics, Inc.

"Plymouth Gin drinkers are probably buying the brand as much for its unique status (It was the official gin of the British Admiralty) as for its superior taste. They consider themselves "creative" or "avant-garde" consumers. As such, they could resent mass advertising.

But, since the media used will be those that "creatives" consider their own, the ads will produce few dropouts. And they should attract new drinkers. **Conclusion: I recommend you advertise."**

BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
EXTRA DRY
PLYMOUTH
DISTILLED ENGLISH GIN
EST. 1793
94.4 PROOF
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
COATES & CO. (PLYMOUTH) LTD.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN U.S.A. SCHENLEY IMPORT COMPANY NEW YORK, N.Y.
4/5 QUART
PLYMOUTH GIN ORIGINAL

Plymouth Gin goes public.

Distilled to the exacting criteria established at Black Friars Distillery in 1793—
Coates & Co. (PLYMOUTH) Ltd.

©1970.

1. Food
2. Clothing
3. Shelter
4.

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris / New York

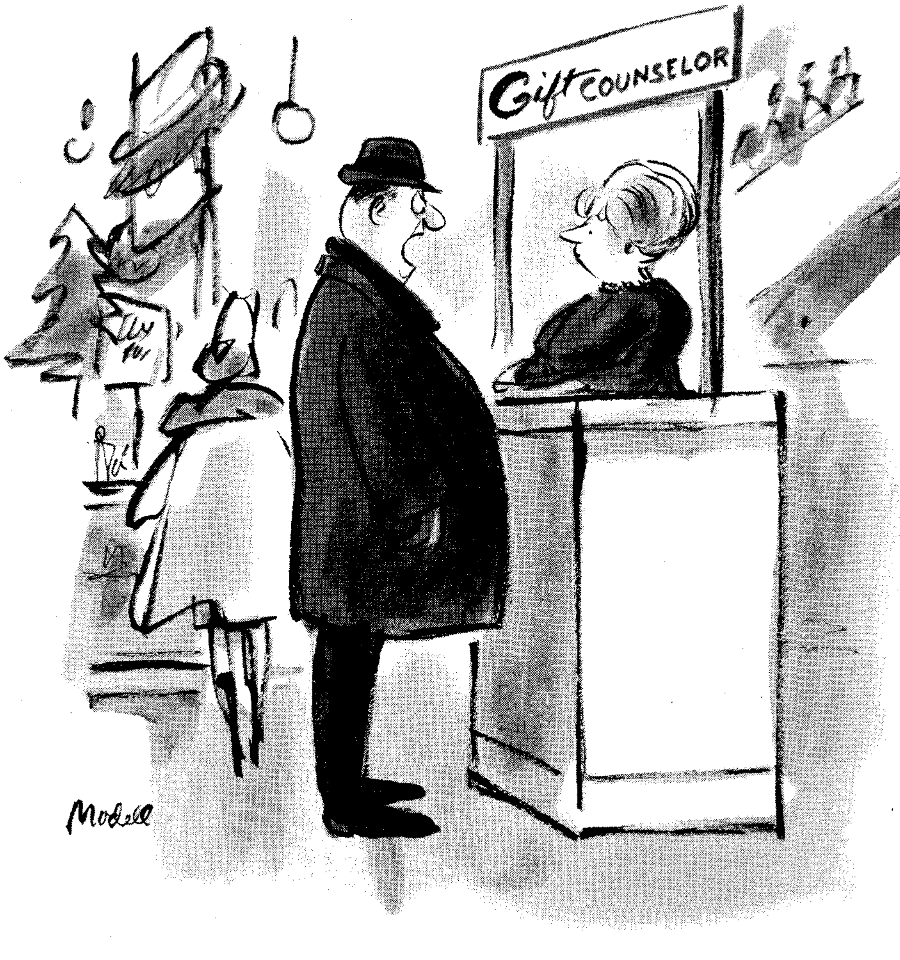
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

IF you're past the age of nine and a half, you're naturally past thinking that the toys tumbling out of Santa's pack in the department-store windows are the work of some little old toymaker down the lane, but you may very well think that they were turned out by manufacturers who are primarily in the toy business. Don't bank on it anymore. The second-biggest toy company in the world, for instance, is now General Mills; last year it sold not only millions of pounds of Cheerios but over a hundred million dollars' worth of such items as Play-Doh, Rattle Battle, Hip Flip, and Gloppy. Another prominent toy outfit is General Foods, whose annual statements include reports on sales of Shapees and Loony Links along with those of Grape-Nuts. And the Fisher-Price company, which makes Snoopy Sniffers and Gabby Goofies, among other preschool toys, is now owned by Quaker Oats. No doubt this is the kind of thing corporations get into when they start putting plastic whistles in their cereal boxes, and it's probably uncharitable—especially at Christmas, the good-will season—to speculate whether all this recent upsurge in diversification sprang from the testimony of nutrition experts that the whistle was the best part. However, companies that sell cereal are by no means the only ones eager to get a piece of an industry that plans on ringing up nearly two and a half billion dollars in retail sales this year—almost half a billion more than in 1969. A Bethlehem Steel subsidiary is busy turning out Pete the Peeple Katchers and Li'l Smoky Tiny Tot Double Holster Sets; Creative Playthings is part of the C.B.S. empire; and so it goes. What it comes down to is that a sizable share of the toy industry has been overtaken by the conglomerate revolution, which we sometimes imagine will end up with every manufacturing company in the world owned by a super-conglomerate that transfers all its holdings to one numbered account in a Swiss bank—and then someone mislays the number.

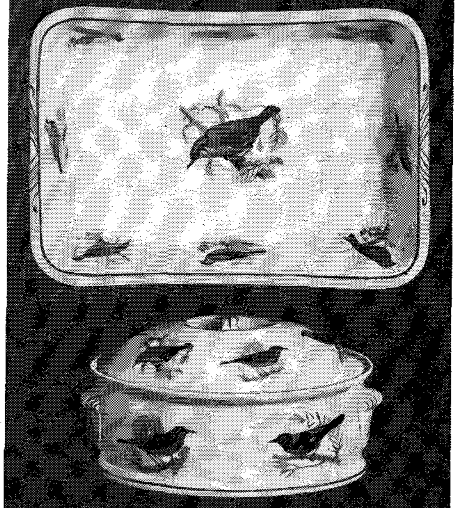
And now that so many of the toy companies are part of the conglomerate conglomeration, what are they serving up on the toy counters for today's super-sophisticated kids? We're happy, and astonished, to report that after so many years when half the toys we came upon were so complicated we thought of putting an M.I.T. man on a retainer to help describe them, the trend this season seems to be back toward the simplest playthings of all—tops, balls, blocks, kites, finger puppets, dolls that are merely dolls instead of know-it-alls, and so on—whose performance isn't dependent on printed circuits, power packs, or four D batteries that may break down in a week and relegate the lifeless hulk of the toy to the bone yard in the back of the hall closet. Indeed, there seems to be a mysterious move on the part of the industry to encourage children to turn away from the whole technological age and rediscover a more primitive, self-reliant way of life—almost as though the Toy Establishment thought it might be just as well if the kids were prepared for anything. Looms are everywhere this year, for instance, and so are kits that teach children how to make things out of wood and leather. So are tepees. There are those who might find this trend toward survival training retrogressive, if not downright ominous. (What does General Mills know that we don't know?) For our part, we'll just sound a simple hymn of rejoicing—a carol, if you will—over the cheerful news that some of those battery-operated monsters who threatened to take over everything last year are in retreat. Two other toy-news items before we get down to specifics: *Toy & Hobby World*, which is the *Variety* of the industry, recently included among the top ten on its best-seller list "Love Beads, all makes." And the G.I. Joe dolls, those twelve-inch plastic soldiers, now come with a choice of beards—blond, brunet, or red.

One of the looms we encountered on the new back-to-basics scene is a fine hardwood affair, sixteen inches long and twelve inches wide, and it comes complete with assorted wools and a set of suggested designs; F. A. O. Schwarz sells it for $8.95. (And just to fill out the conglomerate picture, Schwarz, the little old toy store, is now owned by the W. R. Grace company, which started out as a steamship line and became an international industrial corporation occupied with chemical, pe-



"Holy smoke, woman! Do you think money grows on trees?"

Louis Lourioux
FRENCH PORCELAIN OVENWARE

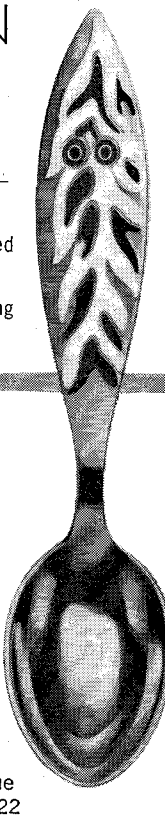


An inspiration for the gourmet. Louis Lourioux's Songbirds collection of ovenware leads a double life in the oven and on your table. In sizes, shapes and a variety of patterns to suit the most discriminating taste. Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

Exclusive U.S. Distributor:
Jacques Jugeat, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10010

THE 1970 CHRISTMAS SPOON

"Mr. Snowman's Christmas Tree" by Mogens Zieler, noted Danish sculptor. Each year — since 1910 — A. Michelsen has commissioned a noted artist to create an exclusive design in solid silver, gleaming goldplate and inlaid enamel.



Matching forks also available. $24.00 each.

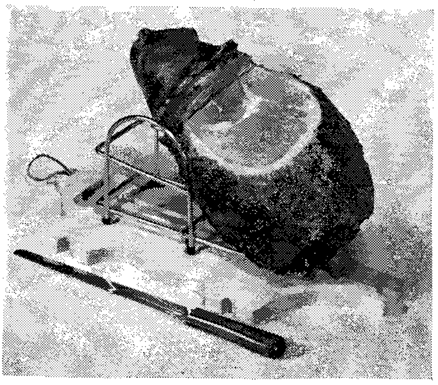
To start your collection, write to:

DANISH SILVERSMITHS INC.

573 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

troleum, mining, clothing, food, and restaurant interests, before it got around to toys.) Or, if the children on your list want to start their textile explorations even further back, they can grow their own silk—assuming that this Orlon-Dacron generation has ever heard of it. Childcraft, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street, offers for $5.98 what it calls a Silk Factory—two incubators (described as "escape-proof") with plastic walls, through which the kids can watch a pair of silkworms go through the stages of egg, caterpillar, and cocoon on their way to becoming moths. Of course, it might take some time to assemble a wardrobe, or even a silk purse, from the output of a couple of silkworms, and perhaps the children would prefer to work in leather. For $5, Schwarz has a leathercraft set with which a young craftsman can turn out seven different objects, among them a billfold and a pencil case, and for $4.99 Abraham & Straus sells the Li'l Busy Indian leather-and-suède-cloth kit, which contains enough material and instructions to make a fringed vest and a headband, or a purse with accessories, or some Indian jewelry. For suitable decoration (or rainy-day salvation), you may want to throw in a set of Indian Beadcraft, which costs $3.50 at Bloomingdale's and includes hundreds of bright-colored beads, traditional Indian patterns, and an Indian bead loom to create the latter out of the former. As for those tepees we mentioned, Altman's has a pair that might remind young pioneers how uncomplicated the housing problem was back before urban renewal and rent control—or, for that matter, Peter Minuit and his real-estate deal. These are made of vertical panels of red and black heavy-duty vinyl, which means that they can be set up outdoors as well as in the playroom, and the frames have telescoping legs, so that they can be folded easily for storage. (Authenticity isn't everything, is it?) A six-and-a-half-foot tepee costs $25, and a five-foot-three-inch one is $15.

If the beginnings of communication interest your young friends, try a white metal tomtom decorated with a fringe and with Indian figures, also at Altman's. The top is linen, the sticks are wood, there is a carrying cord (in case the tribe moves on), and the price is $9. Or if *Ur*-economics is of interest, the Gallery Shop of the Brooklyn Museum will sell you some authentic New Mexican Indian wampum—a twenty-six-inch strand of turquoise stones and shells on a rope. (Actually, it's a handsome necklace, if the Indian chief's



Tasteful Gift

For people who have just about everything, what could be more appropriate *than a Broadbent & Bingham registered* Kentucky Country Ham? We guarantee unvarying quality and flavor because we do everything ourselves—from raising our own hogs to curing and smoking our hams the old-fashioned sassafras way. Delight your special friends by giving or serving this famous Kentucky delicacy for Christmas. Each ham is registered for *absolute* quality control. Guaranteed or your money back.

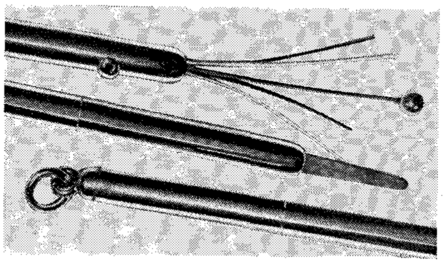
Write for descriptive brochure or send check for size ham desired: Uncooked weight—Apx. 11 lbs. $19.25; Apx. 13 lbs. $22.75; Apx. 15 lbs. $26.25. Add $2.50* for shipping, or $7.50* for shipping and cooking. Ham rack and knife, $15.

**$3.50 and $8.50 west of Miss.*

PRIDE OF TRIGG COUNTY KENTUCKY
BROADBENT'S B&B BINGHAM'S
REGISTERED KENTUCKY COUNTRY HAM

Smith & Barry

Broadbent-Bingham
Kentucky Food Products, Inc.
Dept. NY, P.O. Box 6108
Louisville, Ky. 40206



at Select firms

Seeking the unusual for Christmas giving? Consider the 14K gold swizzle stick to kick up those champagne (or coke) bubbles. $45. For him, a 14K gold toothpick. Elegant! $25. Both retract into their sleek cases with the flick of your finger. At your nicest jeweler. 14K By SLIP-ONS

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.

We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

older sister can talk him out of it.) The exchange rate is high; this much wampum will cost you twenty-four and a half paleface dollars. It is only a step, as primitive mediums of exchange go, from seashells to shiny pebbles or jewels, which leads us to a rock-polishing machine called Tumble Stones, which Childcraft sells for $17.95 and promises will prove instructive in "geology, geography, and the lapidary arts." The device comes with a selection of semiprecious stones, settings, and accessories, and also with a motor. Of course, the motor requires electricity, and electricity occupies a position a good deal higher up the technological ladder, but that's all right: Creative Playthings has a kit that allows the kids to reinvent electricity. Called an Electrical Invention Box, it claims to include "everything the budding inventor needs for safe and unstructured experimentation." In case the budding inventor doesn't make it, an already invented six-volt battery is provided. The charge for all this is $14.50, and though Creative Playthings has a store at 1 East 53rd Street, this particular item has to be ordered from the company's headquarters in Princeton. The address is P.O. Box 330, and the zip-code number is 08540.

SHALL we move along now to the game department? Among all those items with names like Plug-a-Jug, Witch Pitch, Which Witch, and Ants in the Pants, you may well find yourself reaching for your old friend Parcheesi. A hundred and three years after it made its début on the American market, it is still one of the first games children play after they're able to add up the dots on a pair of dice. You'll find it at Bloomingdale's, among other places, for $3. As far as we know, no city has declared a Parcheesi Week or unveiled a plaque honoring Parcheesi's inventor, but another longtime friend, Monopoly, which is only forty years old, is luckier; Monopoly Week was observed during this year's celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the boardwalk at Atlantic City, because Atlantic City is the town whose street names Charles B. Darrow appropriated when he devised the game, in 1930. A bronze marker memorializing this fact now stands at the corner of Park Place and Boardwalk. The Monopoly mints are currently turning out $215,000,000 a day in play money, which is more than Uncle Sam produces of the real stuff. More than sixty million Monopoly sets, in twelve languages, have been sold. We can't di-

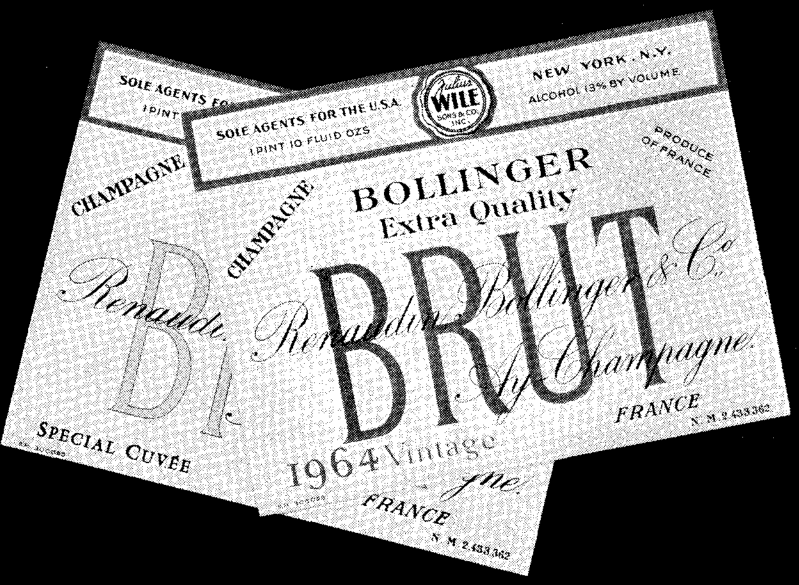
GIRD THYSELF, PADRE!
The menu said Roquefort. You said Roquefort.
Wilt abide "something else"—and PAY for Roquefort?

Roquefort means Roquefort Cheese. Made of sheep's milk. Ripened in the Roquefort Caverns. Not "something like it." Definitely not blue cheese. Better restaurants welcome the chance to show you they serve the real thing. Ask to see Roquefort on the label of the portion or the loaf. Just like the label on a vintage wine.

Roquefort Association, Inc., 41 E.42 St., N.Y., N.Y.10017

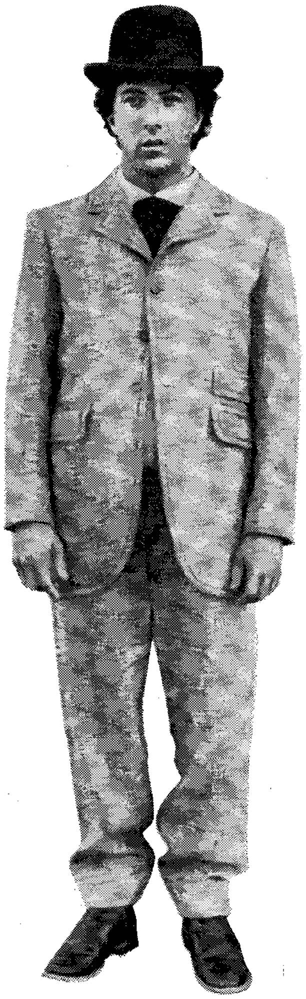
ROQUEFORT FRANCE

Fancy bottles? No!
Superb Champagne? Yes!



BOLLINGER
BRUT
The Aristocrat of French Champagne

Jack Crabb
was either the
most neglected hero
in the history
of this country,
or a liar of
insane proportion!

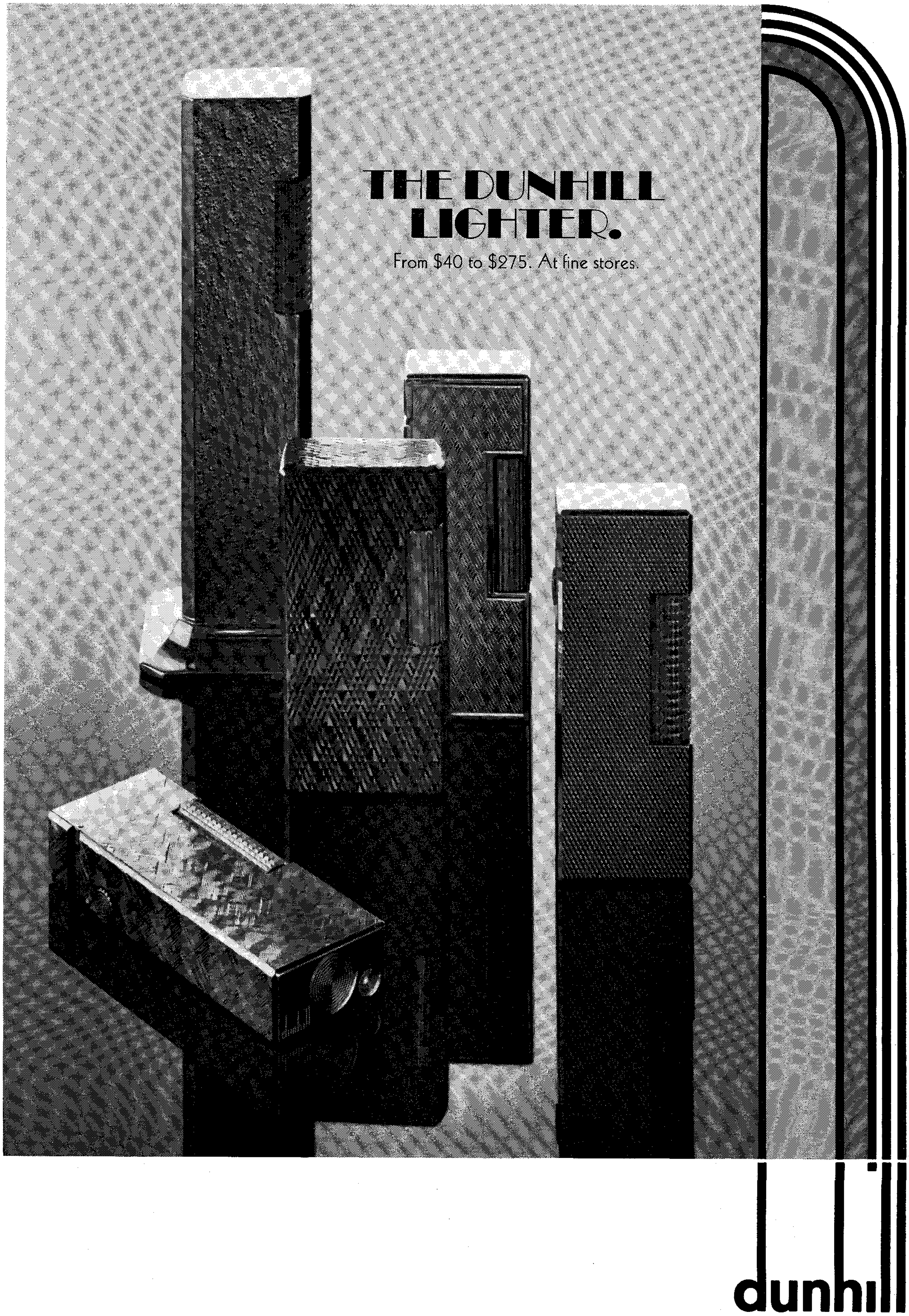


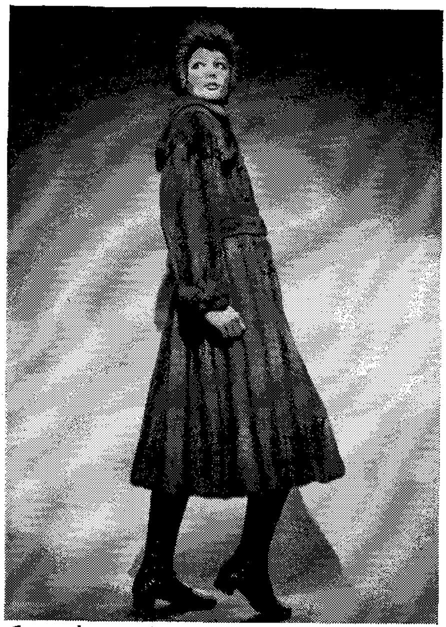
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
"LITTLE BIG MAN"
A Cinema Center Films Presentation
CO-STARRING
MARTIN BALSAM
AND
FAYE DUNAWAY
AS MRS. PENDRAKE
Screenplay by Calder Willingham
Based on the Novel by Thomas Berger
Produced by Stuart Millar · Panavision® Technicolor®
Directed by Arthur Penn
A National General Pictures Release
GP ALL AGES ADMITTED Parental Guidance Suggested
WORLD PREMIERE
DECEMBER 14
SUTTON THEATRE
57th St. at 3rd Ave.
PARAMOUNT THEATRE
61st St. and Broadway

rect you to every one of the foreign versions, but for $10 Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), will sell you a French, German, Italian, or Spanish set; the American version is $7. This July, by the way, the first Intercollegiate *Underwater* Monopoly Tournament was held in California, and was won by a team from the University of San Diego. And that's not all. One aspect of last May's college turbulence that doesn't seem to have made the Scranton Report was a Monopoly marathon played at Southern Illinois University after it was closed down and occupied by the National Guard as a result of campus troubles brought on by the Cambodian invasion. Five S.I.U. students played for seventy-five hours, breaking the old world's collegiate record of sixty-eight and a half hours, while five hundred National Guardsmen cheered their favorites on.

If the children on your Christmas list are not yet college—or even second-grade—material, a game called Candy Land might be more in order. Like so many children's board games, it offers an itinerary strewn with hazards and detours, but the stations along this route are labelled Lollypop Woods, Gum Drop Mountains, Crooked Old Peanut Brittle House, and the like. Rappaport's has Candy Land for $4.50. Then, there's the Gingerbread Man game ($2 at Schwarz), which encourages children to try to put together a gingerbread house of their own from such cardboard delicacies as strawberry shortcake, ice-cream cones, jelly beans, and peppermint sticks. As far as we could discover, there are no children's games that promote organic foods, but fashionable reform movements are not entirely absent from the game scene. Consider two new items for age twelve and up—Smog and Dirty Water. In Dirty Water, each player is assigned an organically balanced lake to manage and some money to manage it with. Before he is through, he has encountered Pollution Abatement Cards, engaged in a brisk trade in such organisms as algae, worms, copepods, and rotifers, and landed on spaces marked Bid for Federal Funds. In the game of Smog, taxes are involved, and so are budgets, zoning decisions, industrial expansion, cards marked Outrageous Fortune and Day of Reckoning, and, once again (Wilbur Mills will be discouraged to learn), a Bid for Federal Funds card. These are $10 each at Bloomingdale's.

The people at Milton Bradley, the oldest American toy company in existence, are ready with some retrospective fun. They have gone back to their 1889 catalogue and reproduced several of that season's offerings exactly as they reached the corner toy stores eighty-one years ago. Among them is a variation on Authors that gives Charles Dickens a game all to himself, and how nice to have it during all the celebrations honoring the Squire of Gad's Hill in this centennial year of his death. (You can't call it a revival. When did the Dickens excitement ever subside?) The game is called Popular Characters from Dickens, and there, waiting to be matched up, are cards featuring sketches of a marvellous cast of characters—not only the old familiars like Micawber but the Cheeryble Brothers, Smike, Kit Nubbles, Mrs. Jarley, and Quilp. Popular Characters is $3 at Brentano's. Another game that the Milton Bradley company has brought out in its original form is the Checkered Game of Life, invented in 1860 by the original Milton Bradley, and there's nothing for it but to quote the advertisement from the 1889 catalogue, which begins, "This is one of the oldest and best of games, a pioneer among the moral and instructive amusements which have been welcomed into our homes during the past fifteen years and have broken down a deep-rooted prejudice against all such pastimes. Two, three, or four persons can play this game, and each player is represented by one counter, which is entered at infancy, and by a series of moves dictated by the whirl of a teetotum, passes through school, college, industry, success, perseverance, etc., to wealth or happy old age or through idleness, intemperance, gambling, crime, etc., to disgrace, poverty, ruin, prison, or suicide." You know what success and ruin are—right? A teetotum, we discovered (passing over one entry in Webster that defines it as "a workingmen's resort conducted under religious influences as a counteractant to the drinking saloon"), is a numbered dial with a spinning pointer. The one that comes with the game governs the moves of the counters on a sixty-four-square board. If you hit the square marked Intemperance, you go directly to Poverty. Hit Idleness and you're consigned to Disgrace. Influence, on the other hand, leads to Fat Office. Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street, has this improving game for $4.98. Incidentally, one of Milton Bradley's contemporary staples, the Game of Life (*un*checkered), is descended from the old morality contest,


THE DUNHILL LIGHTER.
From $40 to $275. At fine stores.
dunhill



Copenhagen is a paradise for shoppers. Silver, furniture, antiques, porcelains... all to be found on Strøget, the world's longest pedestrian mall. Most heavenly of them all...the Birger Christensen fur collection now to be found at Sakowitz.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

Forget me knots

Cuff links $270 pr.
Earrings $170 pr.
(for pierced or non-pierced ears)
Tie tack $95
(not illustrated but same size as earring)
Shipped postage paid anywhere in the U.S.A.

Chas. Schwartz & Son Since 1888
1313 F Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20004
(and at the Washington Hilton)

but today's version involves small plastic cars and a maze of highways, plus stock certificates, insurance policies, and seven million dollars in play money. It's $6.29 at Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd).

Byzantium is an entirely different kind of game, for a change, and morality has nothing to do with it. Aesthetics is the whole show, so it might be just the ticket for a young artist or designer on your list. There are fifty-seven different-shaped plastic pieces and two players (or teams). One side is Beauty, who is given four turns to create a beautiful design, and the other is Ugly, who in his four turns tries to turn it into a disaster. Ugly then rates the result on a chart ranging from Grand Design to Catastrophe, and after that the players switch sides; $6 at Bloomingdale's. It may please you to know that game companies indulge in intramural capers now and then. A while back, Parker Brothers came out with a puzzle called Instant Insanity, which racked up the highest sales in one year of any game in history (6,499,584 in 1968). Rival Milton Bradley's answer is named Gradual Despair—and the sales returns for this one are not yet in. Instant Insanity, as you probably know, is a set of four multicolored plastic cubes wrapped so that all four colors used show on each side of the stack. After they're separated, the job of duplicating this arrangement may take you far into the night or even into the next week. Most stationery counters, including the one at Gimbels, have it for a dollar, and at the same stands, for the same price, you'll find Gradual Despair. This is the generic term for half a dozen fifteen-piece puzzles that, when put together, show simple objects—a Martini glass, for instance, or a fish. Putting them together, however, turns out to be something like the "outrageous challenge" promised on the display box. It may be that as you beat your way through the pre-Christmas world of beaming Santas, dimpled dollies, and aggressively jangling jingle bells you'll find that a dollar item calling itself Gradual Despair has powerful appeal.

Of course, there are all kinds of specialized games for sports followers. In one called NFL Electric Football, vibrations under the metal gridiron, which is thirty-seven inches long, actually move metal players back and forth between the goalposts, and the players can both kick and pass a magnetized football. Altman's has this for $17. Regatta, which costs $8.95 at Abercrombie & Fitch, is a board game that

Hand made
De Busschere

OVIDEA
Silk Satin
$60

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

KAREN WYMAN
Dec. 9 to Dec. 22
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
A SONESTA HOTEL

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal tow path...and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

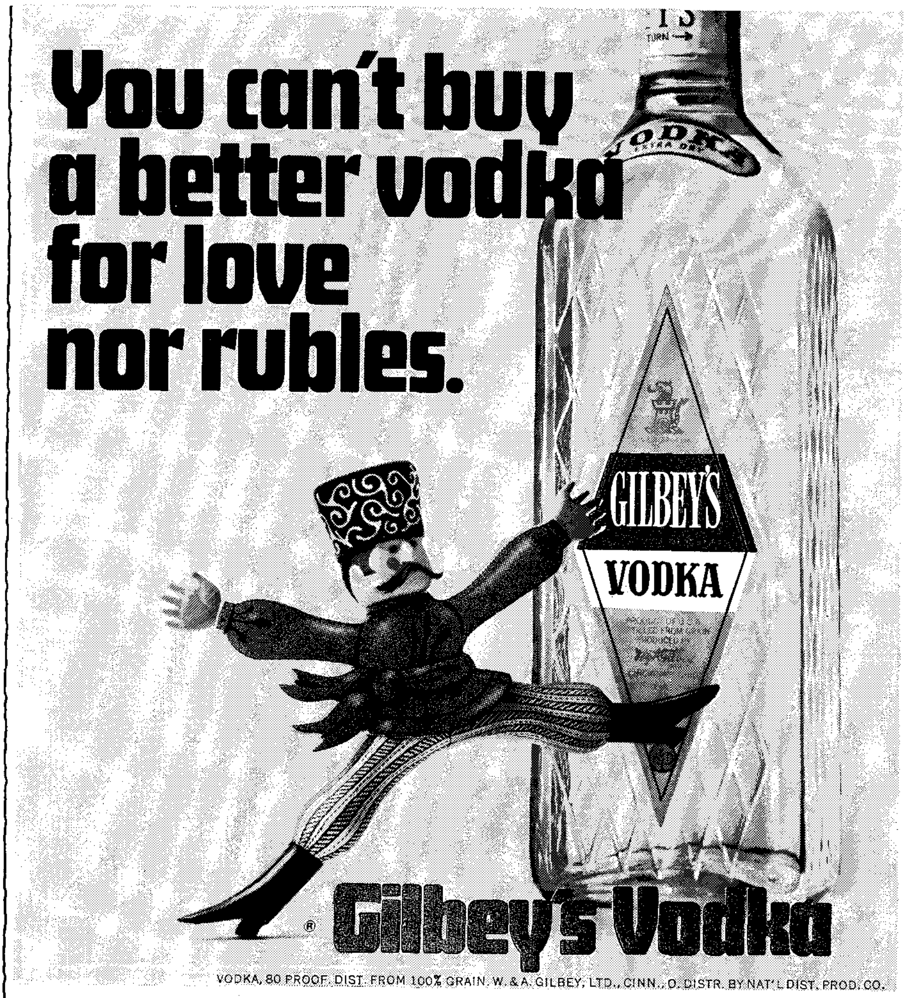
1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

lets dedicated sailors of all ages try to take the wind out of the other fellow's sails the year round. This one comes equipped with a wind indicator, course marks, a committee boat, three yachts, spinnaker cards, puff cards, and so on. The winning player is the one who, with the help of the cast of a die and other elements, maneuvers his boat around a preselected course in such a way as to cross the finish line first.

BUT see here, it's not going to rain *every* day. Fold up those boards, kids, and get out in the air. How about roller skates? James L. Plimpton, the Medford, Massachusetts, man who designed the first pair of working roller skates, in 1863, would surely be gratified by their latest descendants, known as Super Skates, which are said to fit anyone from six to fifteen, and which cost $6.95 at Childcraft. A metal clamp adjusted by a push button fits over the toes and holds them firmly in place. If you have a beginning ice skater in mind, you might take a look at Wingee's dual-runner ice skates, which cost $2.50 at Reiss Brothers. "Any child who can walk can skate on Wingees" is the Wingee boast. For a new walker who would rather ride, Schwarz has a fine baby's sleigh—a three-foot model with a pram-type handle and a frame around the back to hold the young person in. By pressing a foot lever, you can instantly exchange the runners for wheels; $19.95. At Rappaport's, you'll find a full-sized Flexible Flyer, five feet long, for $26.50. And for new cyclists, aged three to six, who can't bear to leave their wheels at home, Altman's has a folding red bicycle from Italy that arrives in its own carrying box, which has a handle. The bicycle itself has a horn, a tool kit, hand brakes, and removable training wheels; $30.

THOSE little girls over in the doll corner have been very patient. With care, we could probably find them a cornhusk doll to go with all those fringed vests and tomtoms—in fact, for $7.50 the Brooklyn Museum's Gallery Shop has a set of six different three-and-a-half-inch cornhusk angels, made in Czechoslovakia, that are hard to resist—but we have a feeling that any little girl who laboriously writes "Doll" on her Christmas list probably has something a bit more embraceable in mind. The nicest baby doll we've come across this season is known as Baby Tender Love. Her skin is made of a marvellously soft new kind of vinyl foam, which the manufacturer,

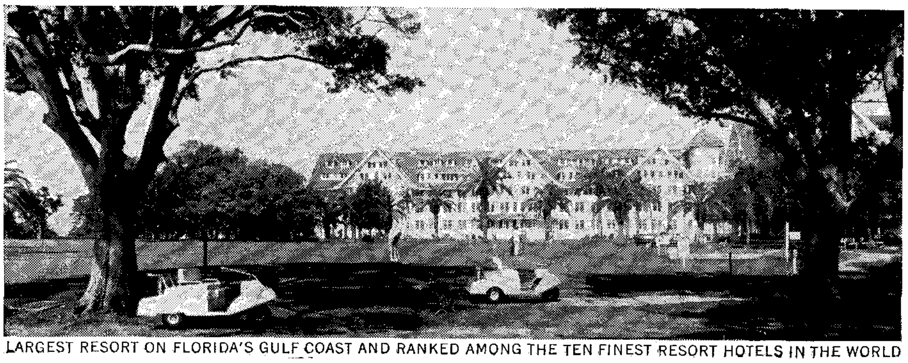

You can't buy
a better vodka
for love
nor rubles.
VODKA
GILBEY'S
VODKA
Gilbey's Vodka
VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W.&A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO.

Florida's Belleview-Biltmore puts great golf right at your door.

54 Fabulous Holes

Three Championship courses—the finest in all Florida—on gently rolling terrain. Two starting tees at the Hotel door. Four teaching Pro's, friendly, capable golf staff, golf carts and veteran caddies. *No starting times —ever.* * After golf, stroll through miles of beautifully landscaped lawns and gardens, swim and sun at our own Cabana Club or in the king-size mosaic tile pool. Tennis on four Har-Tru courts. * Delightfully spacious bedrooms. Beautifully old-fashioned service and traditional American cuisine. Evening entertainment, night club, dancing. * Season: Early January to mid-April. Broad range of rates. See your travel agent or write, Dept. N., Donald E. Church, Manager, for reservations, information and color brochures. Represented by Robt. F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. (212) JU 6-4500; Also offices in Washington, D.C., Boston, Chicago and Toronto.

Belleview Biltmore
TEL. (813) 442-6171
BELLEAIR, CLEARWATER, FLORIDA



LARGEST RESORT ON FLORIDA'S GULF COAST AND RANKED AMONG THE TEN FINEST RESORT HOTELS IN THE WORLD

There is enough Chantilly in this bottle to shake her world.

(And yours.)

EAU de TOILETTE
Chantilly
PURE SPRAY
2.50 FL OZ
HOUBIGANT
PARIS · NEW YORK

Eau de toilette, Pure Spray: $5.00
Gift sets from $5 to $25.
(Also in Quelques Fleurs.)

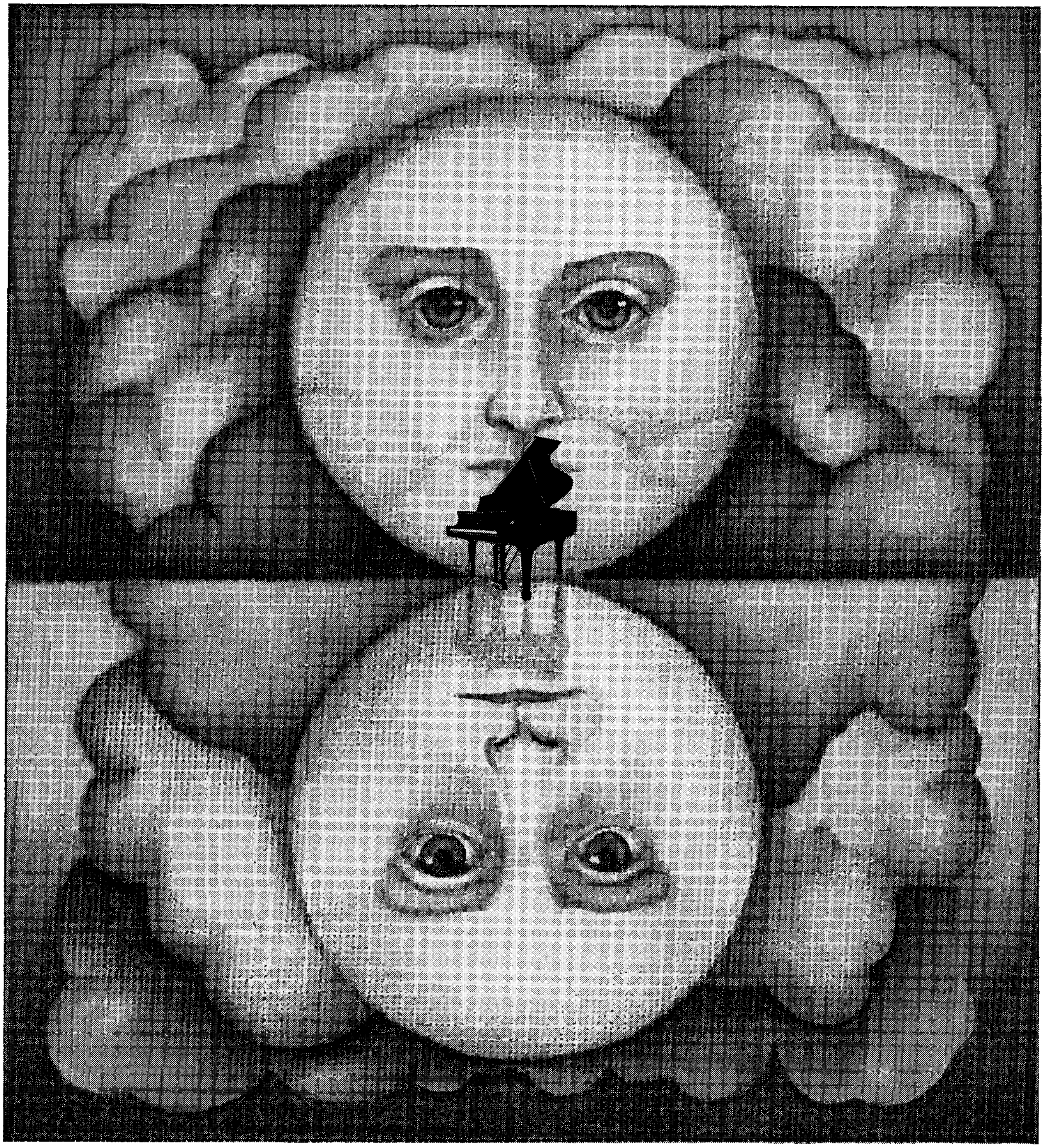
HOUBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

Mattel (the biggest toy manufacturer, in case you were wondering), claims to have taken ten years to develop. (There are worse ways for a doll manufacturer to spend his time.) All of this doll can go in the tub, and even her toes and fingers are flexible. She is fourteen inches tall, has a sweet face and blond hair, and wears a lace-trimmed playsuit. Her mouth is open to accommodate a bottle, which she brings with her. Otherwise, her new mother will just have to use her imagination, which should do nicely. Gimbels has Baby Tender Love for $9.99. So Big is another fine, soft doll, whose foam-filled body, including her little fat feet, is entirely covered by a blue-and-white checked jump suit topped with a white pinafore. No doubt So Big got her name because, at twenty-two inches, she's such a substantial armful. She has round painted eyes and a perky expression, and looks quite ready for business, meaning the rough-and-tumble life in store for her. When everybody's tired out, her new owner can read the Little Golden Book that comes with her, called "So Big" but no relation to Miss Ferber's novel; $16 at Lord & Taylor. A more ceremonial type of doll, but also a cozy armful, is Ginny Baby, who costs $12.95 at Schwarz and comes all dressed up in an organdie-like pink party dress and a lace-trimmed bonnet, looking the way Grandma's dolls used to look on Christmas morning (before she stripped them down to the kapok buff).

We don't mean to suggest that all those battery-powered showoffs have vanished from the doll scene. Tooth-growing and burping do seem to be out of style, but as you try to cut some little girls' lists down to manageable proportions, you may hear more than you care to about dolls that jump rope (Jumpsy), play paddle ball and operate a Yo-Yo (Baby Walk 'N Play), perform on an accordion (Baby Peek 'N Play), throw kisses (Kissin' Thumbelina), do acrobatic tricks (Tippy Tumbles), whistle (Baby Whistle), and shampoo their hair (Wet Noodles). And then there's the Topper company's Baby Luv 'N Care, whom you might just possibly be willing to hear more about if you have a presumptive Florence-Nightingale in the house. Luv 'N Care is that doll who gets sick and then makes a miraculous recovery. She rubs her stomach, mewls a bit, refuses her bottle, and runs a fever—or, anyhow, gets rather red in the face. Give her one of the four special pills provided, and she's as good as new. (In the eighteenth century, a Frenchman named Jacques de Vaucanson designed a windup duck that digested its food, but let's not tell Topper.) Luv 'N Care, an eighteen-inch blonde, wears a yellow-and-white polka-dotted playsuit and brings her own bottle and pills; she's $10.39 at Gimbels, including the two D batteries that cause all the trouble. (In case her new mother tends to be the worrying kind, Childcraft has a working stethoscope for $2.75.) And what do you make of the fact that back in the affluent sixties most of the dolls were crying real tears all over the toy counters, and now that the economy is on the downgrade they're laughing out loud? A few months ago, there was Giggles and Baby Giggles, and now there's Baby Laugh-A-Lot. She makes a terrible racket, but there's this to be said for her: Essentially, she's a broadly grinning auburn-haired doll with a soft, stuffed body, and much of the mechanism that makes her carry on so is in the plastic rocking seat she brings with her. When the big joke is over and she's disengaged from her power plant, she makes a fairly unresistant bundle to take to bed. Sixteen inches tall, and wearing a red jumper and a striped shirt, Laugh-A-Lot and her one C battery cost $15.15 at Rappaport's.

Among the smaller dolls is a girl named Dawn, six and a half inches tall, who is the nation's best-selling toy at the moment. A smaller version of those fashion dolls that the girls in the family have been helping with their beauty routines for nearly a decade now, Dawn has flexible arms and legs, and even turns at the waist, as do her friends Angie, a brunette; Glori, a redhead; and Dale, who is black and wears a modified Afro. (Incidentally, nearly all the dolls we've mentioned come in black versions, but you don't find these everywhere; better check.) Angie, Glori, Dale, and Dawn—herself a long-haired blonde who wears a white pleated skirt and a blue halter top—are $2 each at Rappaport's. A far less sophisticated-looking quartet, the Little Women (we don't have to tell you *their* names, do we?), are $8 apiece at Altman's. Eight inches tall, they're all differently got up in peplumed organdie and other elegant mid-nineteenth-century styles that would no doubt have been way beyond Bronson Alcott's budget. Available at the same price, wearing a blue blazer, is that dashing young charmer from next door, Laurie.

Of course, there are doll houses



The sun never sets on Steinway.

It can't. Just about anywhere on earth that the sun shines, there's a Steinway® ready and waiting.

Steinway is the one truly global piano.

Countries as diverse as Ethiopia and Japan share a common language in the Steinway. The language of music. Classical, contemporary, or the kind that people make a part of their tradition and heritage.

It's a language that transcends international boundaries and politics to speak directly to something basic in all of us. A common feeling that starts in the inner ear and somehow reaches the heart.

It takes more than distribution and salesmanship to do this.

It takes something that people everywhere can appreciate and agree on.

It takes a Steinway.

For more information please write John H. Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons

U.S. Virgin Islands

St. Thomas. Perfume that costs $70 in New York goes for under $16. Ride up Drake's Seat. Sip a banana daiquiri. St. Croix. With an old colonial Danish village. Fishballs and fish pudding. St. John. A magnificent unspoiled U.S. National Park. And magnificent unspoiled neighbors like the British Virgins.

The 8th Continent of the World®
The Caribbean

Caribbean Travel Association WG
20 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017

Please send me your sensational free guidebook that really covers the U.S. Virgins and all the French, Dutch, Spanish and English islands in the Eighth Continent.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________ State________ Zip________

The Frame Game

Most amusing table top sport in town. These are the ones that make the mix elegant. In golden or silvery finish, M. W. Carr & Co. are the framemakers. 3″ x 5″, $6. 5″ x 7″, 7.50. 8″ x 10″, $10. 11″ x 14″, $16. 5″ x 7″ double, $15. 8″ x 10″ double, $21. Please add 75¢ per frame beyond our delivery area. Gifts, Fourth and Street Floors.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

everywhere. Creative Playthings has an eight-room wooden one that is a twenty-four-inch cube and that can be reached into from all four sides; $27. Another wooden house, from Sweden, that is twenty-six inches high and twenty-eight inches wide, is $25 at Altman's. There are two stories and five rooms, and it comes with four legs that screw into the bottom to bring it up to comfortable playing level. A full set of wooden furniture to fit it costs $33, and a whole electrical plant for it—or, anyhow, a transformer and seven lights—is $18. A very handsome addition to its living-room décor would be a player piano, five inches high, that we found at B. Shackman, 2 West 35th Street. You slide open the little doors in the front and watch a rotating cylinder playing "Beautiful Dreamer;" $11.50. If someone you know wants a house she herself can play inside, a favorite solution is the vinyl card-table cover printed to look like a playhouse. Now you can buy a Polly Puff Playset, which includes such a playhouse, a twelve-inch blond vinyl doll, and six pieces of furniture, all in what is described as "the Now styling"—so Now, in fact, that they have to be blown up; $7.99 for the lot at Abraham & Straus.

IF the boys in the company are getting tired of all this doll clutter, how about a card-table-cover *fire*house? Childcraft has one for $4. (Women's Lib doesn't have to remind us that the girls may have just as much interest in a firehouse, but in the long run there might be some problems with the firemen's union.) Also at Childcraft is a much more elaborate wooden firehouse, twenty-six inches wide and seventeen and a half inches high. It has sliding poles, and a working gong that the young firemen can operate; $13.95. For the same price, at Schwarz, you'll find a steel fire truck twenty-one inches long, called a Snorkel Fire Pumper. It has a two-foot aerial boom that adjusts to three heights and also swivels, and, what is more, when this piece of equipment is connected to the garden hose the nozzle will actually shoot a powerful stream of water. As we suggested earlier, those elaborately uniformed G.I. Joe dolls who were shooting their M-1 rifles and laying mines up and down the doll counters a few seasons back are still with us, but much changed—and we don't mean just their beards. Most of the jointed plastic G.I. Joes you encounter nowadays are labelled "G.I. Joe, Adventurer." They come equipped with regulation pistols

ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

He's only 3¼″ x 4″ and ½″ thick ... loaded!
N37

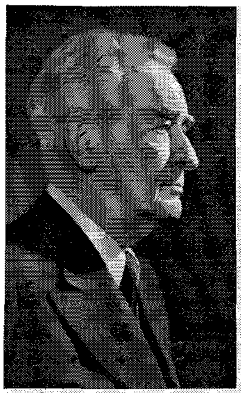
LET OUR SKINNY ELEPHANT TAKE THAT LUMP OUT OF YOUR SUIT! Our famous soft, supple, luxurious Genuine Elephant leather, superbly fashioned into the slimmest wallet imaginable! Slipout, flip-thru cardcase organizes your credit cards, photos, documents sensibly in 12 windows. Money clip secures cash compactly. Two pockets for business cards.

Black or Brown $16 add 75¢ post

CONSERVATION IS OUR BUSINESS!
Our Elephant Leather is collected through Government-sponsored Habitat-Preservation projects under Conservation Agency control.
Write For Our Conservation Bulletins

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-7 N. Y. Residents Add Tax

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022



A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50 Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

MONEY GROWS FASTER IN MEXICO

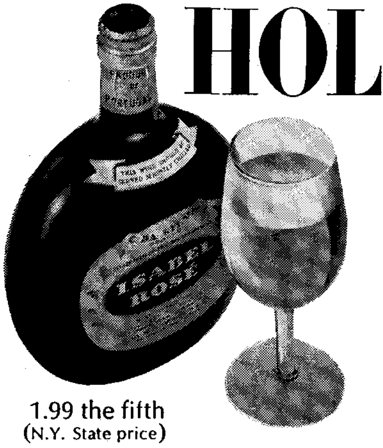
Contact us, without obligation, for complete information on Mexican investment opportunities. Supervised accounts offer unusual possibilities for capital growth or secure monthly income at 10.5% net and higher.

mexletter
INVESTMENT COUNSEL · HAMBURGO 165
MEXICO 6, D. F. TEL. 5-11-43-06

and dog tags, however, so they must still be part of some military operation; just what isn't clear. Apparently, we're supposed to assume that these newly bearded characters are all off on various exotic special missions (C.I.A.? Special Branch?). G.I. Joe, Land Adventurer, is the brunet; his Air Adventurer counterpart is the blond; and the sea-adventuring Joe is the redhead. Wearing outfits that don't appear to be government issue, they cost $5.50 at Rappaport's. Naturally, numerous adventure accessory kits are available for them, and some of these may raise nervous questions about where the toy soldiers are heading. There is an Arctic set (Fight for Survival), a jungle set (White Tiger Hunt), and—ominously, in view of current headlines—an outfit for an Egyptian excursion. The last sounds civilian enough—it's called Secret of the Mummy's Tomb—but who knows? Included, besides the Adventurer himself, are a pith helmet, a shovel, a pickaxe, a mummy, a secret mummy case, some plastic jewels, and a six-inch all-terrain vehicle with a working winch, which is for hoisting the mummy out of the tomb; $13.95 at Rappaport's. Perhaps our G.I. Adventurers might better turn their attention to the Alien Invader. He's one of those eight-inch-tall battery-powered automatons called Zeroids, so you ask for the *Zeroid* Alien Invader. As his manufacturer (the Ideal Toy Corporation) shamelessly explains, "Old Alien" looks like "a retarded jukebox." He's a hideous object of red-yellow-and-chartreuse plastic, with blinking lights where his head and stomach should be. When he's all batteried up, he can march zigzag, walk his post in sentry fashion, patrol in a square pattern, or—best of all—self-destruct. First his right arm falls off, then his left arm, then his head, and then down he goes on his back, with his motor off and two of his plastic wheels in the air. Of course, Old Alien can be put back together and the fun started all over again. With two AA batteries, a Solar Cycle, and a Missile Defense Pad, he costs $8.25 at Rappaport's.

Spirograph, that ingenious meshing of perforated wheels, rings, and racks that enables a ten-year-old to execute elaborate designs on paper, has now been transferred to a new medium, metal, and is known as Spirofoil; $4.44 at Gimbels. A frame holds a sheet of gold or silver foil in place, and when the design is completed the artist can make it even more colorful by painting or coloring it by hand. Five small paintpots come with the set. Also included

ISABEL IS THE "IN" ROSÉ FOR THE HOLIDAYS



1.99 the fifth
(N.Y. State price)

The Great Wine from Portugal

Make your holiday gatherings unforgettable. Introduce your friends to a new friend—versatile, never-too-dry, never-too-sweet Isabel Rosé Wine, a real swinger from Portugal—the life of the party.

A wine of distinction by C. Da Silva, Oporto

Imported by Charles Morgenstern Co., Inc., Freeport, N.Y.

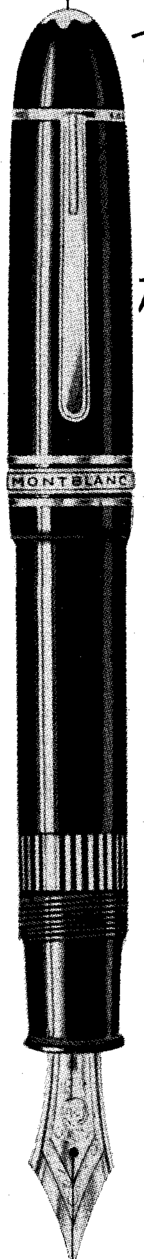
Countess Mara offers more than ties for "one man in a million."

Sportswear, for instance, reflecting the same flawless quality and impeccable good taste that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And these products are easily identified, for they too bear the famous CM coronet. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57 Street, New York.

Countess Mara®

MONT BLANC

Brings out the hidden best in a man's handwriting



The Magnificent Diplomat

No other fountain pen is "built" like the magnificent MONTBLANC! Man-size—big enough to fill a man's grip and take a man's handling. Exclusive, extra-large, 18-karat gold point with etched facing assures super-smooth writing action, responds to pen pressure, and gives a man a new "personality on paper". Its giant ink capacity is a man-pleasing feature too!

Many pen experts here and abroad consider the MONTBLANC to be the finest pen ever designed. It's Europe's most prized pen, classic in beauty, unmatched in writing ease. There's a MONTBLANC point, from extra fine to triple broad, to suit every hand.

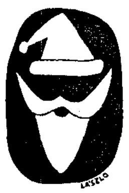
$39 is a small price for this superb writing instrument—a lifetime gift imported by KOH-I-NOOR, Inc., 201 North St., Bloomsbury, N.J. Beautifully gift boxed. Engraving optional at low cost. Other MONTBLANC pens at $8.50 to $1,550. Desk sets in choice onyxes from $38.00 to $110.00.

At fine stores and pen shops everywhere, including **Abercrombie & Fitch,** *N.Y.C., Chicago & San Francisco;* **L. S. Ayers,** *Indianapolis;* **Bloomingdale's,** *N.Y.C.;* **Bullock's Wilshire,** *L.A.;* **Dayton's,** *Minneapolis;* **Eastman Co., Golden Gate Pen Co., Haverhill's,** *San Francisco;* **Fahrney's,** *Wash., D.C.;* **Filene's, Shreve Crump & Low,** *Boston;* **Higbee's,** *Cleveland;* **I. Magnin,** *Calif., Ore., Wash.;* **Marshall Field,** *Chicago;* **A. Pomerantz, John Wanamaker,** *Philadelphia,* **and at leading college bookstores and stationers.**

MONTBLANC is a registered trademark of Montblanc-Simplo GMBH, Hamburg, Germany

are not only design patterns and instructions for making them but suggestions for turning the results into hot plates, picture frames, wall tiles, or some smashing Christmas decorations.

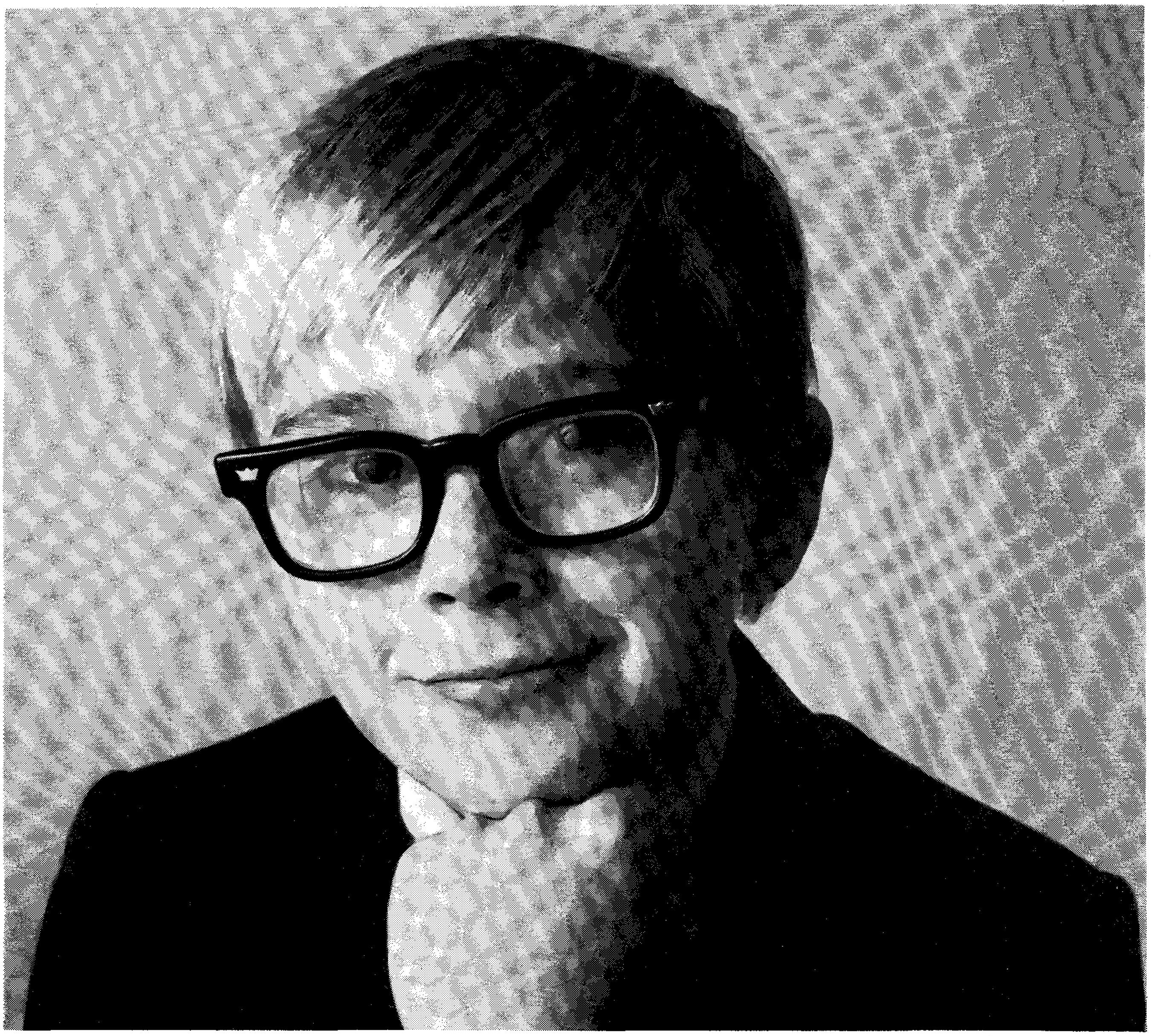
WE had every intention of reporting on some wonderful items called Playplax long before we learned that Patrick Rylands, the young Englishman who devised them, had been awarded this year's Duke of Edinburgh Prize for Elegant Design by a panel that included Prince Philip and the Marchioness of Anglesey. (The British really know how to do things, don't they?) This was the first year the annual prize for a product "distinguished by its elegance" had gone to a toy. In making the award, which honored not only Playplax but four kindred Rylands products, the judges, according to the trade publication *British Toys*, "particularly commended the abstract qualities of the toys which encourage children to use their imagination and introduce them to ideas of structure, form, colour, and balance." Playplax are slotted building elements of transparent plastic that come in five colors and two shapes—hollow cylinders and flat two-inch squares. Fitting them together, a child can build all kinds of unorthodox structures, which glow marvellously as the light hits them. A box of forty-eight squares costs $4 at Creative Playthings, and at the same place you can get twenty-four of the cylinders for $5, or a combination of the two sets for $8.50. Rylands has explained that the idea for Playplax came to him while he was working as an engineer on interlocking industrial facings of ceramics and concrete—which demonstrates that technology has its uses.



According to one theory you may have heard, many of the more malignant aspects of modern civilization can be traced back to the day they invented the clock. Still, it's probably too late now to go back to sundials, and we wouldn't put it past a young fellow who has recently reinvented electricity to show a shameless interest in clock construction. Childcraft sells a kit that will enable him to follow up this interest, and the result is a colorful pendulum instrument that really works. Of course, there are instructions, said to be not too complicated for a ten-year-old; $7. If your friends are still at the stage where clock-building would do them no good at all, because they can't tell time yet, the Mattel-A-Time Talking Clock stands ready to help. When the hands of its clear-plastic-covered face are set at any five-minute interval, it announces the situation in a loud, clear voice: "The time is five minutes to four," for instance. This information comes rather high—$16 at Polk's, for instance, including one D battery. Still, the clock has a lot of patience, and after it has done its job in one house perhaps it could be passed along to a child in a similar state of puzzlement next door.

The Fisher-Price Action Garage could make a car-minded young child your friend for life. It has two levels, with an elevator, ramps, a gas pump, and an adjustable grease rack. A crank lifts the elevator, simultaneously causing a bell to ring and stop signs to go up and down. A car (four cars are provided, with four knob-headed drivers) is automatically ejected from the elevator and races down the ramp, and there's even a crank-operated parking system on the roof. The garage, which is bright-colored, is made of strong hardboard and plastic, and with its various service areas it measures fifteen inches by nearly eighteen; $15.95 at Reiss Brothers. The Three Men in a Tub toy is a plastic tub six and a half inches in diameter that can either float in the water or rock on the rug while the bell on top of its mast rings cheerily. The passengers—a butcher, a baker, and a candlestick maker, naturally—are removable, and the tub has handles, so that it can be carried around easily; $4 at Schwarz. Another amphibious toy, the Melody Queen, just over a foot long, is a plastic model of an old Mississippi riverboat. Its hull is white and blue, its smokestacks are blue, its side paddle wheels are red, and as it moves along on land or water it plays "Camptown Races;" $4.98 at Childcraft.

ARE you game for a trip through the animal kingdom? An eleven-inch musical plush lion is $9 at Bergdorf Goodman. You can choose a yellow lion with blue ears or a white lion with pink ears; either way, his theme song is Brahms' "Lullaby." At the same place you'll find a fifteen-inch stuffed giraffe in an antic kind of print, wearing an above-it-all expression befitting a giraffe; $6. A black-and-white plush Snoopy, eighteen and a half inches high, simpering but irresistible, is $12 at Macy's, and a sixteen-inch stuffed calico cat at the Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), is $7.95. A moderately cuddly version of Smokey the Bear in a Rang-



Glen Conway just gave birth to an eight-year-old.

It's true. And the whole Conway family is delighted. Glen knows about helping because his dad is a policeman and helps people all the time. So when Glen heard about Save the Children Federation in school, he wanted to do something. His parents decided it would, indeed, be wonderful to sponsor a child. To give their eleven-year-old a chance to learn how children in other countries, children less fortunate than their son, must fight for survival. And that's how Antonio Laverde came into their lives.

Glen and Antonio are separated by a lot more than the miles between Long Island and Colombia. Antonio lives in one room. With eight brothers and sisters. Soup made with potatoes and roots is his main meal. You see, his dad only has the use of one arm. And even though he works long hours at odd jobs, he still earns just five dollars a week.

Now, because of Glen and his family, much of that will change. Through Save the Children Federation the Laverdes will get an interest-free loan to buy hens. And the hens will lay eggs. Eggs to improve the family diet. Eggs to be sold at market and increase the Laverdes' income. And keep Antonio in school. For only with learning can there be hope. And some of the funds can be used to help make the community a better place for all the children.

Hope turned into reality. This, in essence, is Save the Children Federation. Not a hand out. But a boost up. And there's more. For Glen, there are exciting letters from a friend in a foreign country. And pictures. And progress reports. Glen Conway gave birth to hope today. How about you?

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Korea
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ Southern U.S.
☐ India
☐ American Indian
☐ Where the need is greatest
☐ Middle East
☐ Appalachia

Enclosed is my first payment
☐ $15.00 monthly ☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $45.00 quarterly ☐ $180.00 annually
☐ I can't sponsor a child. Enclosed is my contribution of $________

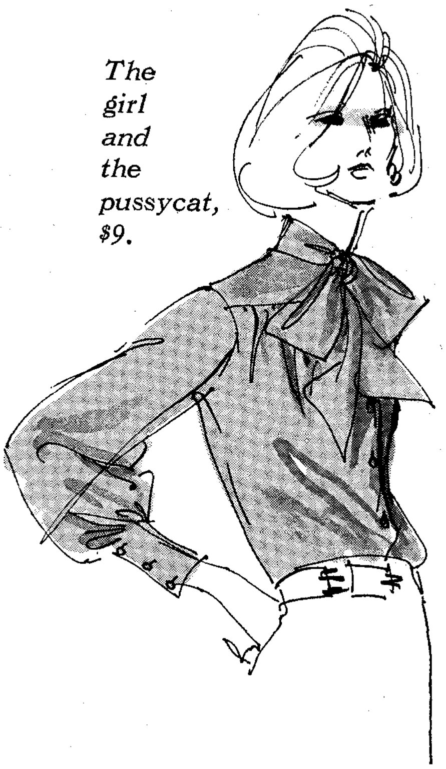
☐ Please send me more information.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip________

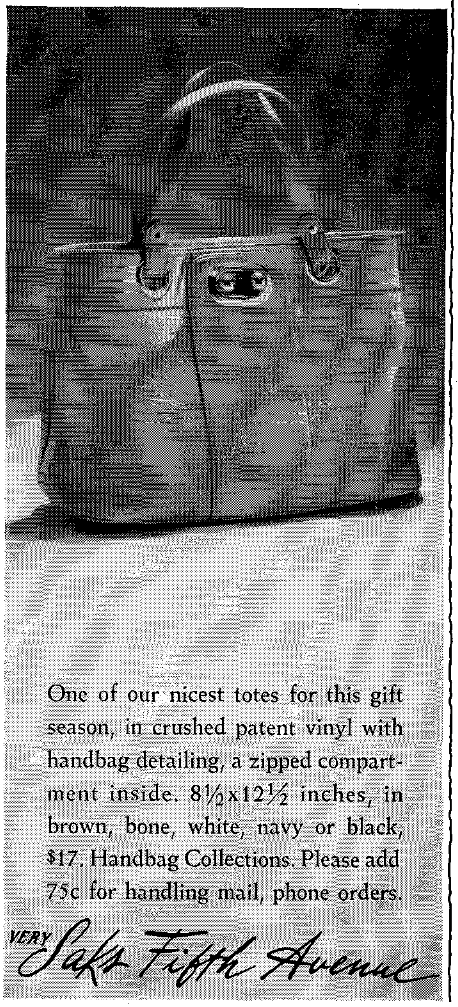
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852
NY 12/12/0



The girl and the pussycat, $9.

Ship'n Shore®

© SHIP'NSHORE, INC. 1971

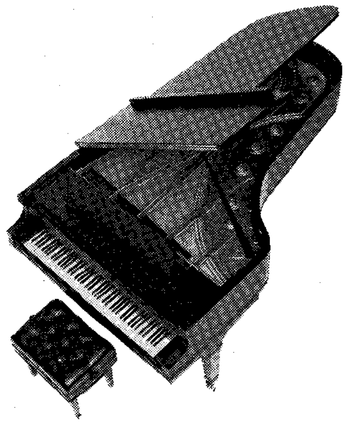


One of our nicest totes for this gift season, in crushed patent vinyl with handbag detailing, a zipped compartment inside. 8½x12½ inches, in brown, bone, white, navy or black, $17. Handbag Collections. Please add 75c for handling mail, phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

er hat has a repertoire of eleven messages ("I live in the friendly forest," "Give me a bear hug"), one of which he utters when you pull one of those magic strings in his back; $7.99 at Gimbels. A brown plush Teddy bear, a foot tall and made of pliable, washable foam, costs $9 at Creative Playthings. Our favorite bear at Georg Jensen is white. A rather majestic-looking fellow, he is sixteen inches tall and costs $15. Or how about a koala bear? The Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street (off Sheridan Square), has a winsome musical one—made of kangaroo fur, just to confuse things. He's six inches tall, costs $7.95, and plays "Waltzing Matilda." Smartipig isn't cuddly at all. He's the pedantic, money-minded type. To come right out with it, he's a foot-long yellow plastic piggy bank. A child puts a coin in the slot between this fellow's ears, dials its denomination on his back, pulls his tail, and Smartipig delivers a relevant fiscal remark. ("A half-dollar is fifty pennies. Can you count to fifty?" will give you the idea.) He's $8.44 at Polk's. If your young friend would rather save that kind of talk for a rainy day, how about an eight-inch red-yellow-and-green wooden grasshopper from D/R International? He moves along in a purposeful way when pushed or pulled, and he costs $3.50. Another cheerful distraction would be a six-inch baby-frog beanbag in a cotton patchwork print; at Altman's, and also $3.50. His mother, in another "patchwork" outfit, is $5.50, and they're both by Ecological Designs; this year it figures. An uncommon carrier to pile some of these new friends into is a wooden doll pram with butterflies and mushrooms painted on its sides. It's seventeen inches long and ten inches high, and costs $11 at Lord & Taylor. This is one of those low-slung carts with tall handles that young fellows who are newly ambulatory can hold on to nicely. It's a roomy conveyance, but not quite big enough for a bear of sorts that we found for $10 at Altman's, which is really a child's hassock, twelve and a half inches off the ground, with an acrylic-bearskin seat, and, on its front, the most baleful bear face you've ever seen.

AND now for a miscellaneous roundup. If you have your doubts about Ouija boards (for true believers they're $5.50 everywhere), try a fortune-telling teacup at B. Shackman, with magic symbols painted on the sides; $2. The same store has, for the same price, a porcelain hand marked with



Jose Iturbi's Accompanist

BALDWIN

The Rothschilds IS
"FASCINATING" —Clive Barnes, N.Y. Times
"EXCELLENT" —Richard Watts, N.Y. Post
"SUPERB" —Leo Mishkin, Morning Telegraph
"A GREAT MUSICAL" —John Schubeck, ABC-TV
LUNT FONTANNE THEA
205 W. 46th St.
JU 6-5555

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: Orch. $12.00; Mezz. $10.00; Balc. $8.00, 6.00, 5.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15.00; Mezz. $12.00; Balc. $10.00, 8.00, 6.00. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $8.00; Mezz. $7.00; Balc. $6.00, 5.00, 4.00. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $9.00; Mezz. $8.00; Balc. $7.00, 6.00, 5.00.

LUNCHEON • DINNER
The Yellowbird Room
The Pierre
5TH AVENUE & 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

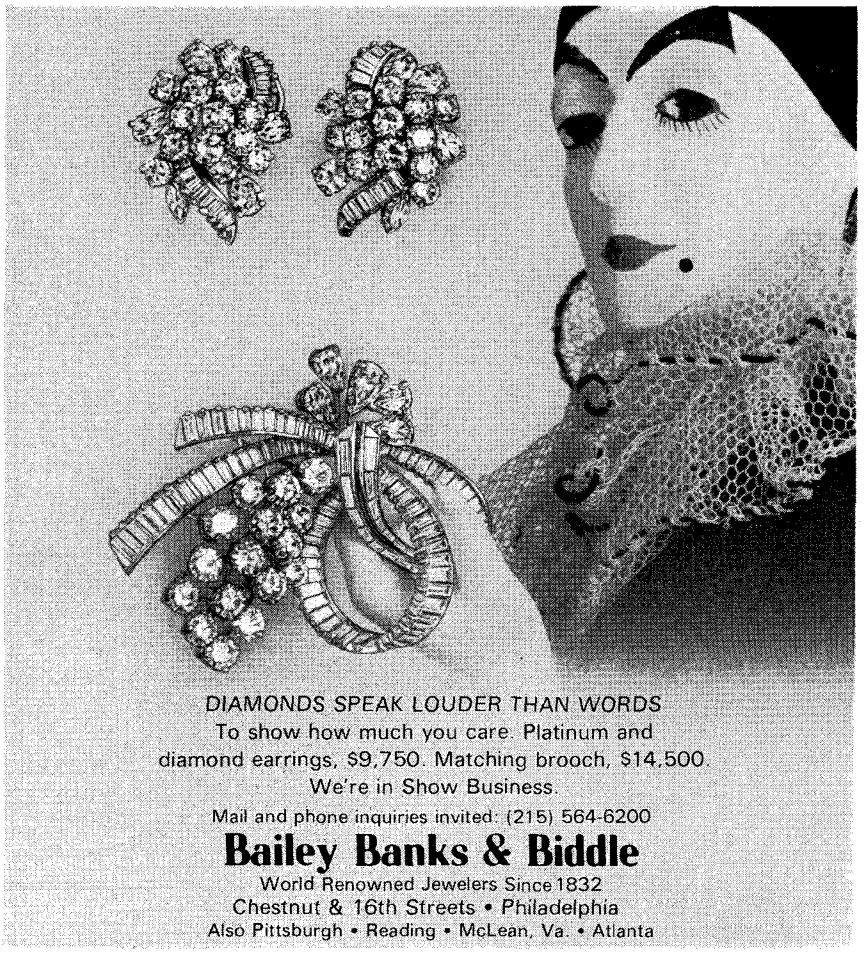
the palm lines and what they mean. Instruction pamphlets come with both of these occult instruments. A miniature table-tennis set, two by four feet, with two tiny paddles and two balls, is $26.50 at Schwarz. A pool table that might not suit Minnesota Fats but could brighten the season for those much newer at the game is $20 at Altman's. It's forty inches long and comes with a set of cues and balls. A fine spinning top is brought to us by the wonderful folks who brought us that racket-maker V-r-room! a few years back, so naturally it's spelled Wiz-z-zer. It's a well-made affair, and it arrives with a set of interchangeable tips that enables it to do all kinds of tricks; $1.98 at Rappaport's. The Nerf ball is bigger than a baseball, being about four inches in diameter, but it's a lot easier on the family nerves (the plural of "Nerf," no doubt) when the diamond is marked off by a coffee table and the dining-room chairs. This Nerf ball is made of lightweight plastic foam, and the claim is that it can be thrown, kicked, or even batted without knocking down Grandma, or even the Alien Invader; under $2 everywhere. There are some great kites around. (We're trying to get everybody out of the house again.) At Go Fly a Kite, 1613 Second Avenue (82nd), for $4, you'll find a black Giant Bat with a sixty-six-inch wingspan; the Giant Bat had the position of honor at the top of the kite flotilla that broke the world's altitude record summer before last near Gary, Indiana, soaring to a height of 35,531 feet. And, for $5, Creative Playthings has a Flexikite, which has no sticks or framework. Designed by an aeronautical engineer and made of very strong plastic, it can be made to execute all sorts of aeronautical maneuvers. Or would you care to take a chance on a boomerang? A wicked-looking sixteen-inch example, hand-carved in the Outback, is $4.50 at Schwarz. There is also a set of wooden-headed finger puppets—a boy, a girl, two grownups, and a clown—for $2.50 at Creative Playthings.

OUR last stop is in the children's-record department. Usually, although not always, a children's classic turns out to be something grownups are *determined* that children will enjoy. E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web," which is surely a classic, is one of the great exceptions. Not only is it impossible to imagine its little jokes, ironies, and truths, both harsh and gentle, all asterisked up to accommodate the footnotes suitable to authorized classics

Pull an executive together today.

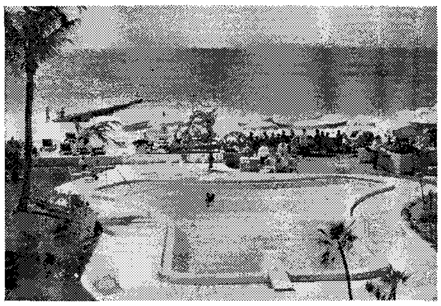
Our Executive Desk Set helps a man keep track of important things. Like the date (it has a perpetual calendar). And the time (it has an excellent alarm clock). And world affairs (it has a seven-transistor superheterodyne battery radio). And messages from you (it has a Parker pen and handy note paper shelf). Set measures a modest 9 x 7½ x 1¾". $40. To order, write Mark Cross, 5th Ave. at 55th St., N.Y.C. or phone (212) 899-8900. (Add 95¢ postage beyond delivery area.) Catalog on request, 50¢.

MARK CROSS New York/San Francisco
Beverly Hills/Atlanta/Troy, Mich./Bal Harbour, Fla./Houston



DIAMONDS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS
To show how much you care. Platinum and diamond earrings, $9,750. Matching brooch, $14,500.
We're in Show Business.
Mail and phone inquiries invited: (215) 564-6200
Bailey Banks & Biddle
World Renowned Jewelers Since 1832
Chestnut & 16th Streets • Philadelphia
Also Pittsburgh • Reading • McLean, Va. • Atlanta

Come join the fun at the Lido Biltmore



Smart, sophisticated, swinging... Lido Biltmore is where you can join with the "fun people" for a memorable time. Swim in the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico, loll on private white sand beach, sunbathe and socialize by sparkling pool. Enjoy all water sports, plus great golf on 18-hole course. Exciting entertainment. The very best in cuisine, service, hospitality and accommodations.
So come, join in the fun.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
For rates, reservations, color folder, see travel agent or call our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (212) 581-6595.

Ben Kahn
TSCHOPP

It's not extinct—it's stencilled mink . . . Tiger design on mink with natural Russian Golden Sable.

Ben Kahn
150 West 30th Street, N.Y.C.— also at
4 East 52nd Street (Cartier Bldg.)

("Here Conningsby, on the other hand, suggests that the author intended the manure pile to signify . . .") but even urgent rave notices from resident adults can't seem to keep the story of Charlotte the spider, Wilbur the pig, Templeton the rat, the little girl Fern, and all the dull days and bright days in and around the barn cellar from finding its unannotated place among the favorite literary baggage of most young readers—or listeners, if they aren't up to reading it for themselves. For any listeners, literate or otherwise, there is now very good news. Pathways of Sound has brought out a set of four records (POS 1043; $17.50) on which the author himself can be heard reading "Charlotte's Web" from first word to last. Even if you feel that some of the current fulminations against the synthetic, tenth-hand quality of contemporary civilization are a bit overdone (after all, these records, which we urge you to buy and cherish, are plastic through and through), we think you'll find that there is a special satisfaction in giving something that bears the touch of the artist himself. Best of all, the records are marvellous to listen to. Mr. White reads his story in a matter-of-fact voice that hasn't a trace of histrionics yet somehow gives each dramatic and touching moment its due and at the same time conveys his love for all concerned—even the wily Templeton. "This is a story of the barn," he begins. "I wrote it for children and to amuse myself." It is the writer's obvious pleasure in every detail of his work that makes the book—and now these records—just about impossible to resist.

Caedmon's recording of John Steinbeck's "The Red Pony" is, of course, for older record candidates you may be thinking of—horse-lovers, perhaps, but, in any case, those who will not be thrown by often savage accounts of birth, copulation, and death among the horses on a California ranch early in this century or by the ordeals of the little boy, Jody, who loved the horses and whom the story is really about. The story's revelations of what the gap—or chasm—between the generations used to be like and the cruel discipline and endless work imposed on children in those days ("peonage" is what Steinbeck calls it at one point) may get the table cleared with a little less argument. "The Red Pony" is read beautifully by Eli Wallach (TC 2047; $12.95). Of course, there are generational problems and cruelty to spare in a new Spoken Arts enterprise, too—a six-record set entitled "Heroes, Gods, and Monsters of the Greek Myths." Bernard Evslin has turned out a series of easy, straightforward versions of the myths (not an "ergo" in the lot) that children as young as nine can enjoy. Richard Kiley and Julie Harris read them with such verve and humor that the kids may finally begin to understand what the excitement has been about for these millenniums. Two of the records are devoted to the pantheon: Zeus through Aphrodite (SA 989) and Artemis through Phaëthon (SA 1000). The others are labelled "Perseus/ Narcissus & Echo" (SA 1001), "Theseus/Pandora" (SA 1002), "Arion/ Orpheus/ Atalanta" (SA 1003) and "Prometheus/ Daedalus/ Eros & Psyche" (SA 1004). The individual records are $6.50 apiece, and the six-volume set (GM 6) sells for $39. (Like all those we mention here, unless we specify otherwise, these are twelve-inch 33⅓-r.p.m. records that can be played on either stereo or monaural machines and can be found almost anywhere records are sold.)

Of course, there are some records around for children who can't spell "millennium," and since we all know the most important address in young children's entertainment nowadays, it's no surprise to find that the best show put on for this crowd is "The Sesame Street Record" (Columbia, CR 21530; $1.89). Turned out by the staff in charge of the usual goings on in that block, the recording features such regulars as Susan, Gordon, Bob, The Muppets, Big Bird, the kids, the Anything People, and Oscar the Grouch, who lives in the garbage can. (Children today can dream of and be touched by life in distant barns, but among the great truths that the "Sesame Street" people wisely make use of is the fact that most children today live in cities; those trash cans are their manure pile, and the romantic snow of songs like "Winter Wonderland" is just another problem for the Sanitation Department.) The preschool seminars on this record are conducted in the painless, uninsistent style of the syndicated originals, with their usual offbeat, jumping-around musical accompaniments. There are instructive numbers, like "J for Jump" and "Number 5," but they are no more heavy-handed—or footed—than frolics like "I Love Trash" (sung, of course, by Oscar) and the famous "Rubber Duckie" song. You may buy the same record with a soft-cover book that includes all the words of the songs and some bright illustrations (CS 1069; $4.98), or you may have the songs in one of those carry-around packs of seven-inch 45 r.p.m.s. This set (CC 24509) includes six records and comes with six small illustrated books that give the lyrics of the songs, and the total price is $4.98.

Naturally, it being that season, there are a number of special Christmas records. "Christmas Is for Children" is the title of a collection of special holiday numbers that are rattled off in cheerful, rousing style by the Richard Wolfe Children's Chorus (Camden, CAS-1121; $1.89). There are nineteen of the songs, which should take care of the situation. They range all the way from "Frosty, the Snowman" to "O Come, All Ye Faithful." And that annual gimmick in which seven or eight show-biz celebrities are rounded up to do Christmas turns on one LP worked out rather better than usual this year in a record called "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas" (Columbia, CR 21529; $1.89). To give you an idea, the program begins with Ray Conniff singing "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" and ends with "Silent Night, Holy Night" sung by Mahalia Jackson. And once again we'd like to mention our favorite of all recent musical records, "The Lobster Quadrille," which is the work of the Simon sisters, Lucy and Carly, who share the singing. Lucy is the one who has set to music ten poems, most of them the kind you know perfectly well but haven't thought about for a while. Christina Rossetti's "Who Has Seen the Wind?" is there; so are Edward Lear's "Calico Pie" and William Blake's "Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?" (Columbia, CR 21525; $1.89). You will also find this record at Schwarz with a hard-cover collection of the poems (CC 24506; $4.98). All kinds of musical instruments and styles are called upon: there are pavanes, calypso beats, broken rhythms, Oriental strains, and, for the title number, a rollicking rock-rhythm beat. "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day" is appropriately stately as the two sisters sing in their hopeful voices of the Christmas bells ringing out their ageless message, "a voice, a chime, a chance sublime of peace on earth." There the bells go again in the distance. Can you hear them? Merry Christmas!

•

THE NEW MATH

[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

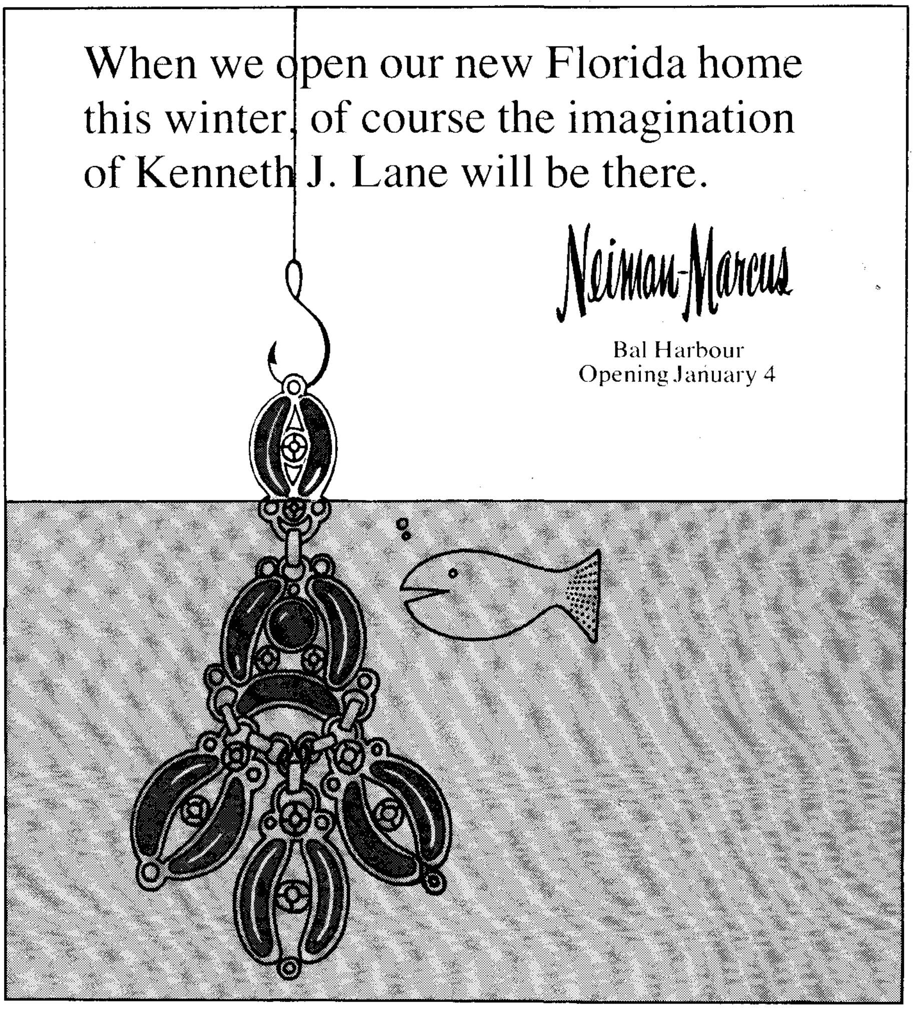
The bill received 38 votes, one short of the 41 votes needed to have it reconsidered.

GASTON DE LAGRANGE COGNAC
IMPORTED

An American Favorite

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING ALEXANDER I
AND TO HIS MAJESTY KING PETER II

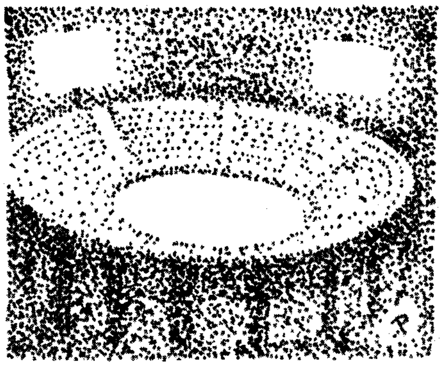
PARK BENZIGER & CO., INC. NEW YORK, N.Y. pb
IMPORTED
GASTON de LAGRANGE
80 PROOF
4/5 QUART


When we open our new Florida home this winter, of course the imagination of Kenneth J. Lane will be there.

Neiman-Marcus
Bal Harbour
Opening January 4

THE SPORTING SCENE

A ROVING COMMISSION

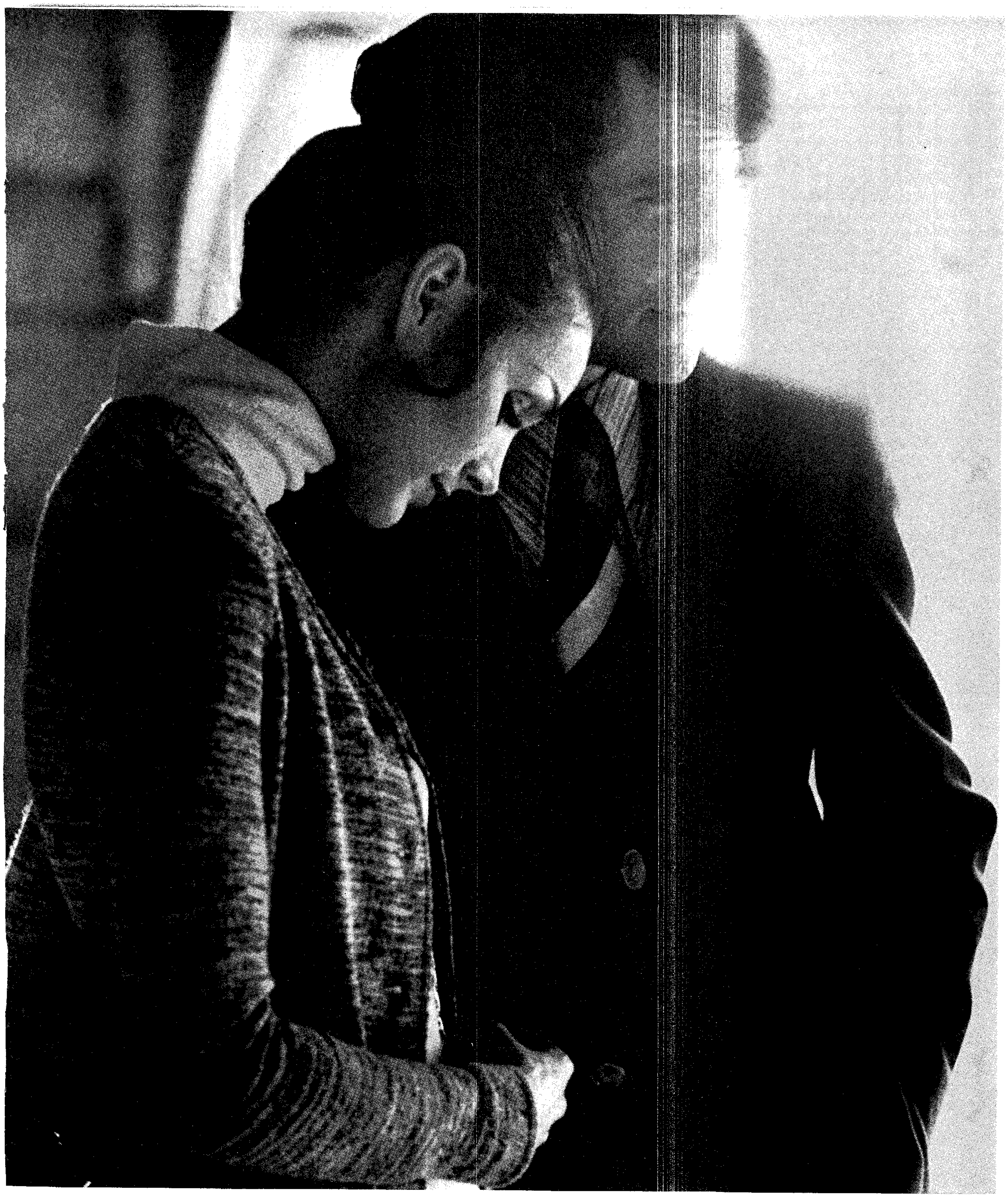


IT is generally agreed that professional football, today the country's most popular spectator sport, began to come of age in the nineteen-fifties, when the fortunes of the National Football League were being directed by Bert Bell. A bulky, rather rough-edged fellow who had been a co-owner of the Pittsburgh franchise before he became the league's commissioner, in 1946, Bell gave the impression of being less interested in progressive administrative measures than in taking care of his old buddies in management, but all the major decisions he made—such as blacking out television broadcasts of a team's home games within a seventy-five-mile radius—proved to be good ones, and under him the game prospered prodigiously. When Bell died suddenly, in the autumn of 1959, it was not easy to find a successor. The owners of the various clubs assembled the following January to do this, and after eight days and twenty-two ballots they still hadn't been able to elect a new commissioner. On the ninth day and the twenty-third ballot, a compromise candidate was voted in—Alvin Ray (Pete) Rozelle, a tall, slim, sandy-haired Californian with an affable manner and a treble voice that conjured up memories of Lon McCallister at the Stage Door Canteen. Rozelle, despite an acknowledged talent for conciliation, hardly seemed the man for the job. To begin with, he was only thirty-three years old, and his background was by no means overwhelming. He had spent three years with the Los Angeles Rams as their publicity director, and after leaving football for two years, to publicize Australia, he had returned to the Rams as general manager and had just completed his third season in that post. As general manager, he had neither produced exceptional teams nor, as it turned out, built the foundation for them. He had also made two of the most second-guessable trades in N.F.L. history. He had sent the Rams' veteran quarterback Norm Van Brocklin to the Philadelphia Eagles, and shortly thereafter Van Brocklin led them to the championship. Then Rozelle had given up *nine* Ram players to the Chicago Cardinals to acquire Ollie Matson, a fine running back but no bargain at that price. The feeling in informed quarters was that Rozelle would be only an interim commissioner, who would watch the store for a season or two, or however long it took the owners to decide on a long-term leader.

It didn't work out that way. Today, Rozelle not only is completing his eleventh year as the N.F.L.'s commissioner but has come to be regarded as the most talented executive in the entire realm of sports. He was a surprise right from the start, for he stood up to two of the league's most powerful oligarchs, George Halas and George Marshall, shortly after taking office, and thus made it clear that he was his own man and not the owners'. Halas, the choleric owner-coach of the Chicago Bears, had been one of the league's founding fathers back in 1920, and had always assumed that this gave him certain privileges, such as the right to abuse the officials as he prowled up and down the sidelines during a game. In Rozelle's first year, after Halas not only had been guilty of these tactics during a Chicago-San Francisco game but had also publicly criticized the officiating afterward, Rozelle summoned him to league headquarters, reprimanded him, and fined him. Halas was outraged, but he stayed in line thereafter. As for Marshall, the owner of the Washington Redskins, for some reason he resisted the idea of having a Negro player on his team. Rozelle spoke to him about this, pointing out that the Redskins might not be allowed to use the huge new government-sponsored stadium in Washington, and Marshall quickly reversed his policy.

In April, 1963, the young commissioner made his mark once and for all: he suspended, indefinitely, two of the game's biggest stars—Paul Hornung, of Green Bay, and Alex Karras, of Detroit—for placing bets on their own teams and on other league games. The fact that Hornung and Karras missed the full 1963 season and were not reinstated until their case was reviewed the following March greatly increased the public's respect for the integrity of professional football—increased it, one is tempted to add, to the same degree that the public's respect for professional baseball was diminished this past year when Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, in suspending the Tiger pitcher Denny McLain for only three months, sought to justify the lightness of the punishment by explaining that McLain had indeed trafficked in illegal bookmaking but that he hadn't been sharp enough to be really successful at it.

Although the N.F.L. owners appreciated what Rozelle had done for the league's reputation by dealing so forthrightly with the Hornung-Karras case, they were much more impressed by his skill at getting astronomical prices for the television rights to N.F.L. football. The Columbia Broadcasting System had outbid the National Broadcasting Company and the American Broadcasting Company in 1962 by offering $4,650,000 per year to telecast the league's regular-season games, but by 1964 the figure had risen to $14,100,000, and by 1967 it was $18,800,000. This year, C.B.S., N.B.C., and A.B.C. are reported to be paying a total of about $45,000,000 for their rights to the N.F.L.'s preseason games, regular-season games, and Super Bowl and Pro Bowl games. In its simplest terms, this means that each of the twenty-six teams is collecting around a million and a half dollars annually from television. Rozelle has demonstrated the same vision and acumen in handling such matters as players' pensions, a players' strike, Joe Namath's extracurricular activities, subsidiary league enterprises (N.F.L. Films, for instance), and, most important, the touchy, complicated merger through which the upstart American Football League, which was formed at just about the time Rozelle took office, was absorbed by the N.F.L. (This merger, agreed to in June, 1966, was at last fully worked out this season.) Jimmy Cannon, the sports columnist, summed everything up nicely when he wrote, "Under Rozelle's control, football has been good for the owners, the players, and the buffs." The only people the Commissioner appears to have missed with are the housewives of America, who resent the fact that their husbands, anchored in front of the TV screen watching pro-football doubleheaders, have regularly been lost to the world on Sunday afternoons throughout the autumn and early winter and—beginning this year,



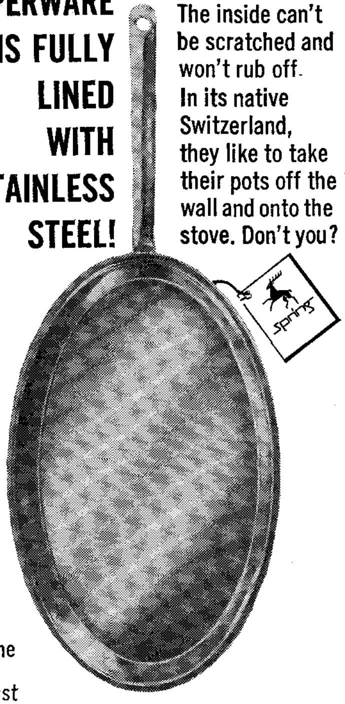
INTERLUDE... *like love, must be experienced.*

Interlude, the lasting fragrance,
to capture hearts and keep them.
Captured for you in the very nicest ways
by Frances Denney, of course.

Frances Denney

ALL OUR COPPERWARE IS FULLY LINED WITH STAINLESS STEEL!

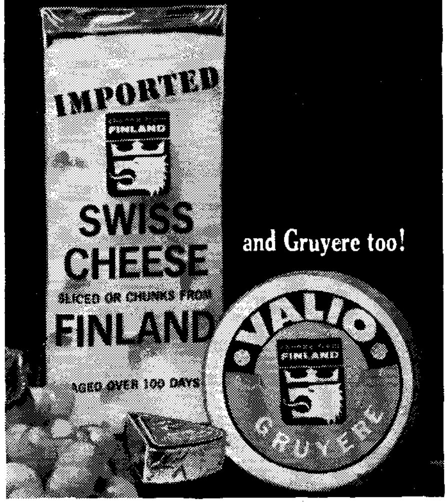
That's why we can guarantee a LIFETIME of indestructibility. The inside can't be scratched and won't rub off. In its native Switzerland, they like to take their pots off the wall and onto the stove. Don't you?



For the Store nearest you write

Spring
BROTHERS CO., INC.
218 Little Falls Road
Cedar Grove, N. J. 07009

It's finntastic!
SWISS CHEESE FROM FINLAND



Carefully cured over 100 days for finntastic flavor!
Gruyere it's Finntastic too!
Ask for Cheese from Finland you'll be glad you did

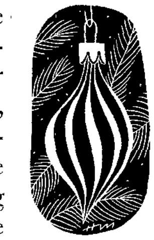
cheese from FINLAND

Sliced and packed FRESH *in the U.S.A. under famous brands:*
Hoffman Borden Kraft Liberty Lion New Yorker Sargento
or your favorite supermarket's own brand

when a dividend game was added—on Monday nights as well.

IN 1960, when Rozelle took over as commissioner, he moved the league headquarters from the outskirts of Philadelphia, which was Bert Bell's home town, to a modern office building in New York. Today, the N.F.L. occupies two full floors at 410 Park Avenue. Rozelle lives on Sutton Place, within easy walking distance of the office. On about half the weekends during the football season, he stays in town and takes in either the Giants' or the Jets' game, after which he watches whatever N.F.L. telecasts are available over a monitor at the stadium. In the evening, his office gives him a thorough report, by telephone, on all the other games. On the remaining weekends, he travels around the country, dropping in on those league cities where something special—a problem or a celebration—demands his presence. For instance, in mid-October he journeyed to Green Bay one Saturday to attend ceremonies honoring Bart Starr, the Packers' great quarterback, for his contributions to the team and the town over the past fifteen years. Among the football fans scheduled to fly in for the special testimonial was President Nixon, a friend and admirer of the quarterback's. (The relationship is a two-way street: Starr campaigned for Nixon in 1968.) The officers of the Green Bay club felt that Rozelle was the logical man to introduce the President at the Saturday-night affair, and also to represent the league at the halftime festivities during the Packers-Rams game on Sunday—Bart Starr Day. The Commissioner was happy to oblige.

Rozelle flew out to Green Bay on a North Central Airline flight that left LaGuardia shortly after noon that Saturday—a through flight to Green Bay with a stop at Milwaukee. He was accompanied by his daughter, Ann, a tall, slim girl of twelve, who, like her father, has light hair and gray-green eyes. (Rozelle and his wife have been separated for two years. Ann is their only child.) On the same plane were two old friends of Rozelle's—Bill MacPhail, the head of the C.B.S. sports division, and Pat Summerall, the old Cardinal and Giant place-kicker. Summerall, who is perhaps the most literate of all sports announcers, was to do "the color" in the telecast of the Packers-Rams game, and MacPhail was going out to check on the work of the production crew handling the assignment. (Seven C.B.S. crews were scattered around the country that Sunday, covering N.F.L. games in Denver, Bloomington, Cleveland, Green Bay, San Francisco, Boston, and Philadelphia.) Shortly after the takeoff, MacPhail and Summerall, who were sitting directly across the aisle from Rozelle, broke out a deck of cards and started a game of gin rummy. The Commissioner and his daughter chatted for thirty or forty minutes, at the end of which he knew all about her school friend Elizabeth, who is wearing a new brace on her teeth and doesn't like it at all, and who is teaching Ann gin rummy in return for being taught checkers. He then read the *Sporting News*, and after talking with MacPhail and Summerall over a Bloody Mary and lunch, borrowed their cards and played a few games of gin with Ann. By this time, the plane was beginning its descent over Green Bay, and Rozelle, pointing out the stadium to Ann, asked her if she knew the name of the wide street leading to it. She said she didn't. "That's Lombardi Avenue," he told her. "Named for Vinnie Lombardi." Ann nodded. Rozelle doesn't like to expose his daughter too much to the world of professional football and big business, but he takes her with him on one or two jaunts each year, when he is headed for some interesting part of the country—Florida, say, or Colorado—that she has never seen. He was taking her along on this Green Bay trip because he thought it would be a treat for her to see the President.



The Commissioner was met at the Green Bay airport by Dominic Olejniczak, the president of the Packers, and his son Mark, a strapping eighteen-year-old, who plays quarterback on the freshman team at Stevens Point State University, in Wisconsin. Mark drove the party to the Midway Motor Lodge, where Rozelle had decided to stay, since it was convenient to both Lambeau Field, the Packers' stadium, and the Brown County Arena, where that evening's testimonial to Starr would be held. On the ride in, there was considerable talk about Green Bay football and some about Stevens Point football, for Mark, still bothered because his team had recently suffered a 26–6 defeat, explained in detail how fumbles, a blocked kick, and some questionable penalties had cost them the game.

"Everything happened to you," Rozelle said sympathetically, but with a touch of lightness.

"Yeah." Mark groaned. "We killed them statistically."

"I know what you mean," Rozelle

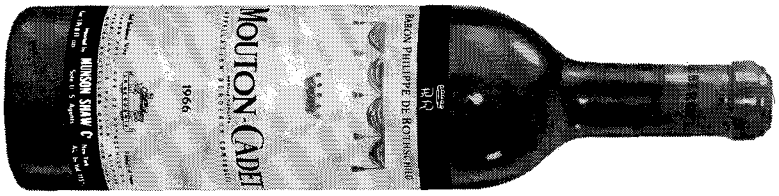
told him. "Those officials will do it to you every time."

At the motel, Rozelle and Olejniczak went over some details of the preseason schedule for 1971, which had been drawn up at an N.F.L. meeting in New York earlier in the week. After that, Rozelle headed for the recreation area of the motel, which is roofed with glass, and relaxed in a canvas chair beside the pool while Ann went swimming. A number of people came over to say hello, among them Jim Taylor, the famous Packer fullback of the nineteen-sixties. Taylor now does public-relations work for the New Orleans Saints, but he had taken a leave from his duties that weekend, since one of the big features of Bart Starr Day was to be a reunion of the members of the 1962 Packer team, which won thirteen out of its fourteen regular-season games and then won the playoff game for the N.F.L. championship. A little later, Henry Jordan, who had been a defensive tackle on that 1962 team and was one of the organizers of the tribute to Starr, came over. "Do you have the game plan for tonight, Henry?" Rozelle asked him. Jordan, in reply, unfolded a large sheet of paper, on which the evening's program was charted in intricate detail, and the two men studied it. Next, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, who is a former representative from Wisconsin's Seventh Congressional District, walked over to Rozelle and introduced himself and a group of friends. Inevitably, after the word had got around that the President would be attending the Starr testimonial, a number of Republicans running for office in Wisconsin had latched on to the President's shoulder pads, and what had been intended as purely a football occasion had taken on unmistakable political overtones. Another thing that had got slightly out of hand was an intimate cocktail party scheduled for that evening at Bilotti's Forum, a restaurant adjoining the Midway Motor Lodge; the invitation list had swollen from a hundred people to five hundred. Rozelle attended that party from five-thirty to six-thirty, and then, along with the other guests, was transported by bus to the arena. There he took up his position on the platform next to Olejniczak, and Ann and Mrs. Olejniczak were led to their seats in the main body of the auditorium, which was packed with five thousand people. Behind the platform hung a huge banner proclaiming "Thank You Bart" at the top and "Welcome President Nixon" underneath.

The program went well. It started

MEET A ROTHSCHILD AT DINNER TONIGHT!

A Baron Philippe de Rothschild wine for only $3.19



Mouton-Cadet 1966

(You can also enjoy this fine vintage Bordeaux at your favorite restaurant for a reasonable price.)

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., NEW YORK

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION ®

Before the Hallmark goes on, it's already a masterpiece of delft. The Hallmark doesn't make it so. It tells you it's so.

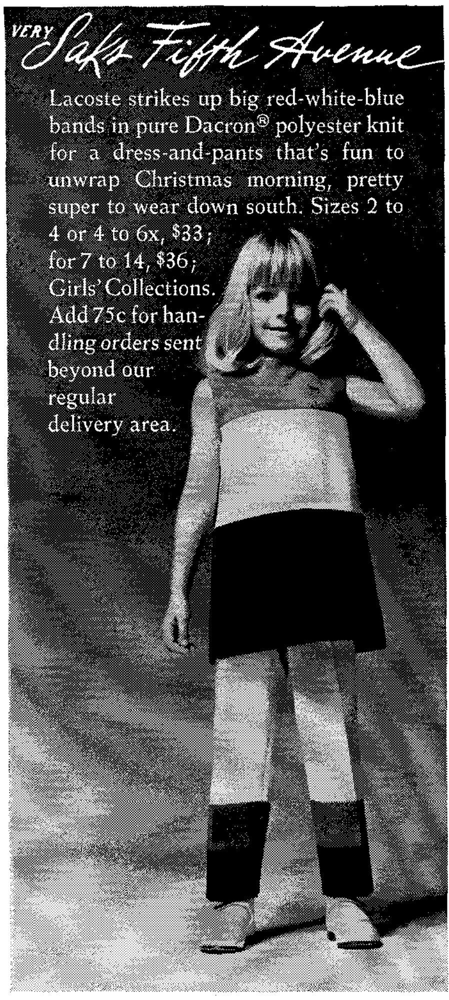
This cinnamon (or sugar) shaker is one of a kind because it's handmade—the same way delft was made in Colonial days. To make sure that no one mistakes any Williamsburg Restoration delft for the original antique, we bake the date of manufacture into each piece.

The complete collection exclusively in the following Williamsburg Shops:

B. Altman & Co. . . . New York
Colby's . . . . . Chicago
Golden Rooster . . . Atlanta
Joseph Horne's . . . Pittsburgh
John Wanamaker . . . Phila.
L. S. Ayres . . . . Indianapolis
H. Feinberg . . . Wilmington, Del.
Higbee's . . . . Cleveland
O'Neill & Bishop . . Ardmore, Pa.
Woodward & Lothrop Wash., D. C.

Complete Catalogue, 168 pages 1970 edition $2.50.

® *Identifies trademarks of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

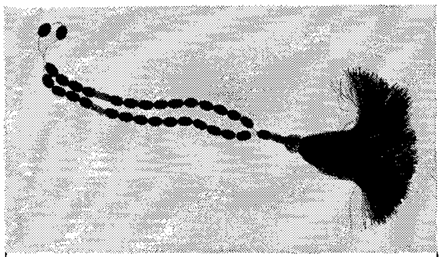


VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Lacoste strikes up big red-white-blue bands in pure Dacron® polyester knit for a dress-and-pants that's fun to unwrap Christmas morning, pretty super to wear down south. Sizes 2 to 4 or 4 to 6x, $33; for 7 to 14, $36; Girls' Collections. Add 75c for handling orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

Who has the only

...one shampoo for dry, oily, normal, tinted and even dyed hair? And, if you have all five, you're really in trouble. Send $4.00, check or money order to **David Crespin Salons, Inc.**, 38 E. 57 St., New York, NY 10022.



Greek Worrybead-necklace

To wear, to jiggle, to display on a table. Antiqued brass fittings, silken tassel. Beads: Choice of black, green, red, blue, white, mock tortoise, or mock amber. $21.00 ppd.
Only at:
Greek Island 215 East 49 Street
New York 10017 EL 5-7547

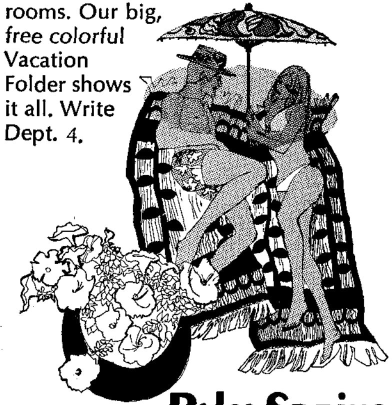
right on time, at seven o'clock, and the master of ceremonies, Henry Jordan, kept things moving. Governor Knowles of Wisconsin made a short speech extolling Starr, and so did Olejniczak, Phil Bengtson, who is the present coach of the Packers, and Bob Skoronski, another Green Bay stalwart of the sixties and an especially close friend of Starr's. The members of the 1962 team, seated in the audience, were introduced one by one, and each received a roar of welcome. The President was due to arrive at seven-thirty, and it was not yet certain that he would be on time, for he had had a busy day, leaving Washington in the morning and flying to Vermont, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania to make campaign speeches for local candidates before he headed for Wisconsin. On the dot of seven-thirty, however, a signal was thrown to the leader of the band stationed near the platform, the musicians struck up "Hail to the Chief," and into the auditorium, striding energetically and looking fresh and aglow, came the President. Ascending the platform to a mounting ovation, he shook hands with everyone on the stand. When he was seated, Jordan introduced Rozelle, who said simply, "It's my privilege to present the President of the United States." As the President acknowledged the introduction and moved to the rostrum, he shook Rozelle's hand again and said to him, "You must be very proud of professional football."

President Nixon spoke for about twelve minutes. He was a substitute end on the Whittier College team for three years (1931-33), and he has always been devoted to football and talks about it with knowledge and enthusiasm. Once he had finished eulogizing Wisconsin's Republican candidates and was safely past an awkward parallel he had attempted to draw between the importance of a strong defense in football and a strong national defense—this was by way of a pat on the back for Secretary Laird, another local boy—he talked straight football, and it went down well with nearly everybody in the audience, regardless of politics. He was slightly in error in stating that Starr had been the Packers' sixteenth draft choice in 1956 (he was the seventeenth), but he was right on the button with his other statistics, such as Starr's record of completing fifty-eight per cent of his passes over his long career. He ended his speech by saying, "The sixties will be described as the decade when football became the Number One sport in America, when the Packers were the Number One team,

IF SUMMER'S YOUR FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR

COME AND GET IT

Remember what your world was like before it got all cold and nasty? The summer sunshine? The swimming, golf and tennis? ☐ It's all here. Now. Along with sparkly-fresh, dry desert air that's better than dozens of vitamin pills. And a spectacular Aerial Tramway. ☐ It's easy to fly here, with more flights than ever. Easy to stay here with 200 hotels and over 6,200 rooms. Our big, *free colorful* Vacation Folder shows it all. Write Dept. 4.



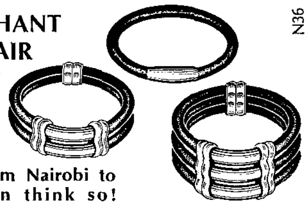
PALM SPRINGS CALIFORNIA
Convention and Visitors Bureau
Palm Springs, California 92262

IS ELEPHANT TAIL HAIR LUCKY?

N36

We don't know, but lots of our friends from Nairobi to Manhattan think so!

Anyway, our Genuine Elephant Tail Hair rings are bound to bring you compliments, if not luck! Ours are made from the real hair (authenticity, you know); not from the "look-alike" plastic we've seen about. Rolled gold mountings. State ring size.
1 – Strand $3 2 – Strand $7 3 – Strand $10
Add 50¢ each, on mail orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax.
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-7
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N. Y. 10022 ©

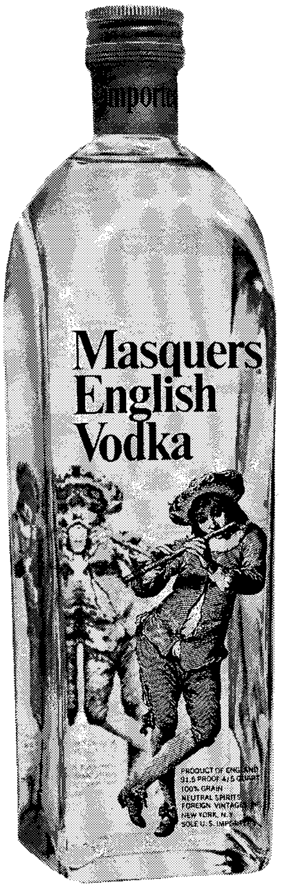


ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
Presents
Los CHAVALES de ESPAÑA
"The Kids From Spain"
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT *just e. of Lex. Ave.* **48th ST.** *in Hotel Lexington*

and when Bart Starr was proudly the Number One Packer." Starr, who *is* a thoroughly exceptional man, then made a most effective speech of appreciation, and, with that, the testimonial was over. The President, after shaking the hands of the 1962 Packers—and a few other hands for good measure—left the auditorium to fly back to Washington. As for Rozelle, he returned to the Midway Motor Lodge, where he and Ann had dinner with the Olejniczaks, MacPhail, Summerall, and other friends.

Sunday was a relatively easy day for the Commissioner. After a late breakfast, he read the paper and played some table tennis with Ann. Around twelve, an hour before kickoff time, they started walking toward the stadium, a quarter of a mile away. Over the past ten years, Rozelle has put on ten pounds, and his hair has grown a bit darker and a bit thinner, but, all in all, he has changed very little in appearance, and he is an easily recognizable figure. On the way to the stadium, he was continually acknowledging the greetings of fans, half of whom addressed him as Commissioner, the other half as Pete. He watched the game from the press stand, sitting in the private box that Lombardi used after he resigned as the Packers' coach, in 1968, and was serving only as general manager. At half time, Rozelle went down onto the field and made a brief but eloquent talk as his part of another encomium to Starr. Back in the box, he talked on the phone with Art Modell, the owner of the Cleveland Browns, who had called him from Cleveland. When they were exchanging game scores, Rozelle told him that, the last he'd heard, Baltimore was leading the Jets, 20–5. "Twenty to five!" Modell exclaimed. "That's cocktail time!" Rozelle then concentrated his attention on the Packers-Rams game—an unusually exciting battle, as it turned out. It was tied, 21–21, midway through the final quarter, and, as so often happens, the outcome hinged on an ironic twist: Starr, the man who was being honored, threw a wobbly sideline pass that was intercepted by Clancy Williams of the Rams, and Williams ran it sixty-five yards for the clinching touchdown.

At the end of the game, Rozelle was still hungry for football. Both C.B.S. and N.B.C. were telecasting doubleheaders that afternoon, and Rozelle watched both the Dallas-Minnesota game and the Kansas City-Cincinnati game, the first on the monitor set in the press box and the second on a tiny, battery-operated Sony port-



English Vodka is to vodka what the lute is to the balalaika.*

What the English do when they set out to translate an original! They distill and revise and civilize. And by careful, dedicated artistry make from the translation a new original. Masquer's English Vodka (91.5 proof) is a new original. Rich-tasting (as vodka was meant to be) but smoother than any vodka conceivable 'til now. (So smooth that you get a perfect martini just serving Masquers direct: the memorable Masquer's Martini.) And with no obtrusive after-presence. Masquer's English Vodka is priced somewhat higher than U.S. vodkas. Once you've tried it you'll be surprised it isn't priced even higher.

*The lute and the balalaika are each the favored accompaniment to respectively, English and Russian folk songs. To date, a balalaika version of Greensleeves or a lute version of Orchicharnya have not been recorded.

Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., New York City 10020. Distilled from Grain 91.5 proof

Couple's Gift by CROSS
for HIM
for HER

Couple's Gift™ by CROSS®

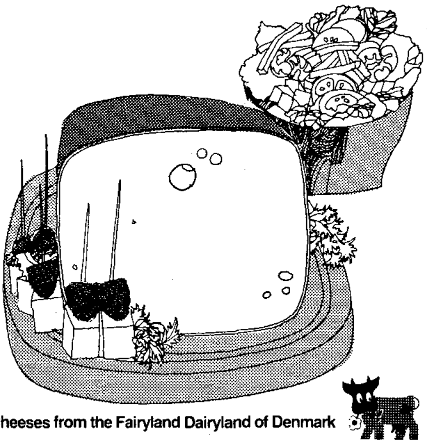
REMEMBER THEM BOTH...with matching pens. A man's pen, and a lady's pen with Pen Purse,™ attractively gift packaged.

CROSS® SINCE 1846

14 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Silver, $24.00. At Better Stores Worldwide.

Get a Dane good thing going with tantalizing Tybo cheese

Nut-sweet Tybo is Danish to a T: tasty, tempting, terrific. A golden-mellow cheese with a red-waxed coating, born for beautiful things like good fresh bread, steaming rarebit, lively supper parties, chilled wine. Made with the greatest of care, like all Danish cheeses. Try Tybo tomorrow. It's a Danishly different discovery.



Cheeses from the Fairyland Dairyland of Denmark

Filet of Beef Wellington, Mountain Brook Trout Amandine, Chicken Diablo, Partridge Rossini, Chateaubriand - Sauce Bearnaise, Roast Venison, Individuelle Coulibiac, Coupe au Marrons, Camembert, Brie, Sheraton Royal Coffee...

Luncheon served from 11:30 to 2:30; dinner served from 5:30 to 10:00. For reservations, phone 685-7676.

Windsor Room
Elizabethan Room

Sheraton-Russell Hotel
45 PARK AVENUE AT 37TH STREET
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

able that he had brought along in his briefcase. After half an hour of this, it was time to head for the airport in order to catch a five-thirty flight back to New York, but once he and Ann were in the taxi out came the portable again, and Rozelle flipped back and forth between the two games. Inside the plane, the same thing. However, just before takeoff, as he knew from experience would be the case, he was asked to switch the set off, because it was interfering with the aircraft's signal. Anyone who has spent a Sunday afternoon in autumn with the Commissioner can understand why he is inclined to turn a deaf ear to people who ask him if he isn't worried about the danger of overexposing his product—of giving the public more pro football on television than it wants.

The return flight was pleasantly uneventful. Rozelle dozed a little and chatted a little with Ann and with Summerall. (MacPhail was returning on another flight.) As the plane circled over New York, spectacularly lit up below, Rozelle turned to Summerall and said, "On nights like this, I always think of the remark Sonny Werblin made when he flew into New York just after his group had bought the Jets: 'Every light a potential customer.' "

ROZELLE is a third-generation Californian. His paternal grandfather, who had gone out there from Indiana, established a ranch along the Los Angeles River around 1891. Rozelle's father was a purchasing agent in the Los Angeles office of the Aluminum Company of America. Rozelle grew up in Lynwood, a suburb of Los Angeles, a somewhat shy boy whose ambition was to become the sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times*. After graduating from Compton High School in 1944 (he was the school correspondent for the metropolitan papers), he joined the Navy and spent two years aboard a tanker in the Pacific. This stint was followed by two years at Compton Junior College, where he played basketball and tennis and was in charge of sports publicity. The first real indication that he had more on the ball than the average sports-minded young man came in 1948, when, on entering the University of San Francisco as a junior, he arranged to be hired as publicity director and assistant director of athletics at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. After graduation, he stayed on at the university for two years in the same jobs before moving on to the Rams and pro football.

Rozelle is one of those rare people who have the ability to learn from experience. He was so shocked by the college-basketball scandals of 1951—two years after the San Francisco team won the National Invitational Tournament at Madison Square Garden—that one of the first things he did upon becoming the N.F.L. commissioner eleven years later was to set up a security program that, both in the size of the staff and in the scope of its operations, was far in advance of anything then known in sports. ("The suspicion that a game has been fixed is as bad as a fixed game," Rozelle has said. "If the public loses confidence, the damage is done.") Compared to his fellow-entrepreneurs, he has shown an astonishing knowledgeability in coping with the complicated problems that big-time sport is constantly facing today. Certainly he has had no peer in the art of finding a way through the morasses of political Washington. In 1961, with some helpful orientation from Pierre Salinger, President Kennedy's press secretary, whom Rozelle had come to know well when Salinger was the night city editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, he succeeded in getting Congress to pass a bill sanctioning single-network televising of professional sports, which some parties had contended was in restraint of trade. In 1966, after the N.F.L.-A.F.L. merger had been concluded, he realized that the job was only half done, and hurried down to Washington to get congressional approval of the new setup. Since New Orleans was one of the cities that were eager to get an N.F.L. franchise, Rozelle sought out Senator Russell Long and Representative Hale Boggs, both of Louisiana, and they saw to it that an amendment exempting the merger from anti-trust action was attached as a rider to the investment-tax-credit bill, an anti-inflation measure that President Johnson wanted pushed through as speedily as possible. The bill was passed in October, and New Orleans got its franchise in December. (By then, Rozelle had become such an expert on anti-trust law that he was invited by the University of Texas Law School to deliver the Texas Law Day address on that subject in 1967. The following excerpt from that speech provides a good gauge of the flair Rozelle has developed for the legal thought and the legal phrase: ". . . I have never been able to make any sense out of the anti-

Collector's find on Royal Adderley English Bone China

$30 each*

These "Black & White" Scotties of dated and limited-edition English Bone China surpass all previous specialty bottlings.

They are not ordinary earthenware ceramics, but authentic Royal Adderley English Bone China from Britain's legendary craftsmen.

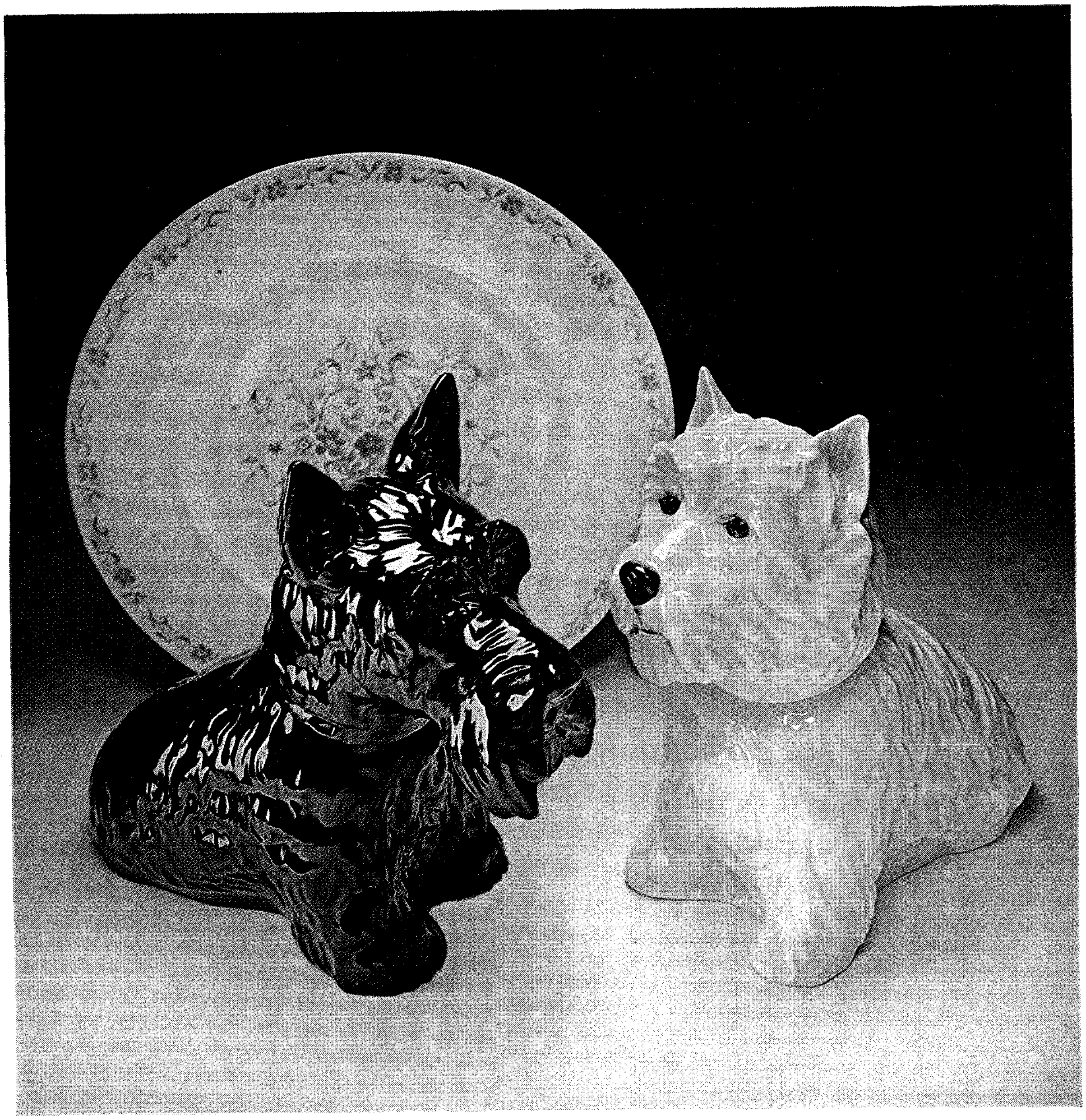
Each ten-inch Scotty holds a full fifth of light, smooth "Black & White" Scotch, easily dispensed and happily included in the price.

A true collector's find. A superlative gift. Every Bone China Scotty is hand-decorated and comes handsomely and individually packaged.

Buy the pair for $60.

Available at better liquor stores, or write for information to: The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

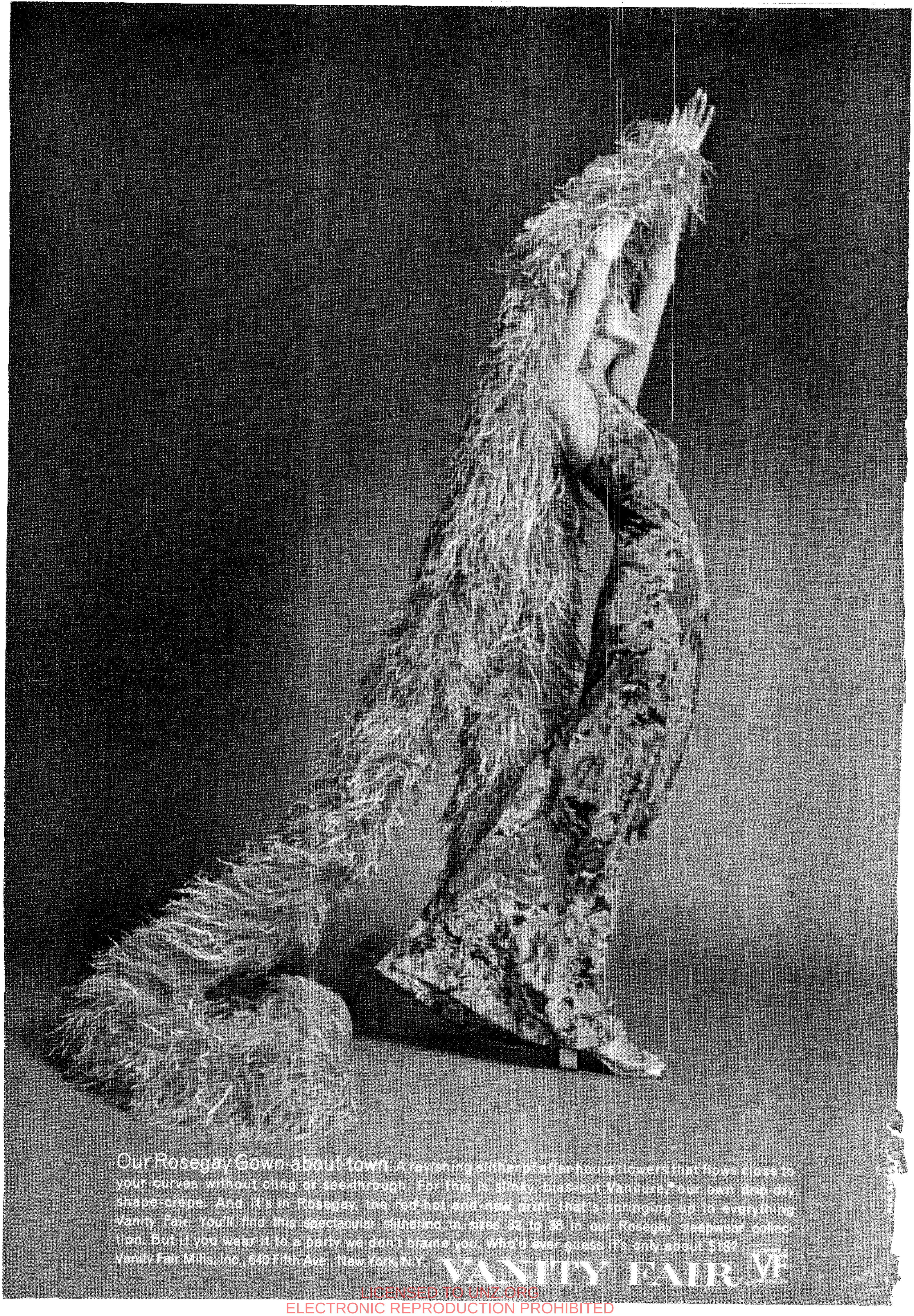
***Variances will occur depending on state and local taxes.**



BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK & WHITE"
BUCHANAN'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

"Black & White." Scotch for people who know the difference.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION N.Y.C. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR



Our Rosegay Gown-about-town: A ravishing slither of after-hours flowers that flows close to your curves without cling or see-through. For this is slinky, bias-cut Vanilure,* our own drip-dry shape-crepe. And it's in Rosegay, the red-hot-and-new print that's springing up in everything Vanity Fair. You'll find this spectacular slitherino in sizes 32 to 38 in our Rosegay sleepwear collection. But if you wear it to a party we don't blame you. Who'd ever guess it's only about $18?

Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR VF

trust theories on which the Milwaukee baseball case proceeded. When you think about this case, the city of Milwaukee was challenging the entire structure of a professional sports league as illegal under the anti-trust laws for the purpose of securing a court order ordering the city to be reinstated as a member of that conspiracy.") Rozelle's overriding goal is to keep raising the level of all phases of the N.F.L.'s operations until every outpost of the league glistens like Wimbledon or the Masters. To this end, he dispatches seven or eight members of his staff to different cities on autumn weekends to supplement his own observations by watching and reporting on not only the game itself but also such relatively minuscule items as how the scoreboard functioned and how the teams conducted themselves during the playing of the national anthem. (The Commissioner likes the way the Minnesota Vikings do this—standing at attention and holding their helmets under their arms.)

In the weeks following his trip to Green Bay, Rozelle stayed relatively close to home, but in mid-November he was in motion again, off to Kansas City and the West Coast. Like most of its predecessors, this football season—the N.F.L.'s fifty-first—had been divided about equally between headaches and satisfactions for the Commissioner. As an exuberant fan, Rozelle had been transported by the unusually large number of games that had exploded into wild drama in the final minutes—the weekly "George Blanda Show," for instance, and the New Orleans-Detroit game in early November, which was decided in the last three seconds when Tom Dempsey, of the Saints, booted a record sixty-three-yard field goal. As a veteran of many restraint-of-trade cases, Rozelle had been somewhat less delighted when, also in early November, the Cleveland office of the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division began a rather ill-defined investigation by subpoenaing officers and records of the various N.F.L. clubs and of N.F.L. headquarters. That is how it goes, though, when you are superintending "the No. 1 sport in America." The sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times* undoubtedly leads an easier life but a duller one.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

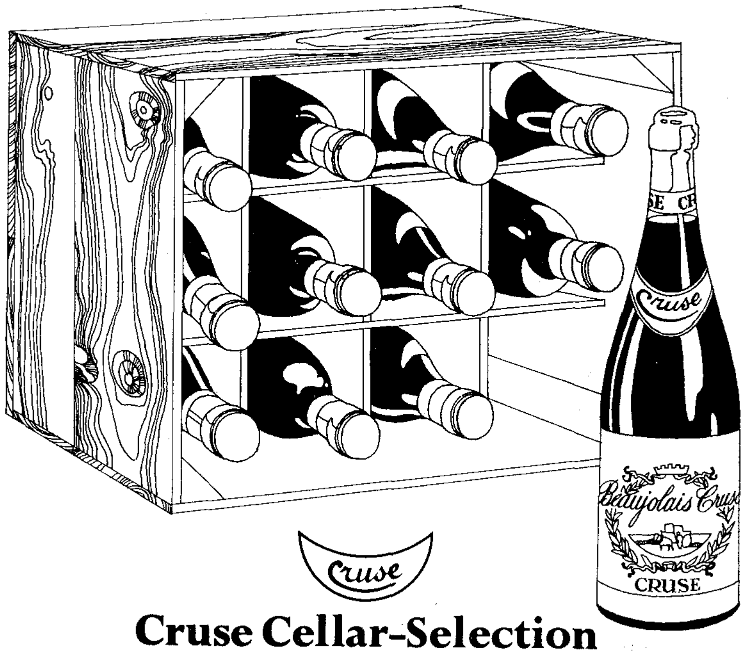
•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Mamaroneck Daily Times*]

FREE LIBRARY FILM SERIES TO COST $5

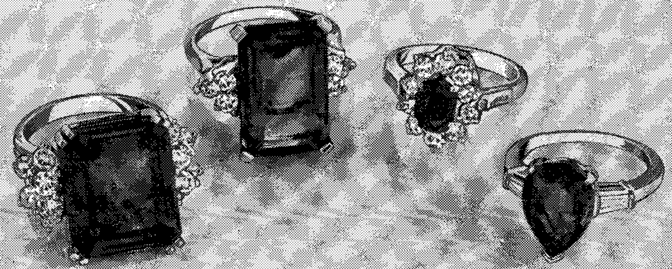
Show a friend what you think of him.
Send him a cellar for Christmas.



© 1969 THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Cruse Cellar-Selection

Send 2 bottles each of Blanc de Blancs '69, Saint-Emilion '67, Medoc '67, Beaujolais '69, Graves '67, Tavel Rosé '67. The selection comes in its own wine rack without costing any more than the wine alone—about $35.



OH, THOSE CANDLELIGHT DINNERS!

Start it happening with a beautiful stone dinner ring. The gift of romance. Platinum, Tourmaline and diamonds, $2,100. Peridot and diamonds in 18 karat yellow gold, $1,500. Fourteen karat white gold blue sapphire and diamonds, $595. Tanzanite and diamonds in 14 karat white gold, $1,000.
Divided Payments Arranged.

Inquiries invited: call (212) 838-6000
Add Sales Tax Where Applicable.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Fine Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York
Also Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown

U.S. JOURNAL: HOUSTON

NOT SUPER-OUTRAGEOUS

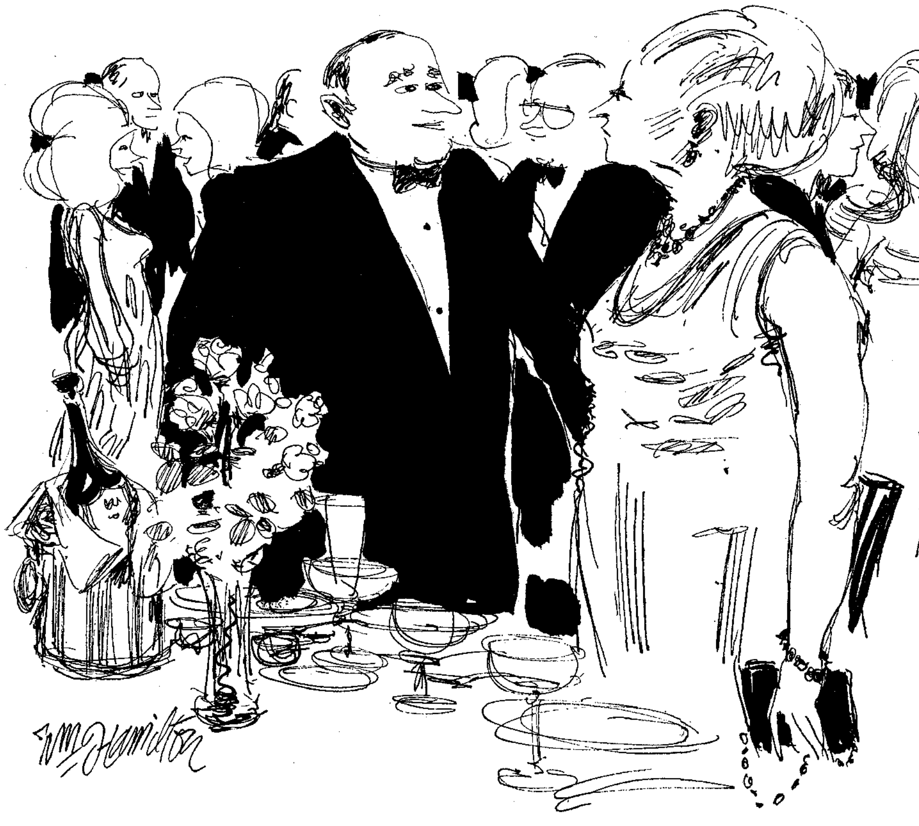
IN August of 1968, Lee Otis Johnson, the noisiest black militant in Houston, was convicted of giving away one marijuana cigarette and was sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary. There are people in Houston who believe Johnson was treated unjustly, but nobody of any prominence has ever said so publicly. Even among people who are doing whatever they can to get Johnson out of prison, a sense of outrage about the case is considered a bit naïve. "We make a big thing of it," one of them said recently. "But in Texas it's not really so super-outrageous." In Texas, a jury or judge can give a defendant ninety-nine years for sale or possession of marijuana, and some of them have. Any marijuana sentence sounds mild compared to the sentences handed out for violent crime lately in Dallas, where some juries, in an effort to counter a parole system considered ruinously enlightened, have sent people to jail for several hundred years for rape or a thousand for armed robbery. Last summer, a man convicted in Dallas of selling three caps of heroin was sentenced to fifteen hundred years in the penitentiary. It is said that one Fort Worth man who was given five hundred years or so stopped on his way out of the courtroom and said to the judge, "Judge, I'm not sure I can serve that sentence."

"Well, you do the best you can," the judge replied.

The backers of Lee Otis Johnson maintain that, unlike someone caught with a hundred pounds of marijuana or convicted of armed robbery, Johnson was punished for activities that had nothing to do with the charge in court. But not many people in Houston would find that outrageous or even surprising. When the Houston district attorney, Carol Vance, is asked why he chose to try Johnson's one-marijuana-cigarette case personally, after having left virtually all other cases to his fifty or so assistants, he replies that Johnson was a dangerous man. "Everyone's got a right to criticize," the District Attorney has explained. "But when you start trying to encourage people to burn the city, that's a different matter." Johnson was never arrested for inciting to riot or for conspiracy to commit arson, but it is now customary in many parts of the country to use the marijuana laws for imprisoning people considered dangerous by district attorneys whether whatever makes them dangerous is against the law or not. John Sinclair, the leader of an organization called the White Panthers, was convicted in Detroit of possession of two marijuana cigarettes and is now serving a prison sentence of nine and a half to ten years. The Texas *Observer*, a durable liberal biweekly published in Austin, recently carried an account by Dave Beckwith of the trial of four black students from the University of California at Santa Barbara who were charged with possession of marijuana while travelling through Dallas and were presented to the town as captured black militants. Not long after sentencing two of them to three years in the penitentiary, the judge was quoted by the Dallas *News* as saying, "We had pretty good reason to believe that they were members of the Black Panther organization, dedicated to the overthrow of the government by revolution, but we couldn't prove that."

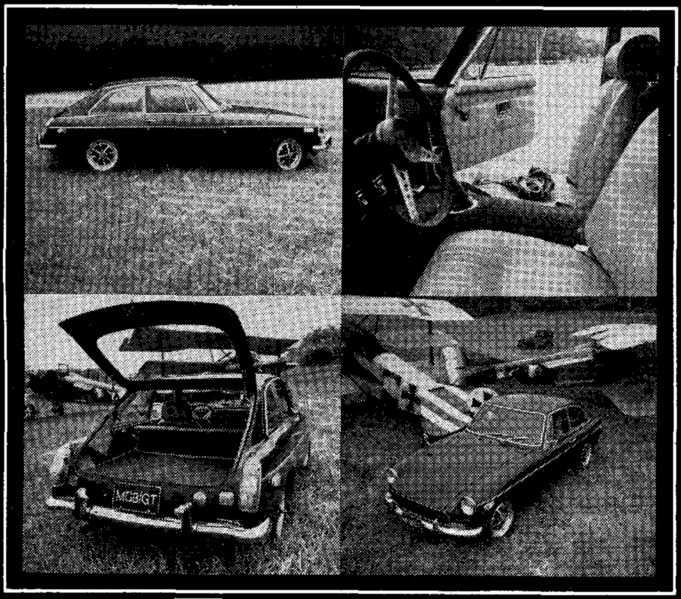
The *Observer* piece pointed out that the judge's own son had been arrested on a marijuana charge and given two years' probation, which is the customary penalty for nonpolitical whites who fail to have the charges dropped or the case indefinitely continued—the alternative sentence being a minimum of two years in prison for possession and five years for selling. (A Houston lawyer who specializes in such cases has handled thirty or forty of them successfully without yet having had to face a jury, and has come to believe that one reason the law making marijuana a felony is not changed is that "for lawyers it is the single most lucrative crime.") In Texas, except in cases in which the defendant is thought to be an important pusher, someone who is sent to jail for possession or sale of a small amount of marijuana is likely to be black or Mexican-American, and someone who is sent to jail for a long time is likely to be the kind of man district attorneys consider dangerous, and someone who is sent to jail for thirty years is, it follows as a matter of course, the noisiest black militant in Houston. When Texans interested in such matters hear about a long sentence for marijuana, their natural question is not how much marijuana the defendant had but who he is. "He was Mexican and political and in the Panhandle," a man active in the Houston American Civil Liberties Union said recently about one such defendant. "And that's a bad combination."

The A.C.L.U. man did not sound outraged. In Houston, it has been routine to use all sorts of laws in any way they can serve to maintain the climate of order—a climate that is con-



"Now that Alice has come out, dear, I'd like to leave home, too."

MGB/GT
The thinking man's GT.



Sensible. Logical. Practical. Three words you might not think of applying to a car like the 1971 MGB/GT. But consider a moment and you'll realize they fit.

Start with our unique styling. Sure, it makes the MGB/GT one of the most attractive GT's going. But, on the practical side, it's also the kind of styling that is timeless. So resale is generally higher.

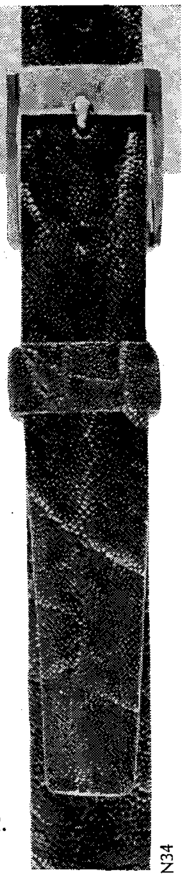
Take the 1798 c.c. twin-carb engine. Powerful enough to score in races and rallies. Yet thrifty enough to deliver up to 25 miles to the gallon.

And, yes, you get a full-synchromesh 4-speed gearbox, racing-type rack-and-pinion steering, heavy-duty suspension, and even radial-ply tires. To give you back the fun of driving and to assure you more control under the worst weather and road conditions. And, to stop you without fade or swerve, 10.75-inch disc brakes up front and 10-inch drums in back.

In short, the more you know about the sensible, logical, practical MGB/GT, the more you appreciate it. But go in and see the thinking man's GT for yourself.

For the name of your nearest Austin-MG dealer and information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-4299 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free, of course.

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.



ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEGANT ELEPHANT BELTS

"You'll probably outgrow them before you wear them out!" Our famous luxuriously supple Genuine Elephant Leather. Solid Brass buckles. 1" Dress Belt, French feathered edge, $14.95. Fashion's favorite 1¼" width, $16.95. Newest 1½" width, $21.00. Money Belt, concealed zippered compartment, 1¼", $18.95. All priced in Midnight Black. Sizes 28-42. Add $1 shipping

N.Y. Residents Add Tax

CONSERVATION IS OUR BUSINESS!

Our Elephant Leather is collected through Government-sponsored Habitat-Preservation projects under Conservation Agency control.

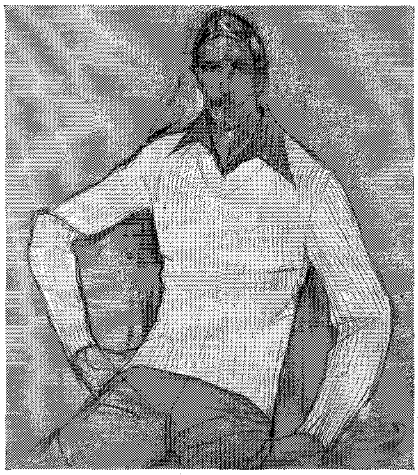
Write For Our Conservation Bulletins

N34

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD

Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022



IMPORTED SKINNY KNIT

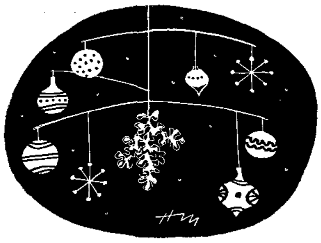
The skinny-ribbed pullover is another fashion favorite this Fall. This is definitely one sweater to take along in your pursuit of leisure. Colors: yellow, rust, purple, green, navy, grey, natural or brown. S, M, L, XL, $45. On mail orders add sales tax and $1 for delivery. Specify holiday wrap on gift orders.

We honor American Express cards.

Frank Brothers

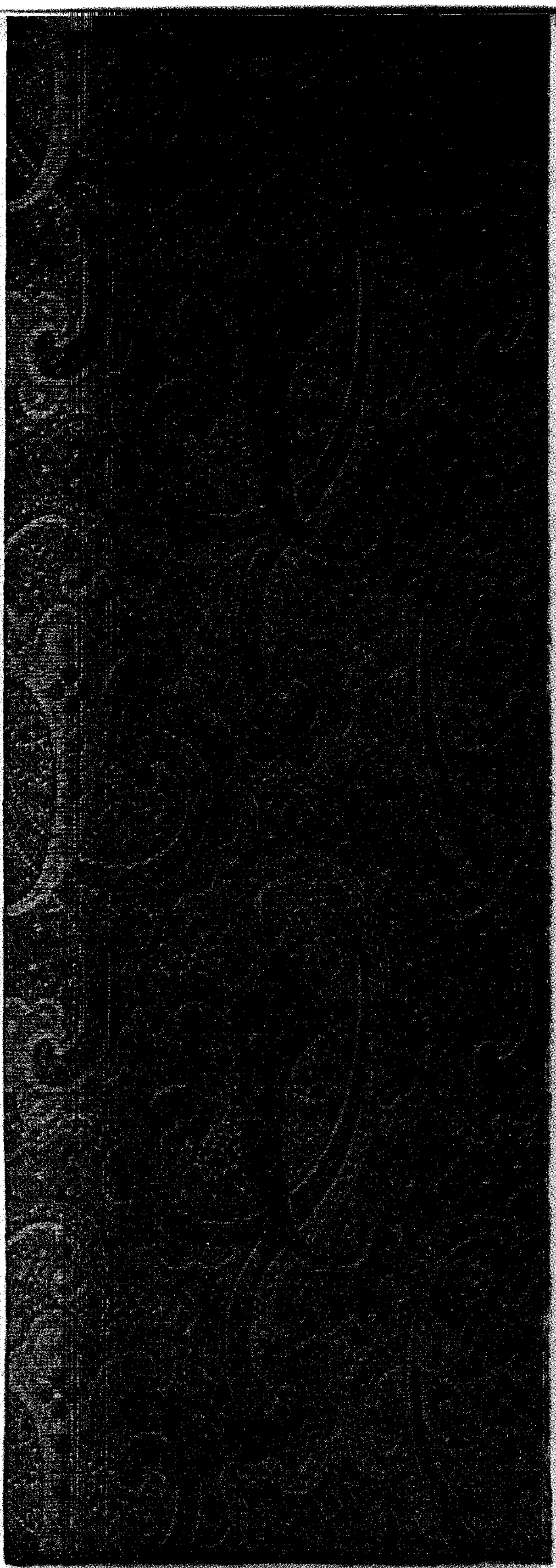
9 East 57th Street, New York
264 York Street, New Haven
633 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
1458 Washington Boulevard, Detroit
214 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach

sidered necessary to the hyper-modern, hyper-expanding kind of prosperity the city prides itself on. In Houston, a professor and his teen-age daughter were arrested for passing out anti-war handbills, a Rice student who engaged in some guerrilla theatre during an anti-war demonstration was sentenced to six months for wearing the distinctive parts of an Army uniform, and a group of Mexican-Americans who knocked over some furniture during a demonstration at the school board this fall were indicted not only for disorderly conduct but also for "felony malicious mischief," which carries a penalty of up to twenty years. After a federal court ordered Houston's mayor and city council to grant a parade permit to a peaceful anti-war group, they passed an ordinance requiring an insurance fee from any group that wanted to parade in the future, and then openly discussed ways of getting around the law so that the American Legion, which claimed poverty, could have its parade anyway. There are a lot of people who would consider using the law in this way a threat to civil liberties, but not many of them live in Houston. The District Attorney asked only that Lee Otis Johnson be sent to jail for twenty years; it was a jury of twelve white citizens that decided on thirty. The Houston police chief has expressed views on civil liberties considerably less sympathetic than those of the District Attorney—whose definition of dangerous men does distinguish between "revolutionaries" and people who are "just raising hell"—and the chief seems to have been given an award by just about every organization in Houston that has the resources to hold a luncheon and have a plaque made up. When the chief was given the Sons of the American Revolution good-citizenship award this fall, the Houston *Chronicle* account of his acceptance speech began, "Police Chief Herman Short has chastized a society that will allow an organization such as the American Civil Liberties Union to fight prayer in the school on one hand and defend dissenters and revolutionaries on the other."



In this atmosphere, Houston, now the sixth-largest city in the country, still has the kind of endemic right-wing violence that used to be associated with small, mean towns in the more backward areas of Alabama. Night riders who fire shotgun blasts at the home of an anti-war leader or the office of an underground paper are routine. The Family Hand, a restaurant that caters to Houston's long-hair community, has been fire-bombed twice. A local television newscaster may be threatened for showing pictures of the My Lai massacre, and a local theatre may be stink-bombed for showing "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?" The listener-sponsored radio station that the Pacifica Foundation opened in Houston in March—a station that regularly aired the kind of news and opinions that Houston citizens can count on their newspapers to avoid mentioning—had its transmitter blown up in May, got back on the air in June, and was bombed off again in October. (The station's manager, Larry Lee, who has attempted to keep some rough record of terrorist incidents in Houston, was recently accused by a man from the *Chronicle* of becoming paranoid. "You may be right," Lee said. "I keep imagining somebody is blowing up my transmitter.") The Ku Klux Klan is often mentioned as being behind the night-riding, but nobody has ever been charged, and the most noted comment of the police chief about the Klan was less than threatening. "I am not a Klansman and I know of no police officer who is a Klansman," he said after the Grand Dragon had announced that a lot of police officers were in the Klan—a statement unlikely to be challenged by anyone in the black community. "You can't fault a man, however, for praising God, country, and obedience to law and order. That's what we all stand for." Black people in Houston assume that Lee Otis Johnson was jailed for his political activities; a lot of them assume that he was framed. But, then, a lot of them assume that Carl Hampton, who succeeded Johnson as the noisiest black militant in Houston and died in a gun battle, was murdered by the police. So, in a way, thirty years in jail for giving away a marijuana cigarette is not really super-outrageous.

"YOU'VE got to remember that in most people's minds Lee Otis Johnson was a loudmouthed nigger who called a lot of names and seemed to go out of his way to irritate everybody," a local man who has followed the Johnson case said recently. Many white people in Houston thought that thirty years was just what a man like



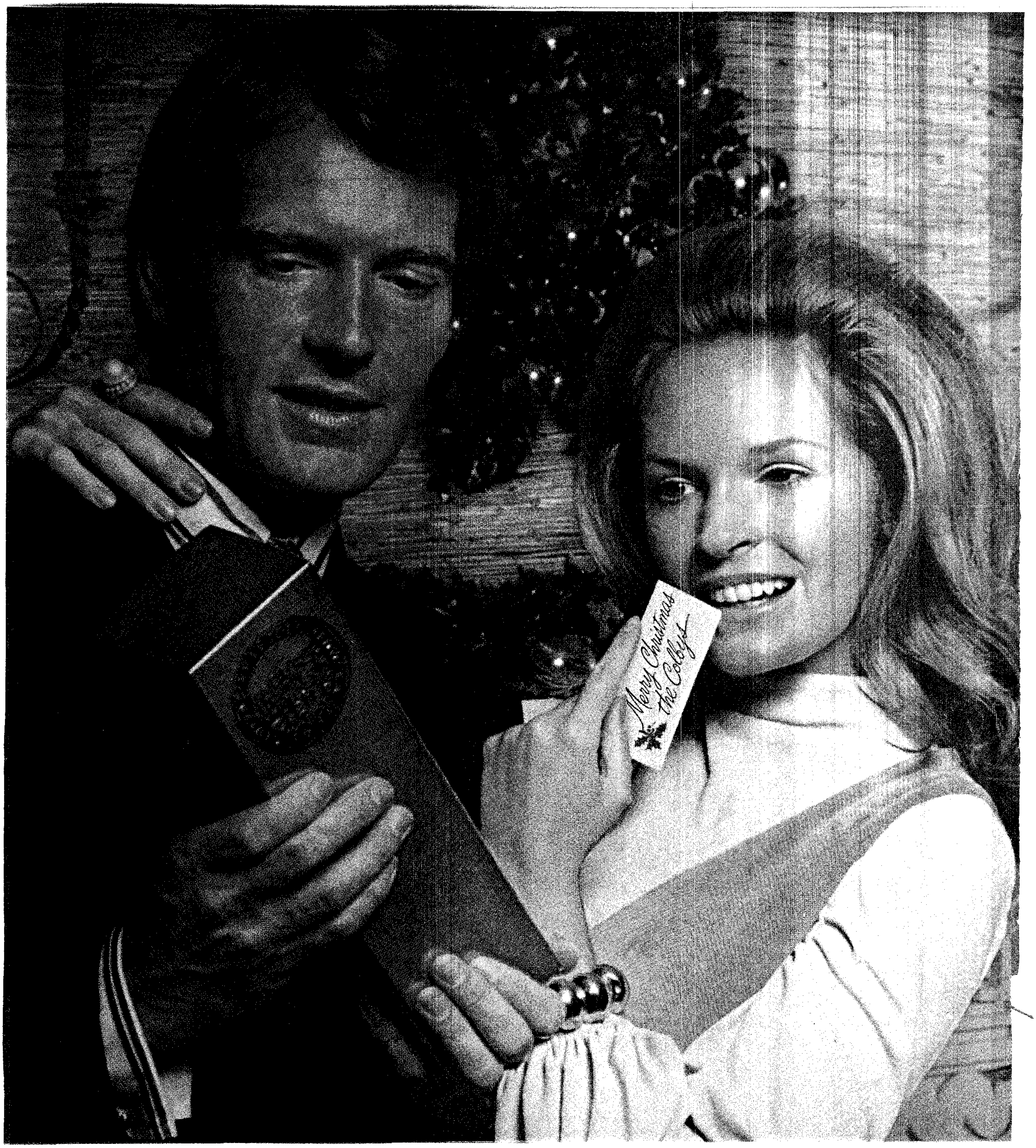
The Affluent Rooster

Doubly appreciated because the rich, sensuous colors and designs say admirable things about both Rooster giver and Rooster wearer.

Shown lifesize, two unstintingly luxurious originals from the new Rooster collection. The one, brilliantly hand screen printed on fine cotton. The other, an opulent jacquard in an antique tapestry.
At very good stores. $4 and $5.

rooster®

©ROOSTER INC. 1970


Merry Christmas
the Colbys

"Harveys Bristol Cream...from the Colbys. And last Christmas, we hardly knew them!"

One of the nicest ways to show that you care is to give the best there is.

This Christmas give your good friends Harveys Bristol Cream® Sherry.

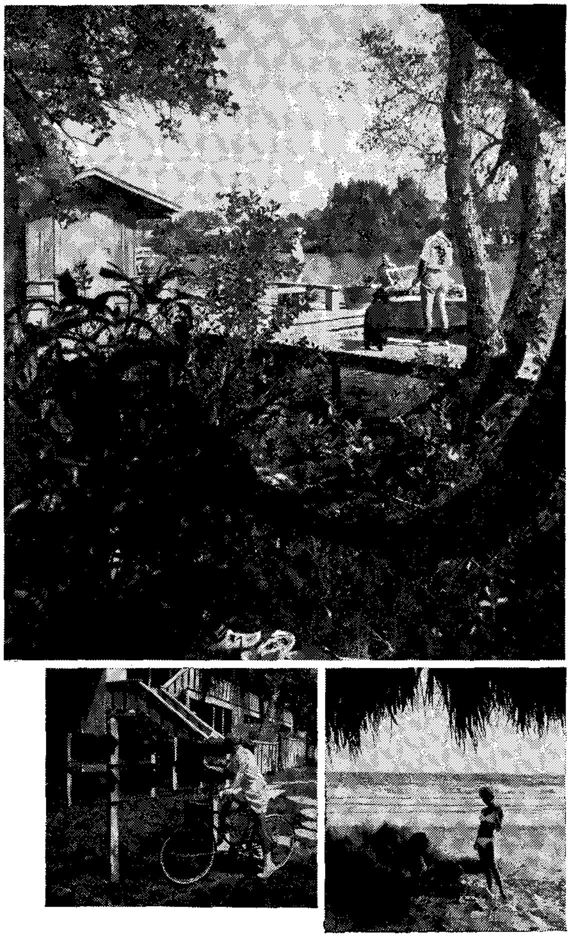
It's imported.

IMPORTED
HARVEYS
BRISTOL CREAM
HARVEYS
BRISTOL
CREAM
Sherry

Harveys Bristol Cream Sherry. Imported by © Heublein Inc., 1970, Hartford, Conn.

Lee Otis Johnson deserved; many other white people thought that thirty years was what a man like Lee Otis Johnson might have expected from twelve white people in Houston. In terms of accepting the decision as non-outrageous, the two views amounted to the same thing. After the conviction, an organization of social workers expressed doubt whether Johnson could have received a fair trial in Houston, and a grand jury, in calling for reform of the marijuana laws, contrasted the thirty-year sentence (without mentioning Johnson's name) with a sentence of two years' probation that had been given a convicted murderer at about the same time. That seems to have been the extent of public outcry. Not many white people in Houston wanted to be involved in any way with Lee Otis Johnson. A kind of free-lance militant who had first come to attention as a S.N.C.C. leader at Texas Southern University, he provided headlines like "LOCAL SNCC LOOKS TO REVOLUTION." (Although when an opportunity for widespread violence came, on the night that Martin Luther King died, he helped maintain calm in the city.) Black leaders tend to agree that Johnson presented some danger to the white people who run Houston—not because he was likely to organize a revolution but because he had a peculiar ability to communicate with ordinary black people and a peculiar ability to infuriate white people like the mayor and the chief of police.

By the standards of the Houston Police Department, Johnson certainly qualified as a dangerous man: at about the time of his trial, a member of the department's intelligence unit who specialized in spying on civil-rights and anti-war groups told David Brand, of the *Wall Street Journal*, that the tipoff on Communist influence was when someone "talks about social change." The Houston police picked up Johnson so often that it became a kind of routine. The drug charge almost seemed another in a series of arrests that normally resulted in his being fined or in the charges' being dropped. It came six weeks after Johnson had allegedly given a marijuana cigarette to a police undercover man (the delay, the police later said, was necessary to protect the agent), and some of Johnson's supporters spoke of it as an obvious manifestation of the mayor's pique, since it came only a couple of days after a memorial rally for King at which Johnson had been wildly cheered and the mayor had been booed. The trial was short. Johnson's lawyer asked for a continuance until the mayor and the police



VACATION RENTALS
ON THE GULF
IN AN EXCITINGLY
DIFFERENT
CONDOMINIUM . . .

One or two bedroom apartments in a magnificent open-spaced, waterfront condominium development. Beach, pool, tennis courts and bayside boat docks directly accessible from your apartment. Unmatched residential privacy and security in an easy-living adult community affording all conveniences, including maid service. New apartments are available for sale should you decide to make this tropical, waterfront paradise your home.

whitney Beach

For brochure: Whitney Beach, 6700 Gulf of Mexico Drive, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

THE REAL McCOY!

Our "onboard" one-suiter is strictly the real *thing* in time-saving carry-on luggage. It's crafted of Seal-grained black Calfskin, double belted with chrome snap fittings and fine lock. Inside: moire-lined divided compartments. Outside: full-length document pocket. 18x13x4", it expands to twice its girth and fits easily under your airplane seat. Why settle for less? Do as Hatfield did and go for the real McCoy!

☐ Send me the "McCoy" One-Suiter, $60
☐ Matching Briefcase (fits "McCoy's" side pocket) $20
☐ Both "McCoy" and Matching Envelope Briefcase, $72 (a saving of $8).
☐ Please apply the following chrome initials:__________$3.
Add $1 for post. & ins. (Calif. resid. add 5%). Return in 2 wks. if not delighted.

NAME
ADDRESS ZIP
Mail to: 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111

haverhill's

Where
do you go
to get in shape?

Florence Eiseman Swimwear.

The littlest big hotel in Nassau.

Think of us as the kind of place where a girl can get through the day without getting out of her bikini.

Small. Charming. On the water. With big rooms and apartments at small, easy-to-live-with rates.

A not-too-big, yet not-too-small kind of place. With its own private marina. Super pool. Absolutely sensational restaurant.

And maybe the best bartender in the world.

The Pilot House
The littlest big hotel in Nassau.
See your travel agent.
Represented Internationally by Robert Reid Associates.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Karsh

chief were available to testify; it was his contention that they had conspired to harass and eventually entrap Johnson in order to prevent "his further exercise of his rights of free speech and assembly." When the motion was denied, he presented no other witnesses. The prosecution called the undercover man and a couple of policemen who testified that the cigarette had been given to them to check and was indeed marijuana. Within a few hours, Johnson was in jail, starting his thirty years, and he has been in jail ever since.

JOHNSON'S appeal has now been through the state courts, and it will soon be taken to federal district court. Among lawyers who have read the transcript, there is agreement that it contains nothing legally outrageous. The hope of some Johnson supporters is that some court—if not the district court or the court of appeals, then the Supreme Court—will decide that it is wrong to sentence a "dangerous man" to thirty years for giving away one marijuana cigarette and will then use something like the judge's refusal to grant a change of venue as a way to order a new trial. Johnson's name is still brought up occasionally—when someone is given a probated sentence for murder or when there is a discussion of the marijuana laws or when people talk about the death of Carl Hampton. There is a Lee Otis Johnson Defense Committee in Houston. A petition was gathered for an appeal to the parole board, and during the recent election campaign a group of University of Houston students stopped a speech by the governor, Preston Smith, with shouts of "Free Lee Otis!" (The Governor, seizing a rare opportunity to ridicule two minority groups with one statement, told a group of businessmen that he thought the students were shouting "'*frijoles*,' just like 'beans' in South Texas.") Some advertisements and stories have appeared in Eastern papers and in the underground press, but these days any group that wants to focus attention on someone it considers a political prisoner has a lot of competition.

People in Houston who have followed the case still talk occasionally of why the jurors gave Johnson ten years more than the District Attorney asked for. The summer after King's death was, of course, a fearful time in American cities, and, according to the theory of one Houston lawyer, "they were probably just more scared of him than the D.A. was." The District Attorney believes that the jury may have been

magnetic balls
doodling balls

SECRET OF THE GNOMES* OF ZURICH REVEALED!

One of our most experienced trackers sought out the great concentration secrets of the Gnomes and their pals...

DOODLING BALLS!

Strange magnetic devices... help you concentrate... can't put them down... A necessity for every Wall Street Wizard, great thinker, budding genius, climbing executive... Beat the Gnomes at their own game! Get a set of Three DOODLING BALLS; Hunting World's latest find! Made in Switzerland. Great executive gift; adult toy!
Set of 3—$5.95 Add 50¢ each, on mail orders
N.Y. Residents Add Tax

*Who are the Gnomes of Zurich? No one knows for sure, but the English *think* they are the Swiss bankers!

N41
©

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022

Marlborough GRAPHICS

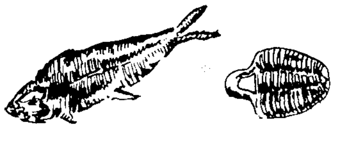
Our own original, limited and signed editions by such leading European and American artists as Gottlieb, Hepworth, Kitaj, Kokoschka, Lipchitz, Moore, Motherwell, Nicholson, Pollock, Pomodoro, Rivers and Sutherland. Many others. From $70 to $7000.

*For illustrated catalogue—
$2 (Incl. Postage)—address:*

Marlborough Graphics Inc
41 East 57th Street New York 10022
PL 2-5353

Visit the Marlborough Graphics Gallery on the fifth floor.

40 MILLION YEAR OLD FOSSIL FISH
(DIPLOMYSTUS HUMLIS) $45.00



500 MILLION YEAR OLD TRILOBITE
(ELRATHIA KINGI) $3.25
DOVER SCIENTIFIC
32-58 30th Street
Long Island City, N.Y. 11106
Send 25c for Illustrated Catalog of Shells, Minerals, Fossils, Indian Artifacts & Books

affected by the presence in court of several Johnson followers dressed in dashikis and African robes; among costumes commonly worn in Houston to symbolize reverence for a cultural heritage, the dashiki is looked upon as considerably more threatening than the cowboy outfit. There is also a theory—considered rather abstruse in Houston—that the jury may have actually been alarmed at the exchange of a marijuana cigarette as well as being alarmed at Johnson; marijuana was less common among white teen-agers in Houston two years ago than it is today, and more people still considered it the most dangerous weapon in Satan's arsenal. "If a girl wants to have a career as a syphilitic prostitute or if a boy wants to end in the electric chair because he has killed a grocer in a hijacking, there is no more practical beginning than this cigarette contained in this envelope," the prosecution said before the sentencing. "Any amount of marijuana, any amount of dope, is a shame and disgrace to this community, and its use and effects would be so evil that should I speak to you for a hundred years I couldn't describe it properly." District Attorney Vance says that he was surprised to hear a harsher sentence than he had asked for, but he has also said that Johnson may have been given less than he deserved. Before the sentencing, Vance introduced into the record a previous conviction for auto theft, and the head of the police intelligence unit—a man who was later quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* piece as calling black demonstrators "arrogant bastards looking for an issue"—testified that he had found Johnson to be a man of bad character. In a documentary that the Pacifica station put on between bombings, Vance was asked about the sentence and replied, "Here was a person who was furnishing marijuana, he was a troublemaker, he tried to stir up a riot, he was a person who'd been to the penitentiary twice before. And yet, even though he could have gotten ninety-nine years or life imprisonment—and the minimum being five years—he ended up with a thirty-year sentence. I don't see that this is a very unusual verdict."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

MIAMI—Leonard Hicks has assumed management of the Hotel Racquet Club. The San Juan hotel has been represented by the Leonard Hicks Organization for the past five years.

Where are the selfish personal benefits I'm gaining?"—*The Travel Agent.*

Cool it, Lennie. It's still early.

SAUZA IS THE LARGEST-SELLING TEQUILA IN MEXICO
—and in the world.

Now available in the U.S.A.
At last you can get the Tequila that Mexicans prefer. They choose Tequila Sauza more often than they do any other Tequila made — and their Government affirms their choice by giving Sauza its official guarantee seal!

When in Mexico visit the Tequila Sauza plant in Guadalajara.

TEQUILA SAUZA 86 PROOF. SOLE DIST. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

After you listen to Washington, you can hear the Kremlin's reply.

Direct from Moscow. On the Panasonic RF-5000A. The world-wide radio that's changed the ground rules for world-wide receivers. For good reason. The "World-Wide," Model RF-5000A, pulls in every available frequency in the world. On 11 different bands that separate the world into easily identifiable pieces. And bring in short-wave, long-wave, FM, AM, amateur and marine broadcasts. Even Morse Code.

Five built-in wide-range antennas take in everything you'll want to hear, and send it out through perfectly matched 7" oval and 5" hi-fi speakers. A special mechanical filter plus noise limiter makes sure you hear it all without interference.

And because the set works on batteries as well as house current, you won't have to miss what's going on in the world when you're at the beach.

The RF-5000A has features that impress even the engineers. Let it impress your ears. At any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. And next time Moscow has something to say to our government, maybe you'll be one of the first to hear why.

PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

For dealer, call 800 243-6000. In Conn., 800 942-0655. We pay for the call.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Stalinism

Costa-Gavras's "Z" was a complex detective story, investigating how a political crime had been concealed; the new Costa-Gavras film, "The Confession," is almost the opposite—the story of how men are made to confess to imaginary crimes. There has been no American movie about the new form of theatre that was invented under Stalin—the show trials by which Communist leaders were eliminated. "The Confession" is based on one of the major show trials—the Slansky trial of 1952, in Czechoslovakia, in which fourteen leading Communists, most of them Jewish, were accused of Trotskyism, Titoism, espionage for the West, and Zionism. The movie plays it very close and stays with the particulars, and at first the semi-documentary look and the bureaucratic realism have a counter-effect—the film seems to be noninvolving. For the first half hour, I thought that it was too late for this film, that in America it was part of a consciousness that is in the past, when people were discussing "Darkness at Noon." But the movie has been made out of an absorption in politics, and it catches us up as we begin to see its scope—an examination of how Stalinism works. There is a distinct possibility that young American audiences aren't familiar enough with recent political history to have heard of the Slansky trial, or to understand why most of those purged were Jewish, or to know how the procedures, modelled on the Moscow trials, were perfected in Hungary, or, indeed, how these vast frame-ups served Stalin's policies. But the movie fills us in so thoroughly on this specific case that even those who don't know anything about the trials can hardly fail to grasp the meaning of the central situation, or the final demonstration that Stalinism didn't end with the death of Stalin.

The characters in the movie are all Communists, and the victims and the victimizers are interchangeable; the chief exhibit at the trial, Rudolph Slansky himself, Secretary-General of the Party and then Deputy Premier, helped to arrange the arrest of the other victims, not knowing he was slated to join them. Those who are forced to confess are compromised people, whose belief that the Party must be right has in the past led them to acquiesce in the false confessions of others. All fourteen of the defendants at the Slansky trial confessed. Eleven were executed; three were given life sentences. After Stalin's death and Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin's policies, the survivors were released. In 1968, the Dubček government officially exonerated all fourteen—the living and the dead.

Despite the historical importance of these carefully staged trials, and their innate drama, the subject is not one that would appeal to Hollywood. Hollywood right-wingers are generally too crude in their approach to be interested in such events, which are of supreme concern only to the left, since the victims—unlike Cardinal Mindszenty, whose trial stirred the general press, and on whom the film "The Prisoner" was based—are themselves Communists. But among the Hollywood leftists, who suffered unduly for their political sympathies, open criticism of the policies of the Soviet Union is still considered Red-baiting or washing dirty linen in public; the classic movie-colony reason for covering things up is that "it's the wrong time."

When you came out of the high-pressure "Z," you may have asked yourself if you'd been conned into accepting something phony, because the staccato technique seemed a potentially dangerous one that might be used to sell almost anything. Costa-Gavras has scrupulously avoided such danger in "The Confession." He's fast; the experience of seeing "The Confession" is like a fast read—at times, almost a speed test. One has to pay careful attention, because Costa-Gavras whips through the data and nothing waits. The pace doesn't allow for much thought while you're watching. Yet Costa-Gavras doesn't put on the squeeze, and the film depends not on visceral impact but on the viewer's adding things up; the director has adapted his technique to the subject of political orthodoxy. The film never falls below a certain level of excitement, but it doesn't rise and explode the way "Z" did. He has used the same screenwriter, Jorge Semprun; the same cinematographer, Raoul Coutard; the same leading actor, Yves Montand, who appears this time with his wife, Simone Signoret, playing his wife. But the people aren't melodramatically clear-cut here, and the propagandistic aim—to argue for a more humane socialism—is not so simply stated. The subject is closer to European experience than to ours, and the movie is not likely to stir American audiences the way "Z's" attack on American-supported fascism did, but it's a great, neglected movie subject.

"The Confession" is a thoughtful, intelligent demonstration of how strong, idealistic men of character are turned into pawns of history, who confess publicly to imaginary crimes, and not just to the crime of treason but to the degrading petty crime of bribe-taking—a crime devised to satisfy the common citizens who have no mind for the big issues. The men who make the confessions are the sort of idealists who have covered up what shouldn't be covered up. One of the three survivors of the Slansky trial, Artur London, wrote the book on which this film was based. According to London, "The very day that I arrived in Prague with my wife in order to give my manuscript to the Union of Czech Writers publishing firm, I witnessed the invasion of my country by 600,000 men and 6,000 tanks of the Warsaw Pact armies." The book was nevertheless published. Plans that had been made to shoot the movie in Czechoslovakia as a Czechoslovak-French co-production were cancelled, however, and the film was made in France.

Unlike this exact, factual movie, "The Prisoner," with Alec Guinness's intense performance as the imprisoned cardinal, had originally been conceived as a play, and it treated the process of Mindszenty's confession to trumped-up charges (of treason, currency racketeering, spying for the United States, and conspiracy to restore the Hapsburg monarchy) in terms of impassioned rhetoric and psychological subtleties. The intransigent Mindszenty, whose actual crime had been opposition to the Communist drive to nationalize the Hungarian church schools, was arrested in 1949 and was brought to confess in thirty-eight days. Artur London was worked over for twenty-two months, in a systematic, far less dramatic process. Costa-Gavras, by his cumulative method of building the film, conveys how this time-passing doggedness, rather than specific tortures, leads to the disintegration of the prisoners. The postscript to the London story—the 1968 invasion—is included in the film. "The Prisoner," which came out

THE ALL NEW OPEL 1900. NO OTHER ECONOMY CAR (FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC) GIVES YOU ALL THIS.

The Opel story is simple. You simply get a lot more car for your money.

The new Opel 1900 offers many things as standard equipment that other small cars offer as optional equipment. Or not at all.

For example, the Opel 1900 is the economy car with hydraulic valve lifters, just like the big American luxury cars, for a quiet-running engine and eliminating the need for adjustments.

The Opel 1900 has front power disc brakes for quick, smooth, straight-line stops. As standard equipment.

The Opel 1900 has lots and lots of room. About five inches more hip room in our back seat than the widest of the new, small domestic cars. And please notice, the Opel has adjustable backs on its front bucket seats as standard equipment.

The Opel 1900's trunk is 10.7 cubic feet big. That's bigger than some larger American cars. And if you've seen the trunk opening on any of the new small cars, you'll appreciate the new Opel 1900. You can get big things into the trunk without scraping your knuckles and elbows.

The Opel 1900 has a four-speed stick shift as standard equipment. And a three-speed, fully automatic transmission is available.

Things like wheel trim rings, chrome drip rails, window trim moldings and fancy vinyl upholstery can really dress up a car.

And they're all standard equipment on an Opel 1900.

But maybe you want an economy car just for the great gas mileage and easy handling. The Opel 1900 gets great gas mileage and we turn tight . . . 31.8 feet with only three turns of the wheel.

See all the Opel 1900s (1900 sedan, 1900 sport coupe, the zoomy 1900 Rallye and the beautiful 1900 wagon) at your Buick-Opel dealer's. Over 2,000 of them sell and service Opel from coast to coast.

While you're there, see the other new Opels, too.

Available this year is a new four-door sedan, in addition to a two-door sedan and an economy wagon.

And they've got many of the things the 1900s have.

Plus one other wonderful advantage—they're less expensive.

After you've seen all the new Opels, if you can find an economy car that you think gives you more than Opel, congratulations.

You've done more than we could.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

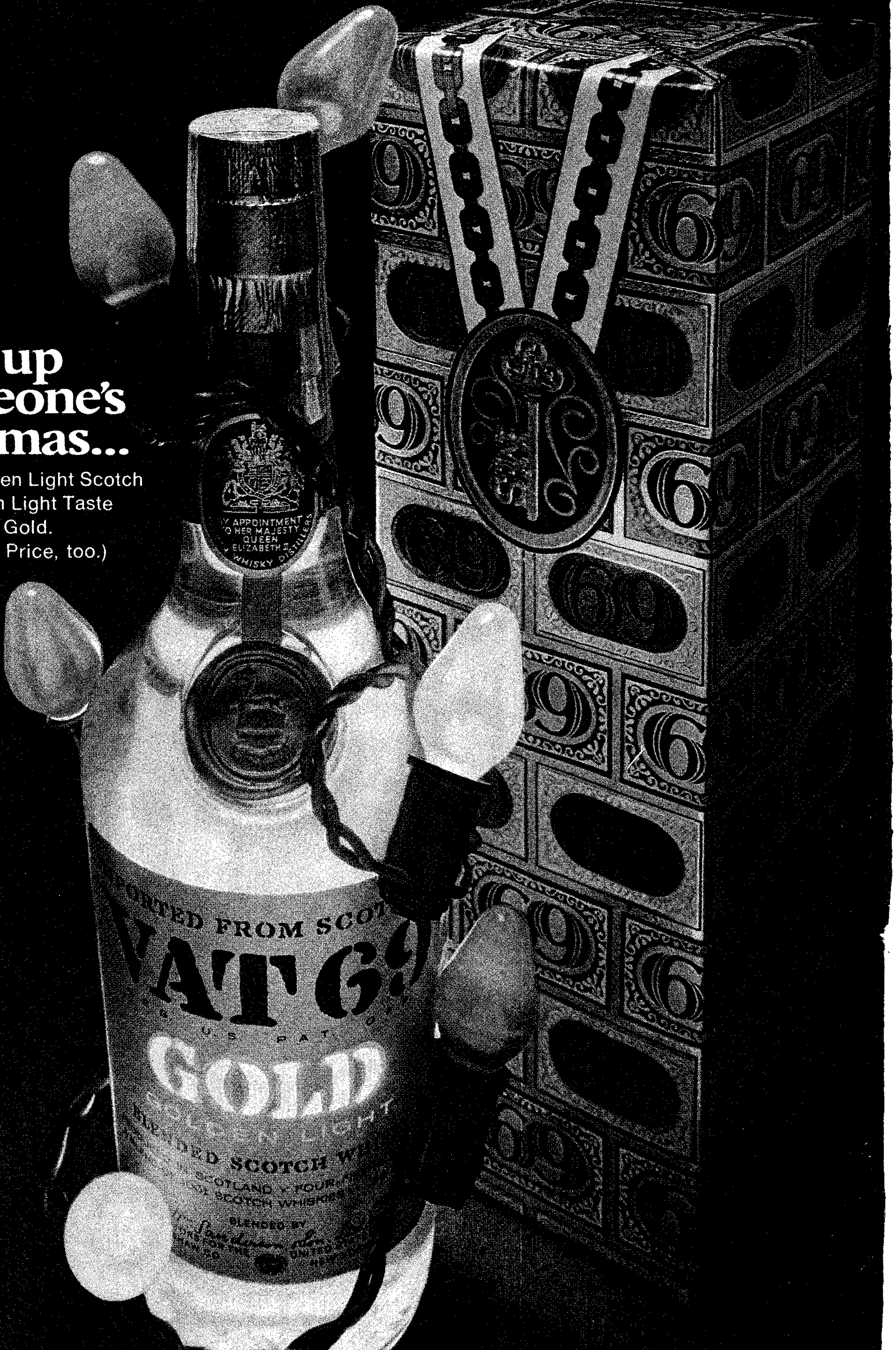
BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Opel 1900 2-door sedan in Aztec gold.

BUICK'S FOREIGN ECONOMY CAR.

Light up someone's Christmas...

with the Golden Light Scotch
with the Golden Light Taste
—Vat 69 Gold.
(Golden Light Price, too.)



APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN
ELIZABETH II
WHISKY DISTILLERS
FROM SCOT
VAT 69
U.S. PAT.
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WH
SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED BY

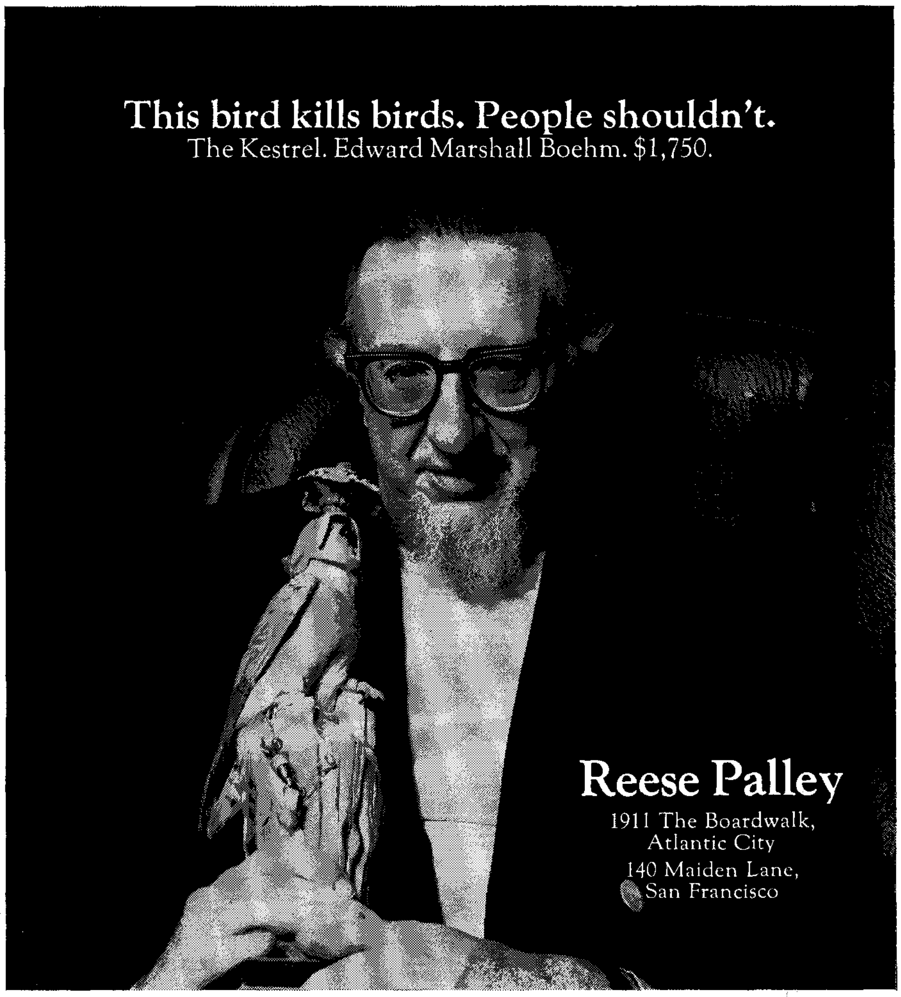
100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES. 86 PROOF.
SOLE DISTR. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

in 1955, missed its own postscript: in 1956, a small band of Hungarian revolutionaries broke into the building where Cardinal Mindszenty was kept under armed guard and freed him; four days later, the Russians swept into Hungary.

Artur London is not like those disillusioned Communists who go to work for the F.B.I.; nor is he like those who become left-wing anti-Communists. He is, in fact, still a Communist, and when, this year, after the film opened in Paris, the Czech government under Husák provided an additional postscript by accusing London of spying and stripping him of his citizenship, even *L'Humanité*, the French Communist paper, protested. At the end of the film, during the Russian invasion, Czech students are seen writing in giant letters, "Wake up, Lenin. They have gone mad." Artur London still wants Russia to stop betraying his dreams. It may be a limitation of London's point of view that he's still seeking democratization from within the Party, but that is nevertheless the film's point of view. It is anti-Stalinist, but it still looks back to Lenin. Within those terms, it's a solid, strong movie, but it never raises larger issues, as, for example, Milosz's book "The Captive Mind" does—or as Rosa Luxemburg did when Lenin was still awake.

Costa-Gavras has an urgent, pushing-forward narrative sense, and though he sometimes pushes so fast he doesn't give us a chance to get our bearings (at one point a hallucination is edited right into a flash-forward to the period after the trial), his shorthand narrative style holds everything in check and keeps a great many elements moving without clumsy exposition. His way of handling the actors prevents the material from getting sticky; the brief scenes simply don't allow the actors time for emotional pirouettes, and he keeps reaction shots, which are usually the purest proofs of fakery, and without which TV might not survive, to a minimum. He doesn't permit the actors to show much in a reaction shot, and so a certain subtlety and dignity replace the usual eyebrow-wiggling telegraphy.

There was so much speculation in the press, particularly when priests were tried, about how some new drug must be involved in inducing the confessions that even after the plain explanations came out many people couldn't accept them and went on believing that there was some unsolved mystery. It's remarkably simple, and perfectly convincing when you see the steps. The inter-

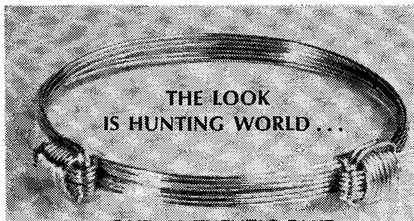

This bird kills birds. People shouldn't.
The Kestrel. Edward Marshall Boehm. $1,750.
Reese Palley
1911 The Boardwalk,
Atlantic City
140 Maiden Lane,
San Francisco

THE Breakers PALM BEACH

All is sunshine...splendor...service

The magnificent Breakers in Palm Beach offers you unmatched pleasures. A mile-long private beach...two championship golf courses...lots of tennis ...all sports. Gracious service and gourmet menus. For reservations see your Travel Agent, write John F. Clifford, V.P. Gen. Mgr. The Breakers, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480, or phone (305) 655-6611.

Christmas at The Breakers
Dec. 18 to Jan. 4. Every day...all day ...a planned program of fun activities and holiday festivities for youngsters and for their young-at-heart parents.



THE LOOK
IS HUNTING WORLD...

OUR AUTHENTIC FAKE
ELEPHANT TAIL HAIR BRACELET
IS SOLID COPPER!

Our second fake (our first was 14K Gold). We're known for authenticity, you know. Will our copper fake bring good luck, like Elephant Hair is said to? We don't know, and we won't say that being solid copper, it will do all the magical things for you that "Copper Bracelet Cultists" believe copper bracelets do.

We're plainly somewhat superstitious though, or we wouldn't go to all this trouble. We've even copied the very special sliding knots used by generations of African natives in making the Elephant Hair originals... no small feat!

We're sure that our fakes will be faked by others, in copied-down versions of varying quality. But only our Genuine Fakes bear our label... the mark of Authenticity... your protection against forgeries.

Our First Fake, Handmade in Solid 14K Gold $100
Our Second Fake, Handmade in Solid Copper $18
THE REAL ONE, Handmade in Genuine Elephant Hair $5

Specify men's or women's.
Add $1 Each on Mail Orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR
COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

© N27

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 East 53rd Street
New York, N. Y. 10022

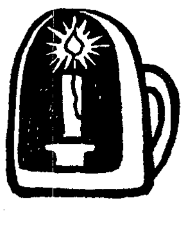
The Country Store Look.
Something to come back to.

Country Store of Concord Clothes for men, women and children.

The Country Store of Concord

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J.

rogators don't have to be the diabolically cunning figures that fictional accounts have sometimes made them out to be; they're probably considerably less intelligent than the men they're grilling and training. They may even be rather opaque, which is how Gabriele Ferzetti plays Artur London's chief interrogator; after leading London to confess, he's still bewildered when he himself is imprisoned. You don't have to be smart when you hold all the cards; it may actually help to be a little stupid, or, like some of the other interrogators in the movie, so young that you're ignorant of history and full of zeal for the Party—so young that you don't know enough not to believe.



In a sense, the performers, many of them from earlier Costa-Gavras films, are merely standing in for the historical characters. This, I assume, is the reason that the people in this movie, as in "Z," are rarely named but are instead identified by their function or rank, and the reason that the red-haired actor who plays Slansky (who isn't identified as Slansky) is, except in one quick shot, seen from the back (as actors impersonating American Presidents or famous generals are sometimes seen from the back, so the illusion won't be dispelled by our recognition that this is not Roosevelt or MacArthur but only an actor). The method has certain disadvantages—it's hard to sort out the unnamed characters, and in discussing a Costa-Gavras movie it's maddeningly difficult to refer to the individuals—but it ties in with a highly objective style of acting that takes one's mind off personalities and into the events themselves. Yves Montand gives a remarkably non-egotistic performance as London (called simply Gérard in the movie). It's unusual to see a big movie star become an instrument; Montand's personality disappears into the role, which is played without pathos. Signoret, too, gives a performance, instead of the star turn other directors have been using her for. One wants to say "Welcome back!" when one sees performers give themselves over to roles this way.

Even though "The Confession" is subdued, Costa-Gavras's work has tremendous zing, but it's not until the movie is almost over that it gains resonance. He has sacrificed viewing pleasure to a full development of the material. This is certainly virtuous, but a greater artist might possibly not need to make such a sacrifice. Costa-Gavras doesn't quite have the intellectual toughness to bring out the latent meaning in some of the scenes. He's too intelligent to make them cheaply melodramatic, but he lacks the gift of, say, a cool political ironist like the late Polish director Andrzej Munk, who could have made certain of these scenes tragically funny without losing the look of objectivity. The sequence in which one of the defendants mocks the Party's conception of justice by dropping his pants is not done well, and the scene that is potentially a great, revealing climax—when the defendants, after being tricked in court, cry out for their interrogators like children deserted by their mothers—is somewhat flat. Because the emotional support that the inquisitors represent isn't made funny, it doesn't really seem tragic, either. Only if one recognizes how far these once mighty political leaders have fallen is their clutching at their last links to the Party a tragicomic climax. Perhaps the scene is underplayed because the filmmakers themselves don't quite see its implications; they're still hanging on, too. But probably Costa-Gavras just isn't the kind of director who can take imaginative leaps. One respects his fairness but misses those leaps. However, there are some exquisitely edited memory scenes (involving shots from revolutionary epics) and some extraordinarily elegiac scenes of the Russian invasion of 1968 (involving stills as well as motion-picture footage).

By now, certain aspects of Costa-Gavras's style are becoming apparent: He appears to be facile, because the camera never seems to be looking for the action or moving toward it. The camera is always *there*. You're zipped along to just what you need to see, which is never held, never lingered on. You don't pay much attention to the camerawork in "The Confession;" it's so even—so smooth and consistent—that you're not caught by particular images. The distinctive feature of Costa-Gavras's style is that nothing is held for the possible emotions in an image or a scene to sink in. As a result, the edited-in stills and motion-picture footage—which *are* held for a specific emotional response—become so lyric that we're suddenly overwhelmed and suffused with feeling. It's a very strange and ambiguous testimonial to the complexity of the ways in which film can be used that Costa-Gavras's fictional recreations of history seem prosaic, while bits of old film and photographs of the actual invasion of Czechoslovakia become the poetry that lights up “The Confession.”

“The Act of the Heart” is about flaming hearts, priestly vows, and self-immolation. It’s one of those passionate, spiritual jobs about a girl who is “different”—Geneviève Bujold, doing her Peter Pan-Joan of Arc specialty. She’s not a bad actress, but in this film, which was written for her and directed by her husband, Paul Almond, there’s nothing for her to do but fall back on the old fragile, incandescent child-woman shtick. This is one of the staples of fake-“sensitive” theatre; the big-wet-eyed-crying-when-she’s-laughing-and-vice-versa routine used to be very popular at matinées. It’s a sickly show-business game, and Miss Bujold ought not to play it. A few silly, casual bits in the film are rather nice, but Almond goes for obsessions and fatalities and an elliptical style—he’s very high on portents. The overload of scrambled, whopping emotions is dreadful—a masochistic feminine fantasy gone berserk. The heroine sings the solo with the church choir; she suffers while singing in a night club; she even—God help us—makes love with an Augustinian monk (in the unlikely, affable person of Donald Sutherland) at the foot of the altar. When, after hours of fire symbolism, she finally poured kerosene on herself to create a new sacrifice for a world that has forgotten Jesus, I rummaged in my bag for a match. I sat through this picture as a matter of professional discipline, trying to figure out why the other people in the crowded theatre didn’t leave. I imagined they must be going mad, like me, but at the end I heard murmurs of “What a beautiful movie!” —Pauline Kael

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
(PAVE AU CHOCOLATE DIVISION)

[*From the Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune*]

Proof of the dessert’s success was in the statement made by the St. Francis’s Jane Dillon, who echoed the sentiments of all who tasted a morsel of the pave au chocolate: “Taking only one bite is like doing penance for all the sins of my life.”

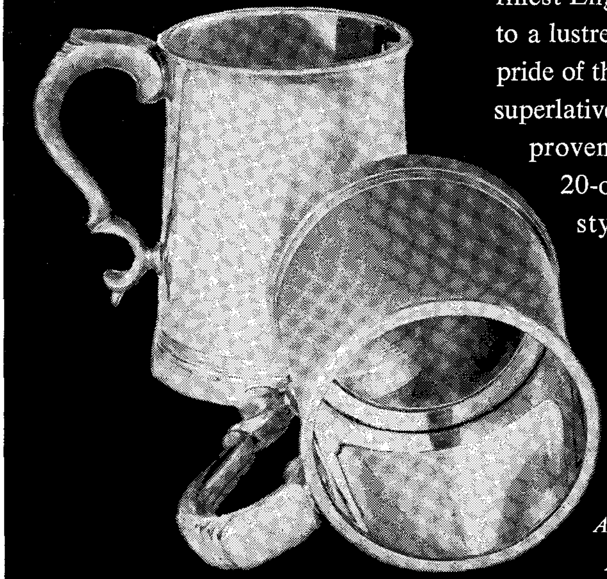
•

Saturday was a gorgeous day, so the entire place was seen at its very best. Both pheasants and ducks were released and shot that day. There must have been 200 people there that day mostly shooting men and women.—*Southampton* (*N.Y.*) *Press*.

These crisp fall days clutch at the heart.

Imbibe tradition with your brew

Observing tradition from Cromwell’s England, Worcester presents a collection of exceptional glass-bottom tankards. Each is crafted in finest English pewter brought to a lustre of classic taste. The pride of the Worcester group, a superlative tankard of historical provenance: GEORGE I, 20-ounce Imperial Pint, style #8965. $19.50.

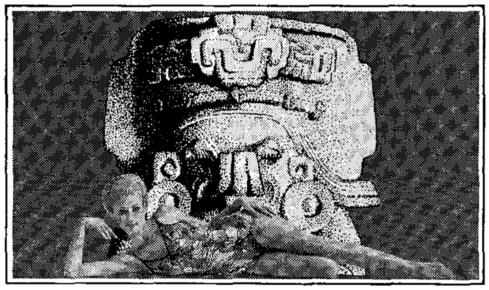


Also half-pint size, $16.00
At your jewelers or write
ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
11 East 26th Street, New York, New York 10010

Why settle for less in Mexico City?

The most beautiful hotel rooms in Mexico City are here. Spacious, sunny, tranquil. There are ten restaurants, night clubs and bars to unwind in. French, Continental, Mexican and American cuisine. Swimming pools. Gardens. Everything you could wish for, mellowed like fine wine. Camino Real in Mexico City. Why settle for less? For instant Hoteletron reservations call the Western International Hotel or reservations office in your city (see the Yellow Pages) or your travel agent.

Camino Real
Mariano Escobedo 700
Mexico 5, D.F.

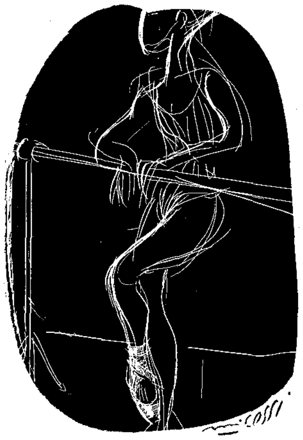


WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS de MEXICO

MUSICAL EVENTS

Good-Conduct Medals

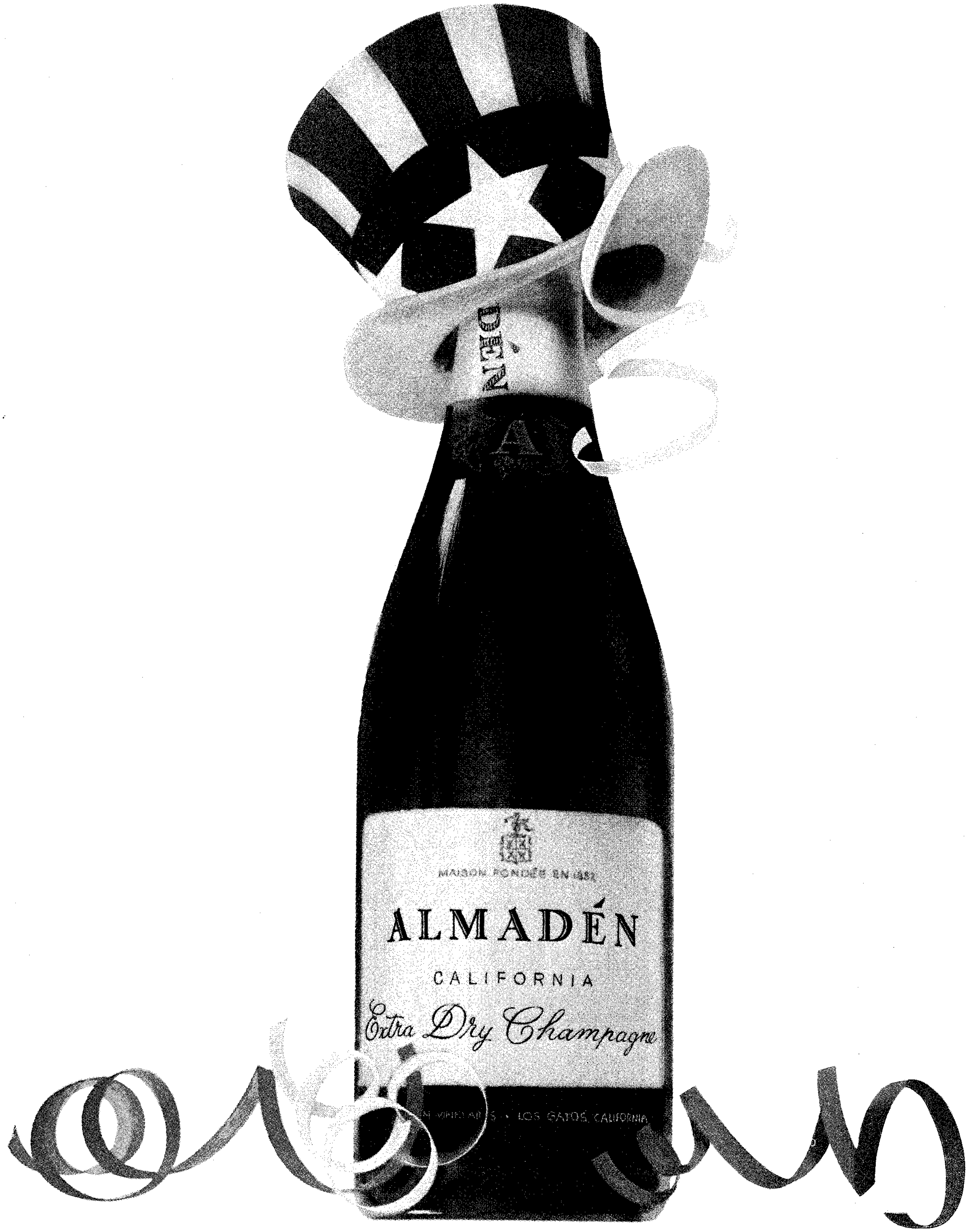
THERE can be no question but that the top dog of the musical profession is the conductor—more particularly the symphony conductor. The art of musical composition has declined so far in our century that there is some doubt in most people's minds whether what the contemporary composer is doing is important or not. This situation has left the conductor as the ultimate poohbah, the biggest tiger in the musical jungle. Audiences follow his motions before an orchestra with awe, usually not quite sure just how these motions affect the musicians who are playing under him but sure that they are witnessing a mysterious rite of which he is the center. Recording companies publish ads in which he is photographed dealing out rapier thrusts with his baton, his face contorted into grimaces that in ordinary people would be regarded as symptoms of advanced paranoia—this often with the caption "The Sound of Genius." The next-biggest tiger in the musical jungle—the pianist—does not hold a candle to him. The conductor is a hero figure, and, in a democracy, the last remaining vestige of the absolute monarch or dictator. Not so very long ago, it was thought that no American could aspire to his lofty status. Only a European, preferably a bad-tempered one brought up in a paternalistic society, would do. The European was not only exotic; he had the Prussian-general approach that audiences loved to see applied to the subduing of a hundred hard-working men. These same audiences would never have approved of such an individual in the political realm, but something atavistic in them thrilled to the spectacle of the superman in action. It is no wonder that many musicians wanted to be conductors, and that, having achieved the lofty position they wanted, they were extremely reluctant to let go of it. Even today, when young American conductors can be found everywhere, careers by the hundreds are aimed at the conductor's podium. Composers want to be conductors; pianists and violinists want to be conductors; even musicologists want to be conductors. Leonard Bernstein, for example, is a composer of some note, in both the highbrow and the musical-comedy fields. He is also an excellent pianist. But I am willing to bet that the profession he will hang on to until his last breath will be that of conductor. The sense of power is too delicious. Nobody can be expected to forswear it.



One reason for this state of affairs is perfectly logical. The conductor reigns over the largest repertoire of time-tried, guaranteed masterpieces available to any musician, and these masterpieces are more or less complicated edifices of sound that require all sorts of adjustments between instrumental tone, tempos, dynamics, and so on. Still, it is remarkable how widespread the fundamental talent for conducting is. If you eliminate its intellectual aspects (profound knowledge of scores and their traditions), and consider only those features that are basic to the art—the charismatic personality and the indispensable ability to beat time in a manner that conveys precise notions of tempo, forward motion, and nuances of relative force—you can find a potential conductor on almost any street corner. "But," you will say, "it is the intellectual aspects that are the important ones," and you will be at least partly right. No conductor can achieve real distinction without a profound knowledge of the art of music. But it is also true that no matter how profound a conductor's knowledge, he cannot achieve any real distinction without the charisma and the beat.

These thoughts occurred to me last week while I watched an unusual number of conductors in action. Daniel Barenboim, a distinguished pianist, appeared on Tuesday night at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra (the program included Beethoven's Second Symphony, Schumann's Fourth, and the Elgar Cello Concerto), with his wife, Jacqueline du Pré, as soloist. Mr. Barenboim is obviously a thoroughly trained musician, with a consummate mastery of style, tradition, and symphonic repertoire. But the remarkable things about him as a conductor are his extraordinary persuasiveness in his handling of musicians and a beat of the baton that would drag expression from a group of zombies, let alone an ensemble as experienced and capable as the Philadelphia Orchestra. His manner with the Beethoven symphony was nothing short of masterly. Every motion of the baton drew an appropriate response. The amount of energy expended by both conductor and orchestra was quite out of the ordinary, and Mr. Barenboim always held complete control of detail. Now and then, I thought, the tone he got from the orchestra was just a bit harsh—as it often turns out to be with pianist conductors. In the accompaniment of the slow movement of the cello concerto, he showed himself able to produce a marvellous orchestral tone, especially in the pianissimos. This, however, was in slow-moving music. A similar tone in energetic music is something that he has not yet achieved, though, with his youth and ambition, at the age of twenty-eight, he will probably find it. In any case, Mr. Barenboim is not only a young conductor of great promise but already one of sterling attainments. His interpretation of the Beethoven symphony included an unhurried introduction à la Furtwängler—a strongly punctuated first movement, a rather slow scherzo, by most standards, and a brilliant, nervous finale. Miss du Pré played the solo part of the concerto with the great breadth of style that is characteristic of her, and with formidably accurate intonation and magnificent tone.

I DID not remain for the Schumann symphony. I wanted to hear the work of another conductor, who was performing in Carnegie Hall with the American Symphony Orchestra. This was Gunther Schuller, whom I had always suspected of ambitions leading toward the conductor's podium. Now I am not so sure. Mr. Schuller knows his traditions and his scores, but he is, at least at this moment, a conducting composer. His beat is rather perfunctory—up and down, with some bowing of the body, and not very polished. His program—or the part of it that I heard—included his own "Contrasts" for Woodwind Quintet and Orchestra, which I found an utter bore; Scriabin's "Poème d'Ecstase," which he did with reasonable eloquence; and Two Orchestral Sketches, left incomplete by Charles Ives, the scores of which Mr. Schuller had completed in a wholly appropriate manner. They were "The Yale-Princeton Football Game," a little musical joke, with typically Ivesian


DEN
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1852
ALMADÉN
CALIFORNIA
Extra Dry Champagne
LOS GATOS, CALIFORNIA

Since 1952, successful political parties have celebrated with Almadén Champagne.

Almadén Champagne has been served at every Presidential Inaugural Ball since 1952. The winning ticket: Extra Dry. Brut. Pink. Rosé. Sparkling Burgundy. All made in the traditional "methode champenoise." So come to the aid of *your* party...serve Almadén. Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California.

Each holds a love story even before it holds a drop of perfume.

Guerlain Paris
SHALIMAR
GUERLAIN MITSOUKO PARIS
CHANT D'ARÔMES
GUERLAIN
GUERLAIN
VOL DE NUIT
GUERLAIN L'HEURE BLEUE PARIS

Chant d'Arômes tells the story of a gentle era. It was a time when lovers used the flowers of the field to carry messages they were too shy to speak.

Mitsouko tells of love lost. She was a Japanese maiden. He was a British officer. *Mitsouko is the story of any love that can't happen but happens just the same.*

Vol de Nuit recalls an heroic night flight. It is a tribute to the kind of man who is compelled to conquer the unknown. And to the woman who is compelled to love him.

Shalimar is a garden of love: the gift of a shah to the young wife he adored. The story of Shalimar is a legend. The story of Shalimar is true.

L'Heure Bleue is the story of the "blue hour", the quiet time of the day when everything slows and softens. No one ever seems to fall out of love at L'Heure Bleue.

Guerlain.

quotations from popular marches, and “The Gen'l Slocum,” a work commemorating the burning and sinking of an excursion ship by that name, and likewise full of quotations, the most familiar of them “The Sidewalks of New York.”

LAST Monday night, I went to Carnegie Hall to hear Bach's “The Art of Fugue” conducted by Rosalyn Tureck with the International Bach Society Orchestra. Miss Tureck, who is a distinguished pianist and harpsichordist, has an interesting mind, especially attuned to Bach. It was absorbing to follow this mind in the playing of the small string orchestra, for which she herself had made the arrangement. As a conductor, she has practically no charisma and practically no inspired beat. But then, “The Art of Fugue” is not really conductors' music. It survived very well under her somewhat angular motions. It is a work before which criticism must stand mute—one of music's absolutes, conceived in the mind without any instrumental clothing whatever, and performable by many instruments, singly or in combination.

THE last conductor I heard during the week was Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, who conducted Mozart's Concerto No. 9 for Piano and Orchestra (Rudolf Firkusny was the soloist) and Bruckner's Fifth Symphony with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall on Thursday night. I thought that Mr. Firkusny polished off the solo part of the concerto in a rather glib manner. For some reason, a great deal of fuss was made in the program about the Bruckner symphony's being done in the “original version”—so much fuss, in fact, that I brought along my score in order to check up. A good deal was also said in the notes about the early mutilations of the Bruckner symphonies, which were done with the best of intentions by Ferdinand Löwe and the Schalk brothers. But to my knowledge it has been at least twenty years since anybody in respectable symphonic circles has performed a Löwe or a Schalk version. My score (the Bruckner Gesellschaft version of 1949) showed that Mr. Skrowaczewski was performing the same old Bruckner Fifth that we have heard under Ormandy and Steinberg, among others. The performance was adequate in most ways, and, of course, the symphony is a great one. If I missed anything, it was the touch of relaxed grandeur that should have been there. The interpretation was a bit literal. But, to get back to my original thesis, Mr. Skrowaczewski is a mature conductor with an expressive beat, a scholarly look, and a scholarly temperament. Charisma? Well, enough of it to get by.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

ROCK, ETC.

“New Morning”: Dylan Revisited

I PLAYED “Self-Portrait” (Columbia C2X30050) enough to give any ten records a fair hearing, and never got to like it much—which is not what I would have predicted. When I first heard that a Dylan album was coming out, I thought of it without excitement, as an event that required my professional attention. Even before I'd heard the album, a possible first line for a review floated into my mind: “ ‘He not busy being born is busy dying’—Bob Dylan said that.” My pessimism was based mostly on preconceptions about Dylan's recent life style and the direction he had been taking since “John Wesley Harding.” I had to admit I'd liked him better as an *enfant terrible*, the Robert Frost act turned me off, and what else was new? But I had an opposite prejudice that was even stronger: Dylan could not make a bad album—never had and never would—and if I listened long enough I'd figure out what the genius was doing. As time passed and the album still left me cold, one of Dylan's new songs, “Minstrel Boy,” began to bother me. It was one of the better cuts, both musically (The Band did some of the singing) and lyrically. The refrain went, “Who's gonna throw that minstrel boy a coin?” Was Dylan talking about his relationship with his audience? Or was I oversensitive? Finally, I decided that “Self-Portrait” was really a loser, after all.

The worst thing about the album was that it was a two-record set. This painfully emphasized the thinness of the material, which consisted of a few original songs and instrumentals outnumbered by Nashville tunes, folkie standards, old Dylan, old ballads and blues that had been polished up and copyrighted by Dylan, Paul Simon's “The Boxer,” and (!) “Blue Moon.” The album was, for the most part, indifferently performed and produced, as if it had been slapped together from homemade tapes cut in Dylan's famous basement or at concerts where he was either bored or shy. It sounded like—But, of course, “Self-Portrait” was Dylan's answer to all those bootleg records, a comment on the aesthetics of amateur production. “Copper Kettle,”

bleyle
PARIS · STUTTGART MILANO

Piped and striped pair. The beautiful blazer neatly margined; the pants cleanly pencilled. Both in the finest polyester. Abetted by a Helanca nylon shell. The trio, about 125.00. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:
Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.
1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

an old bootlegging song, was even thrown in as a clue. A clever idea, but the result was as dull, even irritating, as those twenty seconds of Dylan and his producer cackling over a mistake on "Bringing It All Back Home." Most of the old songs—including "Like a Rolling Stone" and "She Belongs to Me"—sounded canned and lifeless; the new stuff tended to be pleasant, featureless background music.

The album did have some high points. "All the Tired Horses," one of the few new Dylan compositions, was beautiful, hypnotic music—the best track on the album. And Dylan's version of "Take a Message to Mary" was great—a simple, unaffected expression of feeling (Dylan's voice can still convey emotion more convincingly than any other pop voice around) that rendered the song's frontier morality valid and human. (This is exactly what he failed to do with most of the country music on "Self-Portrait"—the clichés remained clichés, the feelings stereotyped.) These two cuts, along with "Days of 49" and the two versions of "Little Sadie," showed promise of saying something interesting about the Western myth, but the theme was never developed.

"Self-Portrait" was a paradoxical title. Dylan had always striven to annihilate, or at least conceal, himself—to make his music impersonal—and in "Self-Portrait" he came nearer to achieving that goal than ever before. Yet at the same time the album proved that no matter what is put on a Dylan record—and "Blue Moon" is about as absurd as anything this side of a reading of the phone book—it ends up a self-portrait, because Dylan himself is so much more important than any record of his could ever be. Several times, I asked myself how I would react to "Self-Portrait" if it weren't Dylan's—would I be less harsh, or, on the contrary, would I not bother to listen to it at all?—but I simply couldn't perform that separation.

NOW we have "New Morning" (Columbia KC 30290), a new Dylan L.P. after only four months, which these days is just a flash of superstar time. If this unaccustomed productivity represents Dylan's (or Columbia's) haste to distract us from "Self-Portrait," it works. "New Morning" is an excellent album. On the front cover is a large photograph of Dylan. Is he telling us that here is another self-portrait, this time done right? One of the songs on the album confides, "The man in me will

Think of us as somewhere between a European castle and an American hotel.

On an island somewhere between London and Tahiti.

An island within an island. With little pubs. And lost lagoons. And large pool. And cabanas. And gardens. And gourmet restaurants. And four championship tennis courts. And resident professional.

With bellhops who smile as though they mean it. Because they mean it. And chambermaids who've been with us for 20 years. And bartenders who know how to make a bone-dry martini. And chefs who live for compliments.

Nassau's Montagu Beach

A 37-acre castle with great hotel accommodations.

Represented Internationally by
Robert Reid Associates

Country Inns and Back Roads

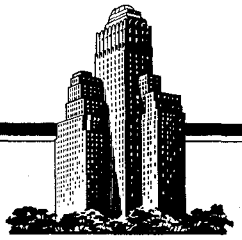
"THE ONLY BOOK OF ITS KIND"

2.95 ppd.

Crisp mornings, country breakfasts, woodland rambles, crackling fires, hearty dinners, good conversation, *snug beds, shunpiking, history, nature*—all of these are yours, vicariously or in reality, with this happy, personal narrative that visits 65 real operating country inns from the escarpments of New England to California's shores. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 190

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocco
• Shrimp a la Livornese
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY
BERE MANGIARE BENE



Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza

AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

... renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES

Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $25.00.
Doubles from $33.00.

Includes one pick-up and one delivery.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"

TELEPHONE:
(212) CI-7-7000
•
TELETYPE:
212-640-4099

One in a series of new Polish Circus Posters now available at The Poster Center

The first gallery devoted exclusively to *fine American and European art posters.*

$10.

38½" x 26½"
Black, red, green, mauve, brown.

Also available framed **$35.** only at the gallery).

Add 75¢ for shipping, 50¢ for each additional poster. N.Y. residents add applicable tax.

Color Catalog — $1.

POSTER ORIGINALS, LTD.
Open Mon. thru Sat., 10-6 • 861-0422
16 E. 78th St., New York, N. Y. 10021

BEAUTIFUL SARASOTA FLORIDA

OVERLOOK LIDO BEACH AND PICTURESQUE ST. ARMANDS —Unique Y-design of St. Armands Towers North makes every condominium apartment an outside corner suite. Luxurious 2-bedroom, 2-bath apartments with 1700 sq. ft. living area plus balcony. Heated pool, rec. rooms, saunas, full-time manager. For rental and price infor., write: ST. ARMANDS TOWERS, NORTH, One Ben Franklin Dr., Sarasota, Fla. 33577.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

Special Christmas Rates

$10.00 for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

$7.00 for each additional one-year subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—
Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00; other foreign $3.00 per year

Please Enter A Subscription For

Your Name ____________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter The Following Christmas Gift Subscriptions:

To____________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From____________________"

To____________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From____________________"

To____________________

____
Street

____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From____________________"

To____________________

____
Street

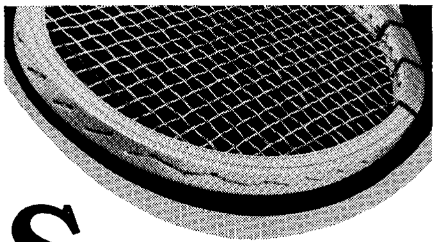
____
City State Zip Code

Gift card to read: "From____________________"

I enclose $__________to cover__________subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

0113



Special Delivery

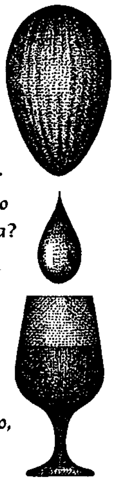
Speed isn't everything in tennis but when you need it, it's nice to know ASHAWAY RACKET STRING is there to deliver it.

Specify ASHAWAY. It delivers.

Vantage II® • Vantage® • Pro-fected® • Multiply®

ASHAWAY®
ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
ASHAWAY, RHODE ISLAND

Free "Official Lawn Tennis Rules" and "Guide To Better Badminton" available on request.



ALMOND FLAVOR LIQUEUR?

Yes. Amaretto. From Italy. A delicious new possibility for your after-dinner thoughts. The flavor of rare select almonds. Somewhat costly—but worth it. At fine liquor stores. And the wisest of Italian restaurants. Before, after or during the *espresso* enjoy: *Amaretto di Saronno. Liquore alla mandorla? Si: Amaretto. Dall'Italia. Per un nuovo, gradevole dopo-cena. Un distillato di squisite mandorle selezionate (ecco perchè costa un tantino di più). Nelle bottiglierie di lusso e nei più rinomati ristoranti italiani. Prima, dopo o durante il vostro espresso, concedetevi un:*

AMARETTO
di SARONNO

Foreign Vintages, Inc., N.Y.C. 56 proof

Villa Narbona

Enjoy "Naples In New York"
Finest Italian-Neapolitan Cuisine
Luncheon*Cocktails*Dinner-Piano Nitely
Chef Owner—MARIO BONARELLI
55 East 10 St. (Cor. B'way) Res: 477-0740

hide sometimes to keep from being seen,/ But that's just 'cause he doesn't want to turn into some machine." "New Morning" is a retreat from anonymity, a distillation of earlier Dylan. It has the casual feel (but little else) of "Self-Portrait." It plays with the ideas and the generic-song writing of "Nashville Skyline." It has the warm vibes of "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" and the first underground tape. Some of the lyrics resemble the spare, cryptic poetry of "John Wesley Harding;" the way Dylan handles his voice and experiments with different musical styles is reminiscent of "Blonde on Blonde." He plays the piano for the first time since "Highway 61 Revisited," and it sounds great. This album is also funnier than any that Dylan has done since he decided to grow up. The wittiest cut is "Day of the Locusts," which may be about Dylan's getting his honorary degree and is certainly about the Midwest in the summertime and how it feels to be finally getting out of school: "The weather was hot, nearly ninety degrees./ The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding;/ Well, I was prayin' the pieces wouldn't fall on me." "Three Angels" is a combined spoof of bathetic talk songs in the "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" vein, of religious country-and-western, and of image-chain songs like "Gates of Eden": "Three angels up above the street,/ Each one playing a horn,/ Dressed in green robes with wings that stick out;/ They've been there since Christmas morn." And "If Dogs Run Free" sounds like Lewis Carroll: "If dogs run free/ Then what must be/ Must be, and that is all."

Dylan is still very much preoccupied with finding happiness in the pastoral life. The title song is his definitive statement on the subject ("So happy just to be alive underneath the sky of blue/ On this new morning . . . with you") and one of those perfect songs he manages to toss off every so often. At the risk of sounding ungrateful, though, I must say I find it the least exciting perfect song in his repertoire; Dylan describes joy eloquently but fails to make it contagious, as, say, the Beatles did in "Good Day Sunshine." "Winterlude" and "If Not for You" belong on "Nashville Skyline." Both cuts fall flat for me; they do what they're supposed to do, but we've already had an album's worth of nice little country songs, and that was enough to make the point. In other songs, Dylan displays a more complex, and more interesting, attitude toward the country. "Time Passes Slowly"

JAMAICA AND Montego Bay
COMPLIMENTS OF THE Royal Caribbean RESORT HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of
JAMAICA...
...intoxicating rhythms, evenings filled with the sound of calypso, ska, limbo and American swing, exciting entertainment nightly... the candlelight spell of the Royal Caribbean—where a staff of 300 excel in gracious, attentive service...and, of course, a magnificent private beach. The Royal Caribbean caters to adults only and is one of the very few large resorts that does not accept conventions.

Privately owned by
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul

Reservations are handled by your Travel Agent thru Leonard Hicks Organization. In major U.S., U.K. and Canadian Cities.

THE ROYAL CARIBBEAN RESORT HOTEL

The Favorite Gift for Theatergoers

The Best Plays of 1969-1970

THE BURNS MANTLE THEATER YEARBOOK
Edited by Otis L. Guernsey Jr.

476 pages of information on all the season's productions, with drawings by Hirschfeld and 48 pages of photographs, all in one big book for Christmas. At all bookstores. $10

DODD, MEAD

SHIP PAINTINGS

An unexcelled collection of 18th and 19th century original watercolor and oil paintings of ships and nautical subjects.

THE FLAYDERMAN GALLERIES
New Milford, Conn. 203-354-5567

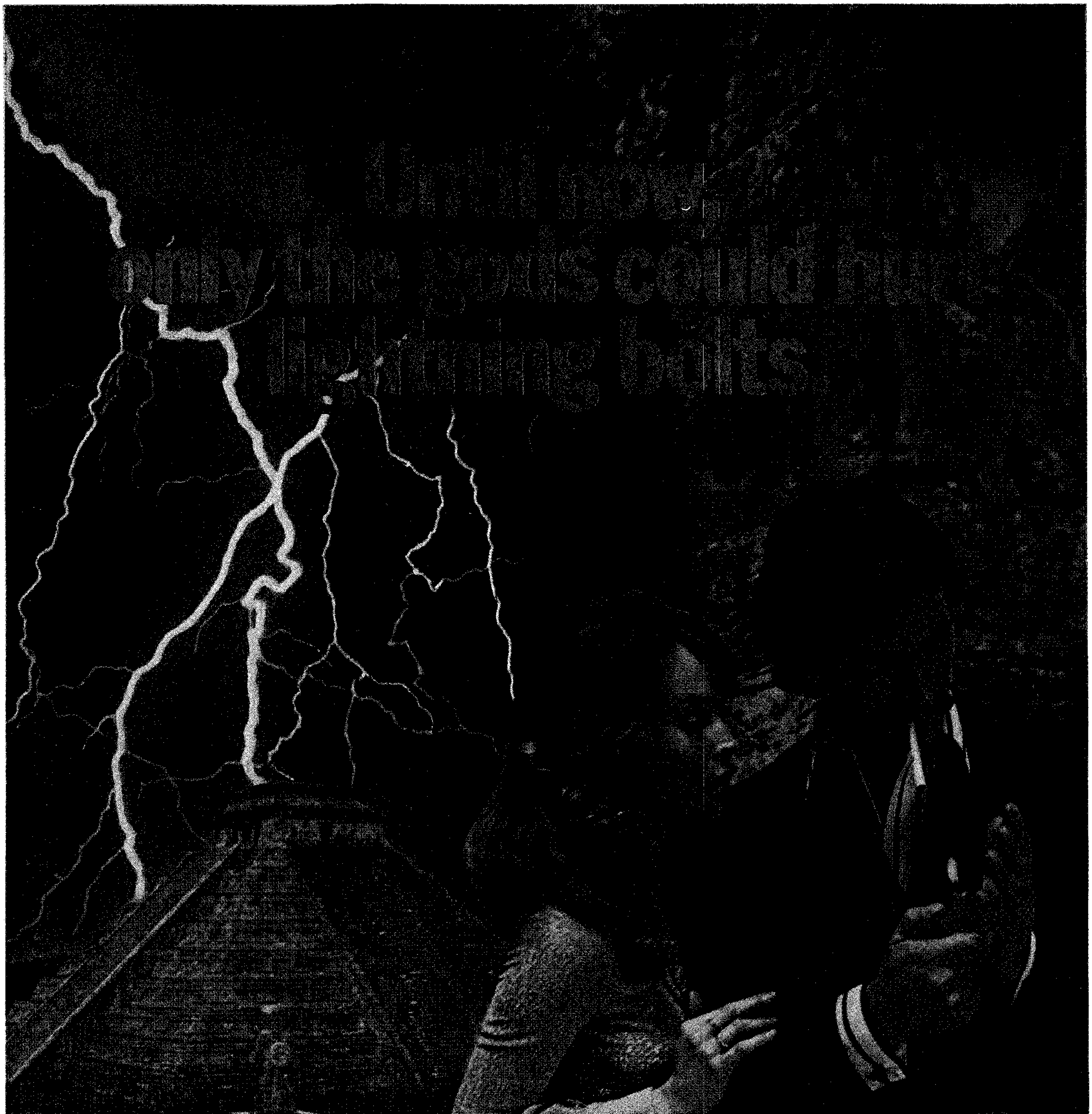
The Sour Virgin:
worth waiting for.
How to make a Virgin Sour
Virgin Sour
Virgin Rum
Party Tyme!

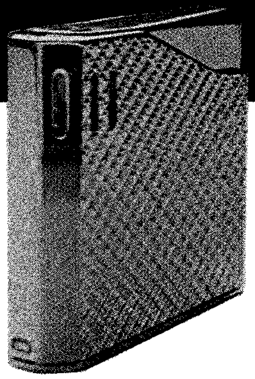
Here at last, a taste that generations of true rum lovers have searched for. A tart delicious cooler you'll never forget.

It starts with a new ingredient. All new Party Tyme Virgin Sour Instant Mix. With a tree-ripened lemon & lime taste so natural, you couldn't do better if you picked the fruit fresh yourself.

But the real essential is Virgin Rum. Light, dry, delicious. Imported from the U. S. Virgin Islands, where rum-making has been a great tradition since the early 1700's. Look for the "V" on the bottle or the words Virgin Islands Rum.

Virgin Rum and Party Tyme Mix.


Until now, only the gods could hurl lightning bolts.



This revolutionary new solid-state lighter brings the practice down to earth.

It would take a physicist or an electronics engineer to explain completely how the Maruman lighter works.

But simply, it's this: inside, there's a ceramic component with an amazing property.

Hit it on one end, and it produces electricity on the other end.

Without any batteries.

We harness this electricity to create a tiny bolt of lightning.

Which ignites a clean butane flame.

Why all this sophistication? To give you a lighter that works every time.

With elements that will still produce that bolt of lightning thirty years from now.

To give you a lighter without flints, or wicks, or striking wheels to wear out quickly.

Maruman. Like a gift from the gods. At fine jewelry and tobacco stores.

In a complete selection of handsome designs, finishes and precious metals.

From fifteen dollars in chrome to twenty-seven fifty in fine gold plate.

Maruman

Sold and serviced in 73 countries around the world.

Distributed in the U.S. by: Consolidated Cigar Corp.,
1 Gulf + Western Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10023.

evokes the stasis of rural existence and makes it sound at once beautiful and a little boring. "One More Weekend," a honky-tonk rocker (shades of "Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat"), is about getting away, or, you can take a swinging couple out of the city but you can't take the city, et cetera. In "Sign on the Window," a song I like better with each hearing, the protagonist is suffering over his girl, who has gone to California with another man. He concludes, "Build me a cabin in Utah,/ Marry me a wife, catch rainbow trout,/ Have a bunch of kids who call me 'Pa.'/ That must be what it's all about." You know he wishes it were and knows it isn't, and you know the same goes for Dylan. Life isn't all a new morning. It's also empty houses. And California.

Yes, "New Morning" is fine work—Dylan showing his best, doing what he wants to do—and that makes it all the more obvious how much the Dylan mystique has eroded. One day recently, I was playing a stack of records that included Arlo Guthrie's new album. I wasn't even listening; I was reading a book. But one cut on the Guthrie record caught my attention. I thought it was the most powerful song I'd heard in a month. It happened to be "Percy's Song," by Bob Dylan, circa 1964. That's the kind of crude impact he used to have, and I miss it. "I got nothin', Ma, to live up to"—Bob Dylan said that, too. He's right. But I still miss it.

ALLEN GINSBERG has recorded an album of Blake poems set to Ginsberg music, "William Blake: Songs of Innocence and Experience" (Verve FTS 3083). It's a beautiful record, which makes me happy every time I hear it—but then most of what Ginsberg does has that effect on me. He should be persuaded to record a collection of mantras next.

—ELLEN WILLIS

•

NO FRIVOLITY IN COURT

Prisoners in London who go to court with groundless appeals will risk serving extra time.

Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice, gave this warning recently when he announced a new plan to discourage frivolous cases which are jamming the legal machine.

Slowly lean forward and put the top of your head into the saucer.

Straighten your legs and walk them toward your body.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

That's frivolous right there.

Give it
if you can get it.

Canadian
Masterpiece
Lord Calvert
Imported

At around $9.00 a fifth how could a store be out of it? Because some stores can't get it, and those that do can't get much. It takes a long time to produce a bottle of Masterpiece. And that slows us down. So the best we can do is just keep it coming in from Canada in trickles. If you find some, it will make a fine gift. Especially in that plush red gift box. We're sorry it's so hard to get. But after all, what makes Canadian Masterpiece great is what makes it scarce.

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 80 PROOF
IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N. Y. C.

Erik H. Erikson

"The most influential of living psychoanalysts" —DR. PETER LOMAS, *N. Y. Times Book Review**

GANDHI'S TRUTH On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence $10.00
Winner of the Pulitzer Prize, National Book Award and Frederic G. Melcher Award

CHILDHOOD AND SOCIETY $7.95

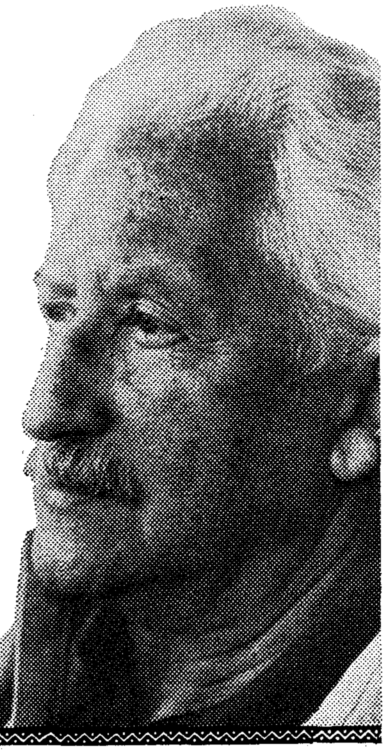
IDENTITY: YOUTH AND CRISIS $7.95

INSIGHT AND RESPONSIBILITY $7.95

YOUNG MAN LUTHER $5.95

* In a review of *Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work* by Robert Coles, portions of which appeared in *The New Yorker*

And don't overlook **NAIVE QUESTIONS ABOUT WAR AND PEACE by William Whitworth.** Portions of this book appeared in *The New Yorker.* $4.95



Norton
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003

BOOKS

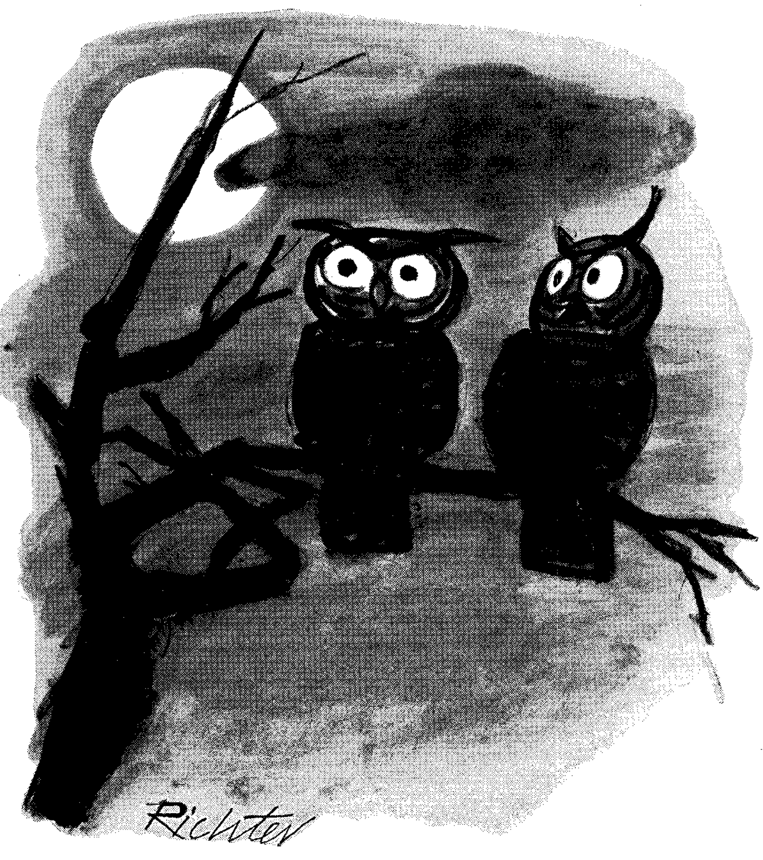
Two Wars, Two Photographers

LARGE numbers of Americans are engaged in two different—but related—wars twelve thousand miles apart. Both groups are fighting for survival against wretched living conditions, hunger, disease, fatigue, futility, demoralization, and violent death. Both fight with pride, resourcefulness, and ingenuity, in a cause that seems to be forlorn. Yet we hear little but sporadic reassuring communiqués on the first war, which is in Vietnam, and little but ominous rumblings from the second, which is here at home, in Harlem and on the South Side of Chicago. The two fronts are the obverse and the reverse of one discolored coin, on which the Latin motto has all but been effaced. More precisely, they are the male and female sides, the convex and concave sides, the plenum and vacuum sides of the medallion of American power. On the plenum side, Americans armed with all the authority and money of our society move forward to risk their lives in an unwinnable fight; on the vacuum side, other Americans, deprived of authority and money by the same society, move forward in an unwinnable fight to breach their prison walls.

Two new books of photographs report at length on these two wars America is losing. "War Without Heroes," by David Douglas Duncan (Harper & Row; fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents), deals with three campaigns in Vietnam. "East 100th Street," by Bruce Davidson (Harvard; twenty-five dollars, or nine dollars and fifty cents in paperback), deals with the continuing campaign in East Harlem. Both books will give considerable pause to our underinformed equanimity; both should on that account be praised.

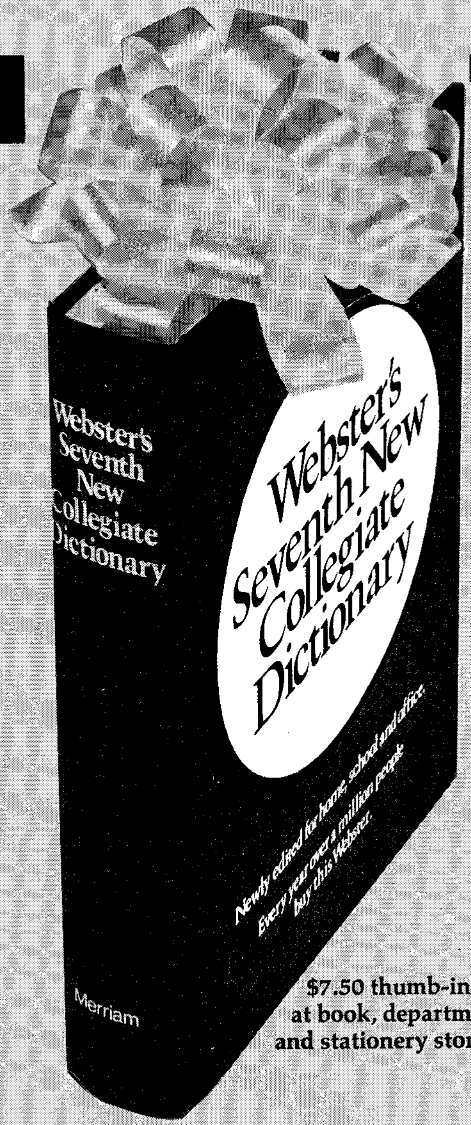
But the two photographers adopt radically different methods to achieve their reportorial and artistic ends, and one, in my opinion, succeeds far better than the other. Duncan, the veteran combat photographer, uses conventional photojournalistic equipment and techniques, shooting quantities of fast and fairly grainy black-and-white film (Tri-X, rated normally at ASA 400) in two rangefinder cameras (Leica M3Ds) with 28-mm. wide-angle and 50-mm. normal lenses and a single-lens reflex (Nikon F) with a 200-mm. telephoto. One assumes that Duncan—working with great courage under fire and under pressure, often in unfavorable light and weather conditions—shot quickly and instinctively, relying on his long experience, on a large number of frames of each subject, and on cropping and darkroom work to assure him of good results. Davidson, a younger photographer, who has acquired an enviable reputation through his photojournalistic coverage of city life, turns, in "East 100th Street," to the revival of an old format and an old technique. Since the days of the early Cartier-Bresson, a plaguing problem of the photographic reporter has been the potentially hostile subject. Is one to eavesdrop and capture candid images of his life by stealth? Is one to brazen it out and take the picture anyway, at the risk of a broken camera or a broken nose? Or is one to ask the subject's permission—in which case the picture, if there is any, will be self-consciously posed? This problem was brought to a head by the introduction of the first small hand-held 35-mm. Leicas and Contaxes; now a photographer could pretend to be a casual bystander up to (and sometimes during, if he was willing to shoot from the hip) the moment of picture-taking. Obviously, the seriousness of this question varies from subject to subject. There is nothing particularly difficult, dangerous, or unethical in shooting the faces of individuals in a crowd at a public event (we do not feel that Cartier-Bresson invaded the privacy of the weeping Frenchman watching the Germans parade by in June of 1940), but it is another matter when we attempt to cover intensively the lives of black Americans in an urban ghetto, which is what Davidson set out to do. A white man in a black preserve, he was bound to invite hostility if he attempted to photograph his subjects by stealth; even as a bystander casually snapping pictures of street life he might easily provoke a violent reaction. His ingenious solution was to recast himself in the role of the neighborhood photographer of perhaps sixty years ago—the familiar and trusted figure with the large view camera, tripod, and focussing hood, who was made free in any household in which he wished to take a family portrait, and who could document street scenes at will.

There were also technical arguments in favor of this approach. The modern view camera, for all its size and bulk (which served Davidson as an unmistakable visa), is



"Do you call that screech unearthly? Brace yourself and get a load of this screech."

This Christmas give a Seventh instead of a fifth.


Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary
Merriam
Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary
Newly edited for home, school and office.
Every year over a million people buy this Webster.

$7.50 thumb-indexed
at book, department
and stationery stores.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary is more imaginative, more lasting, more useful, less expensive and comes in a festive red wrapper. Give the gift to delight all ages and all tastes. Ask for Webster's Seventh . . . from Merriam-Webster, the leading name in dictionaries since 1847.

G.&C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. 01101.

HARPER NOVELS OF SUSPENSE

J. J. Marric
GIDEON'S SPORT
"The most deeply satisfying and exciting Gideon of them all . . . The police work is *brilliant.*" —HILDEGARDE DOLSON. $4.95

Julian Symons
THE MAN WHO LOST HIS WIFE
A novel of suspicion. "The tensions, extravagances and deadpan immorality of jealousy equal those of espionage."—OGDEN NASH. $5.95

Elizabeth Linington
PRACTICE TO DECEIVE
"The Queen of Procedurals," as the *N.Y. Times Book Review* calls the author, bakes a fine new batch of multiple crimes. $5.95

Joseph Hansen
FADEOUT
". . . unusual . . . Mr. Hansen is an excellent craftsman, a compelling writer, and a social observer . . ." —*The New Yorker.* $4.95

E. Richard Johnson
THE GOD KEEPERS
"Authentically tough, consistently good."—*Publishers' Weekly.* By the Edgar Award-winning author of *Silver Street.* $4.95

Arthur Maling
GO-BETWEEN
Caught between murder and blackmail. "Liked it very much . . . The suspense builds up to quite a pitch." —BING CROSBY. $4.95

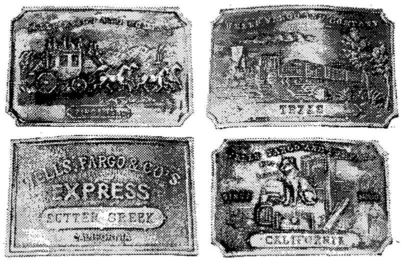
Tom Pace
THE TREASURE HUNT
Pure gold! A honeymoon couple, a trove of Spanish doubloons, and sudden death! "Exciting, good." —*Publishers' Weekly.* $4.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HARPER NOVELS OF SUSPENSE

a highly sophisticated instrument that can deliver images of a sharpness, depth of field, and grainlessness far superior to those of the 35-mm. camera or even the 2¼. Given a Brady (or, rather, a Jacob Riis) eye for documentation and composition, it could provide at once a unique and a historically rooted view of deprived Americans in the late nineteen-sixties. So Davidson fared forth as the neighborhood photographer on East 100th Street. For two years, he photographed and got to know the people. Giving prints of his pictures to his subjects, he became a familiar friend. (He has been accused, since the appearance of this book, of exploiting the blacks and Puerto Ricans of East 100th Street for his own aggrandizement, but I think this is nonsense. The project was far too arduous and onerous to be undertaken cynically, and I believe that Davidson deserves the highest marks for his sincerity of purpose.)

How, then, did he succeed as the recorder of a struggle most of us are only sketchily aware of? Not very well, I'm sorry to report. The photographs in "East 100th Street" are carefully chosen and arranged; they are reproduced with such fidelity to the negative that it is hard to find the engraver's dots in them with the unaided eye; they are framed tastefully in large glossy white uncaptioned (and, alas, unpaginated) pages; they are allowed to speak for themselves without the doubtful crutch of text. But they are, most of them, deliberately posed, and so all possibility of candidness is drained away. There is some gain in irony—a family group, laboriously arranged in a dingy tenement room as a Victorian family in the studio of a fashionable photographer, is surely ironical—but a fatal loss in spontaneity. All eyes, all lives are polarized by the presence of the photographer; they relate—in the current cliché—to him, not to themselves or each other. And these stylized family portraits are duplicated—with only a change in numbers and faces and colorations—throughout the book. There is some variety (day and night street scenes, long shots of unvaried rooftops and façades, a series of brick walls with children in the windows), but the only pictures that jerk the reader bolt upright are an apparent invasion of privacy (a white derelict, on his knees in a field of junk, glaring balefully up at the photographer) and a tour de force of apparent sensationalism (a decomposed dog in a littered alleyway). I could complain, too, about the aesthetics of many of the pictures. The composition of the family groups (whose point,



The Old West Still Lives!

WELLS FARGO BELT BUCKLES

(Includes fine leather belts)

Authentic Reproductions Cast in Solid Brass from Original Buckles

A rare collection of these buckles has been discovered in an old, historic California town. They are circa 1850, and were worn by Wells Fargo Agents as their badges of authority. A well-known Carmel artisan has meticulously made molds from these originals, and has cast a limited number in solid brass. The 1¾ inch belts are of fine saddle leather, hand-crafted and oil-rubbed to an antique patina.

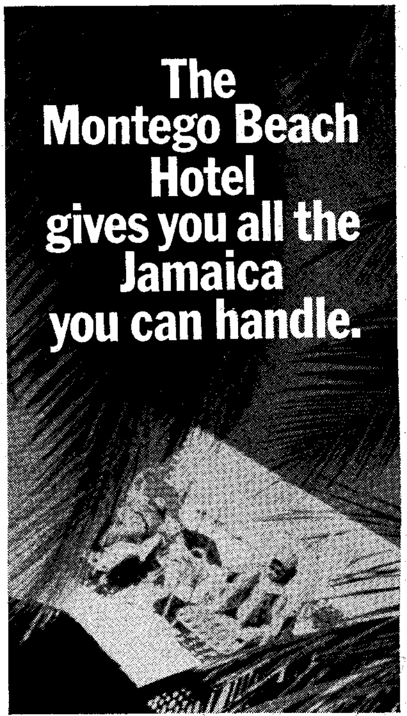
Choose from four different scenes:

1. Wells Fargo Stage Coach	**(top left)**
2. Steam Train, "Texas"	**(top right)**
3. Sutter Creek, "Calif."	**(bottom left)**
4. Guardian Dog, "Calif."	**(bottom right)**

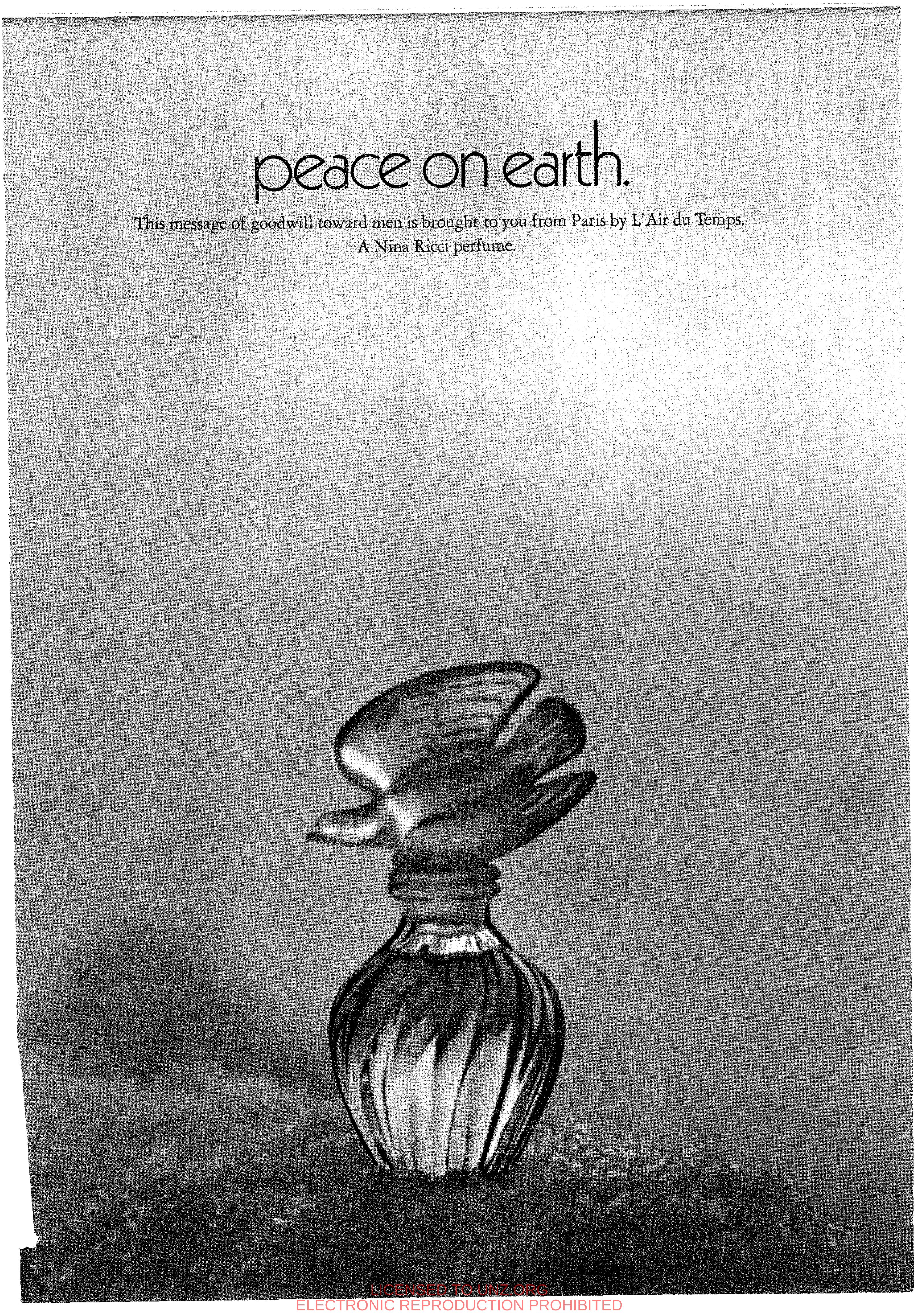
$25.00 Ea. (Set of all four, $95.00)

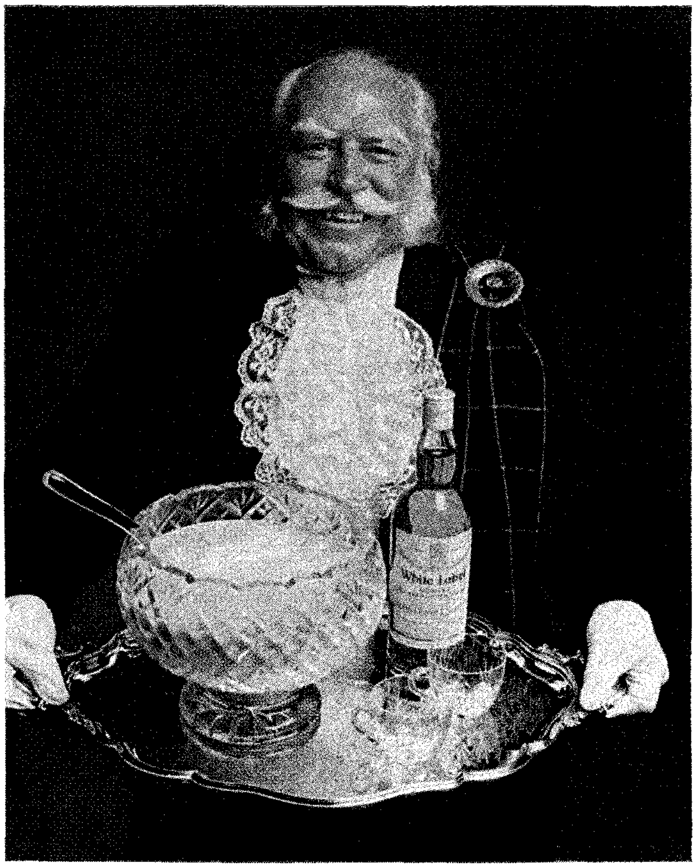
Price includes sales tax and air mail postage. Orders shipped immediately. State belt size and number of desired buckle style. Hurry! Write now to:

JOHN GRISSIM SHOP
P.O. Box 3395
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
California 93921


The Montego Beach Hotel gives you all the Jamaica you can handle.

Reservations through your travel agent or Ray Morrow Associates, 51 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017, (212) 697-2340.


peace on earth.
This message of goodwill toward men is brought to you from Paris by L'Air du Temps.
A Nina Ricci perfume.



Authentic.

Athole Brose to you.

Athole is a small town in the craggy mountains near Perth, Scotland.

Brose is the Scottish word for brew.

Athole Brose is a Scotch drink concocted many years ago to warm the festive soul on important occasions such as St. Andrew's Day (Scotland's patron Saint), Christmas and Hogmanay, or New Year's Eve.

1 cup honey (preferably heather honey from Scotland)

1½ to 2 cups heavy sweet cream

2 cups Dewar's "White Label" Scotch Whisky

Heat honey, and when it thins slightly, stir in cream. Heat together, but do not boil. Remove from heat and slowly stir in whisky. Athole Brose may be served hot or chilled. Makes 4 to 6 servings. (If you would like even a little more touch of Scotland, soak 1 cup oatmeal in two cups water overnight. Strain and mix liquid with other ingredients.)

Athole Brose made with Dewar's "White Label" is a warm and sturdy brew. Against the cold of the winter months it will bring good cheer. And as happens with many things at this time of year, its long, authentic history seems to add a little comfort to the holiday season.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"

DEWAR'S
"White Label"
SCOTCH WHISKY

Give the Scotch that never varies

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after all, is to be carefully composed) is ragged and unsatisfying; the night street shots show evidence of flat, harsh auxiliary lighting, washing out faces and throwing hard-edged shadows behind the subjects; the best picture in the book, a double portrait of the African-mask faces of two black boys, could have been taken equally well in 35-mm.; a great many of the pictures lose point because of their peripheral detail.

I do not want to appear censorious about an honest effort, but it is the hand-held camera—specifically, the 35-mm.—that is designed to deal with the matter of obtaining *tranches de vie*. It is a marked advance over earlier and larger formats in this respect, and it has been proved again and again in the hands of the Capas, Eisenstaedt, Eugene Smith, and many others. For a photographer, however talented, to ignore this solid record of experience is to turn backward; I could wish that Bruce Davidson had elected to encumber himself with a large gadget bag loaded with 35-mm. lenses and had put aside his view camera. There is not only the equation between the photographer and the photographed, there is the equation between the photographer and his camera. The photographer is subsumed by the view camera; he literally loses his head to it, becomes more camera than man. But the 35-mm. is part of *him:* the lens, focussed between the calipers of his left thumb and forefinger, is an extension of that hand; the shutter and the film, operated, respectively, by his right forefinger and thumb, become an extension of *that* hand; the viewfinder, showing precisely what the film will capture, becomes an extension of his eye.

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN's superb photography in "War Without Heroes" shows the wisdom of following this rather new tradition. Duncan is a seasoned and excellent photographer, as we all know; he recorded combat in both the Second World War and Korea. This time, though, he rises above himself, partly, I think, because of his age and experience, which provide a vantage point above, apart from, and actuarially closer to death than the young Marines he photographs, and partly because of the irony of this futile war—which, in spite of his status as a Lieut.-Col., USMC (Ret.), he particularly appreciates and regrets. These living, dying, and dead Marines could be his subordinates or his sons, and it is with a fatherly savagery that he documents and deplores their needless tribu-

NATIONAL BEST SELLER!

Shirley MacLaine

"A brave and charming book... Are only the Norman Podhoretzes and the Richard Nixons permitted to write reviewable autobiographies? 'DON'T FALL OFF THE MOUNTAIN' is as interesting as *Making It* or *Six Crises;* it is better written than both.

"Miss MacLaine has not employed, and does not need, a ghost. She writes with wit and grace... There are hilarious scenes, which have a way of turning into something serious... suspense ... and social comment."
– JOHN LEONARD, *N.Y. Times*

"Don't Fall Off The Mountain"

At all bookstores, $5.95

Norton
W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 10003

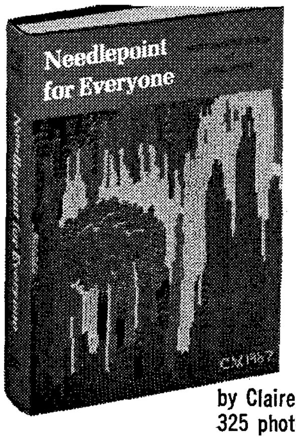
"Definitive... a model of the biographer's art."
—*Mark Schorer, N.Y. Times Book Review*

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER COCTEAU
ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Illustrated, $12.50 at bookstores **Atlantic-Little, Brown**

To get a good job get a good education

ADVERTISING COUNCIL
DEPARTMENT OF LABOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



NEEDLEPOINT FOR EVERYONE by Mary Brooks Picken and Doris White *is truly encyclopedic* — crammed with practical, tested advice and instruction. Preface by Russell Lynes. Layout and 120 drawings by Claire Valentine. 325 photographs.
At all bookstores, $12.50

Harper & Row
1817

How to start benefiting from investment management with as little as $5,000

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. N-43,

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • *Incorporated 1936*

"A beautifully fashioned piece of mounting horror"*

The Dial Press

BLEAK NOVEMBER

a novel by Rohan O'Grady

"Creepy effects ... By the time I finished it very late at night, I hesitated to look up from its pages.
—Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, N.Y. Times. *$5.95*

*King Features Syndicate

Emily Hahn always wanted to be an opium addict...

but she grew up to be an irrepressible world adventurer. Now she shares an almost half century of round-the-world travels and reveals her exhilarating liberation in the days before The Movement.

TIMES AND PLACES
A Memoir

$6.95

Thomas Y. Crowell Company
All of the material in this book first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

lations. It is not an incidental point of this book that he brings out the steadfastness and courage of these young men, especially in the face of dissidence at home; none of us dissidents have given proper thought to the extraordinary sacrifice of soldiers who must operate under orders without the tacit support of the home front, and it is time we did.

Apart from (or perhaps inseparable from) the political dimensions of the Vietnamese war, Duncan gives us a more than real look at the realities of this particular war. In his photographs there is a kind of magic realism akin to the paintings of Edward Hopper and Andrew Wyeth, a heightening of the event as it might ordinarily have been perceived. Here, significantly, a special quality of the 35-mm. camera comes into play. Like the human eye, it can focus sharply only on one plane of the tableau before it. Like the human eye, therefore, it confers sharpness—and thus maximum attention and interest—on the most significant element of the scene, rendering closer and more distant planes in softer focus and heightening the impact of the main image. (It is possible to get extreme depth of field with a 35-mm. camera by using small lens openings and long exposures and a tripod-mounted camera, or by using ultra-wide-angle lenses, but such methods really run counter to the point of 35-mm., which is to see like the human eye.)

The effectiveness of this technique in the hands of a master is evident in a large number of Duncan's photographs, most notably a sequence of an amphibious landing in monsoon rains at Cua Viet; a series of seven eerily beautiful pictures of Marines digging in at sunset on the hillside of Con Thien; and, at Khe Sanh, a group of delicate fog shots, a dimly lit series on life in a smoke-filled underground command post, and a sequence of four broodingly dramatic photographs of a fire team fighting to put out a blaze in a dump of aviation gasoline. Throughout the book, the emphasis is, as it should be, on the faces and reactions of men at war and not simply on the scenes of war itself. It is, in fact, a book of memorable faces.

If I have one small fault to find about "War Without Heroes," it is with Duncan's text. This is valuable—we could not follow the action or appreciate the point of the pictures without it—but it is at once terse and apocalyptic, rather in the manner of an old Norman Corwin script or a Sec-

GALLWEY'S Liqueur

INTERNATIONAL GOLD MEDAL WINNER

Ireland's Greeting
GALLWEY'S
ORIGINAL
Irish Coffee
LIQUEUR

70 Proof

Beautifully Boxed for Gift Giving

Match this imported liqueur against any you've ever tasted. Gallwey's is a winner. Delicious straight or on the rocks. Add it to hot or iced coffee with cream for "out of this world" Irish Coffee.

Ask for a "Quiet Man" (equal parts Gallwey's Irish Coffee Liqueur and Vodka, stirred with ice and served on the rocks). Any way you try it, you'll be delighted with your first taste.

IMPORTED BY Laird & Co. Scobeyville, N.J.

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

See your travel agent or our representative:
Leonard P. Brickett, One Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. 08540 Tel. (609) 924-5084 Cable: Lenbrick

SUPPORT YOUR MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food

1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

ond World War announcer saying, "This—is London." Verbal heroics are not needed; the pictures embody all the heroism—and all the irony—a sentient man can stand.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

UNBIDDEN GUESTS, by Lael Wertenbaker (Little, Brown). Round Island, Georgia, is the scene of this story, which takes place in the early nineteen-thirties, when Blithe Hornaday Mason and her friends are in their heyday and the island is their own private paradise, their playground, their native land, and the source of bonds that hold them so warmly and securely that most of them would rather go to seed there than flower in another place. The unbidden guests of the title are Criticism, Interference, and, worst of all, Change—all three being represented by two handsome newcomers, the Reverend Jeff Pettigrew, D.D., the new minister, and Alex Nagin, a facsimile blueblood from Paris who comes to Round Island as Blithe's latest and, it turns out, most memorable lover. Blithe, a very pretty young widow of the First World War, who looks and dances like a John Held débutante, is gifted with a wry, derisive, provincial spirit that makes Alex's fussy, talky internationalism seem a trifle thin, not to say ersatz, but her passion for him is as persistent as it is inexplicable, and her fellow-Round Islanders accept him into their romps and gossip almost as fervently as though he were one of themselves. The spell is broken when the Reverend Mr. Pettigrew is murdered. It must be remarked that Round Island is only twelve miles long by nine miles wide, and possesses an air of such Lethean vitality that it is no wonder intruders there end up unreal, like Alex, or dead, like poor, nosy Jeff.

THE STONES OF THE ABBEY, by Fernand Pouillon, translated from the French by Edward Gillott (Harcourt, Brace & World). The author, a French architect, imagines another French architect—the Cistercian master builder who, in the twelfth century, planned the Abbey of Le Thoronet, in Provence, and started it a-building. The work is a profound, thoughtful, affecting essay on art, medieval technology, and religion disguised as a historical novel. It is intense and special—caviar to

Shirley MacLaine
"Don't Fall Off The Mountain"
The Lives of the Great Composers
Harold C. Schonberg
Kinds of Love
a novel by May Sarton
Herbert Feis
From Trust to Terror
The Onset of the Cold War 1945-1950
Coach
A Season with Lombardi
Tom Dowling
General Eisenhower on the Military Churchill
A conversation with Alistair Cooke
Women, Heroes, and a Frog
Human situations in pictures by Nina Leen
Erik H. Erikson
Gandhi's Truth
On the origins of militant nonviolence
1970 National Book Award

Norton

"A brave and charming book. She has not employed, and does not need, a ghost. Her opinions are sharp and pertinent." – *N.Y. Times.* $5.95

The Senior Music Critic of *The New York Times* traces the consecutive line of great composers, from Bach to Arnold Schoenberg. Illustrated. $10.00

Life in a small New Hampshire town is understandingly re-created in "a major novel about mature people anywhere." – HAL BORLAND. $6.95

A Pulitzer Prize-winning historian casts fascinating new light on the personalities and events of a crucial half-decade. Illustrated. $10.00

"A beaut," says *The Washington Post* about this book on Vince Lombardi. "Remarkably fair, well-balanced." – *Newsday.* Illustrated. $6.95

"Vintage Ike, vintage Churchill and vintage Alistair Cooke—a superb combination." – EUGENE V. ROSTOW. With many illustrations. $10.00

Human situations in "a rare, moving and witty combination of photographs and quotations."–CLEVELAND AMORY. Cloth, $4.95. Paper, $1.95

Winner of: Pulitzer Prize, National Book Award, Frederic G. Melcher Award. *N.Y. Times'* choice as a Book of Uncommon Excellence. $10.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Norton

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 10003

Discover the Pleasures of Lillet.

Quelle Joie!

Before meals—at cocktail time or any time after the sun sets.

LILLET

Blanc & Rouge
APERITIF DE FRANCE
By Dreyfus-Ashby & Company, New York

From the Breviary of Marguerite de Bar, Verdun, about 1300 A.D.

ILLUMINATE

A COLORING BOOK
OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Other coloring books available: *Ancient Greece, Ancient Egypt, Old Testament, New Testament, American Indians, Medieval Alphabet, Shakespeare.* 50 pages each, all from historical sources. $1.25 at your book store or museum shop or write: BELLEROPHON BOOKS, 153 Steuart Street, San Francisco, Ca 94105. *Add 25¢ for shipping.*

YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT . . . the first time you see

ROSELAND

DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY ex. MONDAY • THURS. continuous from 2 P.M.
SAT. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 2:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

the general, maybe, but unquestionably caviar.

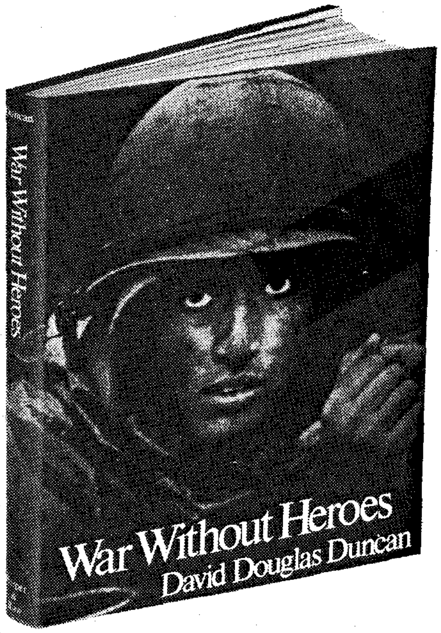
GENERAL

Hogarth on High Life: The "Marriage à la Mode" Series, from Georg Christoph Lichtenberg's commentaries; translated and edited by Arthur S. Wensinger, with W. B. Coley (Wesleyan University Press). It is a crying scandal that the writings of G. C. Lichtenberg (1742-99), professor of physics at the University of Göttingen from 1769 until his death, should be almost unknown in the English-speaking world. To begin with, he was an ardent Anglophile who spent some time in England, and in his "Letters from England" (1776-78) described his fascination with the London scene. He himself used to say that he learned how to write good German from learning English. Be that as it may, he is, as Nietzsche and others have recognized, one of the supreme masters of the German language. He is also, which should appeal to the Anglo-Saxon sensibility, extremely funny—a magnificent aphorist. Let one example suffice, his definition of the donkey: "A horse translated into Dutch." This volume, excellently translated by Professor Wensinger and sumptuously produced by the Wesleyan University Press, contains Lichtenberg's commentaries, published in the last years of his life, upon Hogarth's famous engravings, published in 1745. Alas, it is impossible to review, for in order to appreciate the subtlety of Lichtenberg's iconographic and physiognomic insights it is necessary to have both the whole plates and the reproduction of details before one's eyes as one reads; the words of a reviewer are impotent. All he can do is urge anybody who is interested either in the visual arts or in literature to buy this book immediately. He is in for a treat. Thirty-five dollars.

•

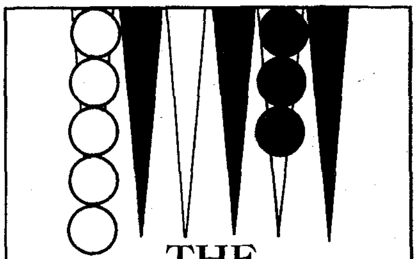
Brain transplants are now medically feasible, but the whole head would probably have to be grafted at the same time, said David Hume, MD, chief of the department of surgery at the Medical College of Virginia, and a pioneer of organ transplants, during a press conference in Melbourne, Australia. The donor of the brain in such an operation, according to Dr. Hume, would, in fact, be the recipient as the mind would take over the body to which it was grafted.—*American Medical News.*

Who gets the headaches?



Duncan, a combat photographer
since World War II,
reveals the front-line soldier
and the essence of war
in astounding photographs,
all made under fire
in Vietnam.
9¾" x 12½".
At all bookstores, $14.95

Harper & Row
1817



THE BACKGAMMON BOOK
by Oswald Jacoby and
John R. Crawford

How to play. How to win. And how it all began 2000 years ago. By two of the world's greatest players. 45 photos and prints and 97 diagrams. $10.00

THE VIKING PRESS

Sail on Sundowner.
Out of the cruise yacht bush league.

Now there's a luxury cruise yacht that brings a new style of life to Caribbean cruising. Sundowner. Of Grenada, Martinique and the Grenadines.

See your Travel Agent, or call Sundowner Club Cruises, 300 East Joe Orr Road, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411
Phone: 800-323-5182 or (312) 568-6400

Spindletop
RESTAURANT
New York's Finest
Steak House
254 W. 47 St.
Van Rapoport, Owner-Host
CI 5-7326

Just because he already has a camera doesn't mean he wouldn't like a better one.

And maybe a better projector, too.

Kodak CAROUSEL 850
INSTAMATIC X-90

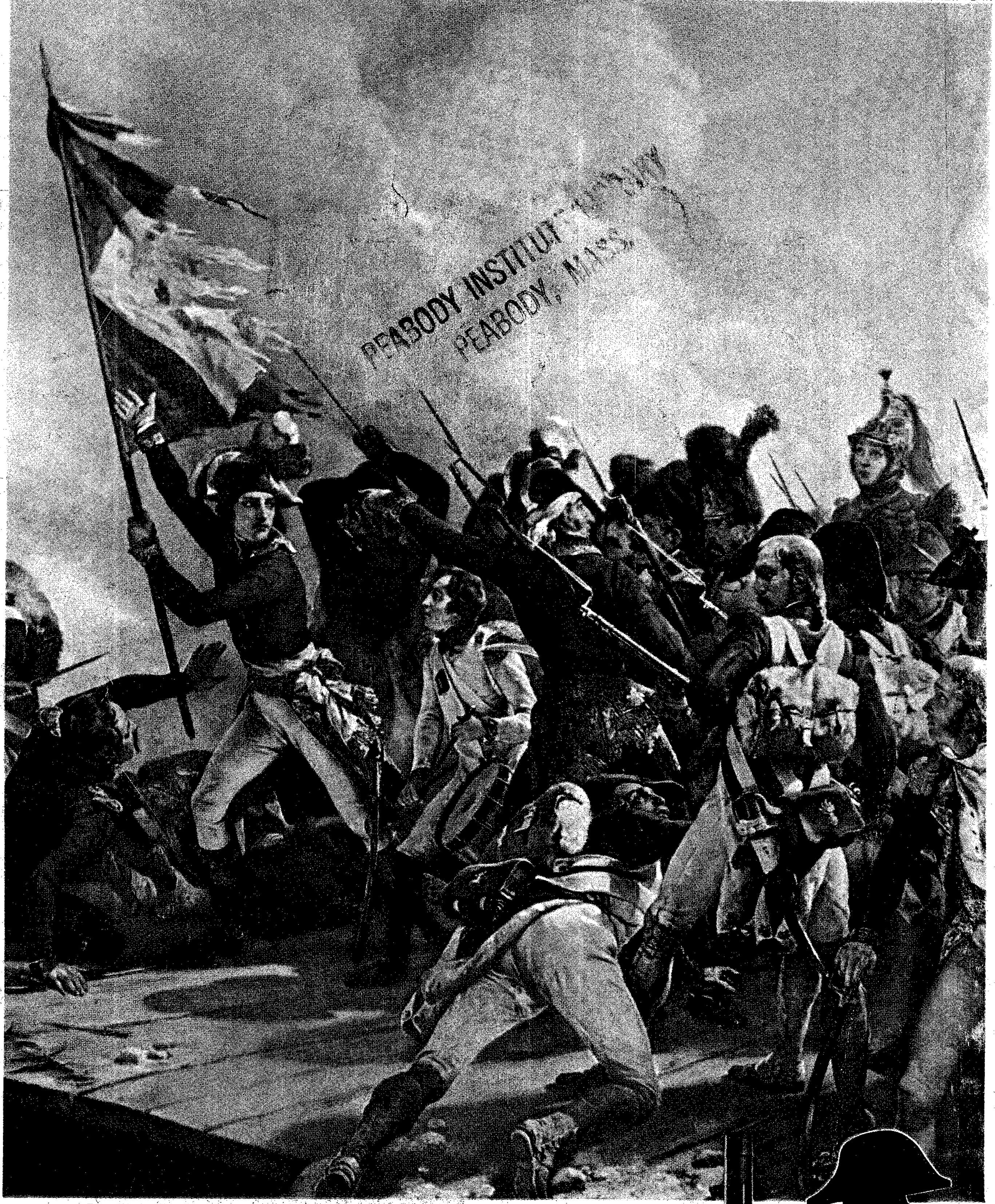
Give him our most automatic automatic. The Kodak Instamatic® X-90 camera. Less than $145 buys it. Loaded with automatic features. Like automatic film advance. Automatic exposure settings. Automatic flash warnings. Plus sharp *f*/2.8 Ektar lens. Uses magicubes, of course, for flash pictures without flash batteries. And for the color slide buff, there's our most popular auto-focus slide projector. The Carousel 850. With the new 140-slide tray. Less than $190. Give him one. Or give him both. Either way, you'll give him the best Christmas since he waited up for Santa Claus.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak. One great gift after another.

Kodak

THE CALVIN BULLOCK COLLECTION, NEW YORK



PEABODY INSTITUTE LIBRARY
PEABODY, MASS.

Bataille du pont d'Arcole. Detail from the painting by Emil Jean Horace Vernet (1789-1863). On November 17, 1796 when his troops were unable to capture the bridge at Arcole, Napoleon seized the colors and led his men to victory in one of the most important engagements of the Italian campaign.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.